

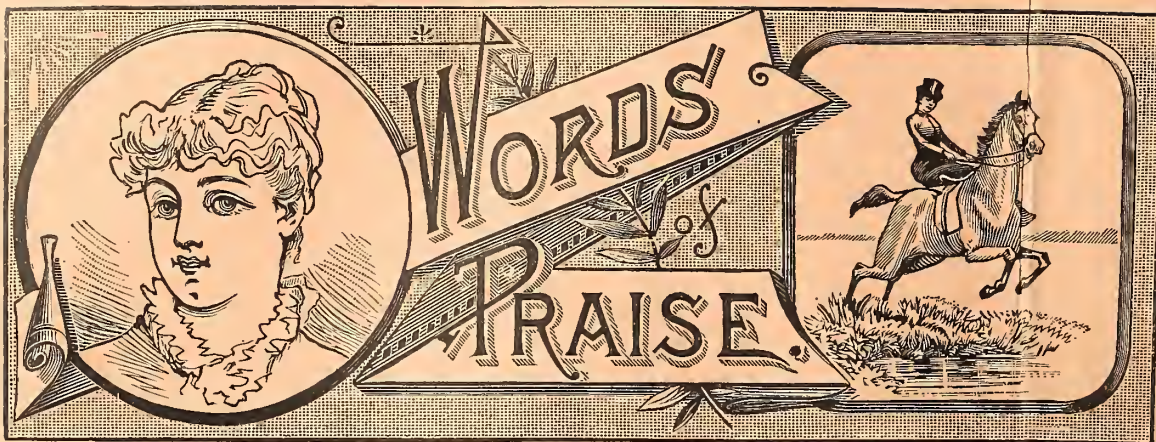
# THE BOYS OWN PAPER

*Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.*  
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Coloured Frontispiece: Kings and Queens of England.





The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

**\$100  
THROWN AWAY.**

JOHN E. SEGAR, of Millenbeck, Va., writes:

"My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

**THE GREATEST  
EARTHLY BOON.**

Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of Westfield, N. Y., writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. —, for nine months, without receiving any benefit.

The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

**THREW AWAY  
HER  
SUPPORTER.**

Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven boxes of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had employ help for about sixteen years before commencing taking your medicine. I had to wear a supporter most of the time this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

**IT WORKS  
WONDERS.**

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of Ntica, Ottawa Co. Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case."

Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household."

## TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *sympoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are due. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

**3 PHYSICIANS  
FAILED.**

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass., says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room. I could with difficulty cross the room. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

**JEALOUS  
DOCTORS.**

A Marvelous Cure.—M. G. F. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhea, falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. Doctored with an army of different physicians, a spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. Last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, as the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, would try them against the advice of my physician. He got six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a set woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

## THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food,

cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a mother's cordial, relieving nausea, weakness of stomach, and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in latter months of gestation, it so prepares system for delivery as to greatly lessen and many times almost entirely do away the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with three of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. The combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

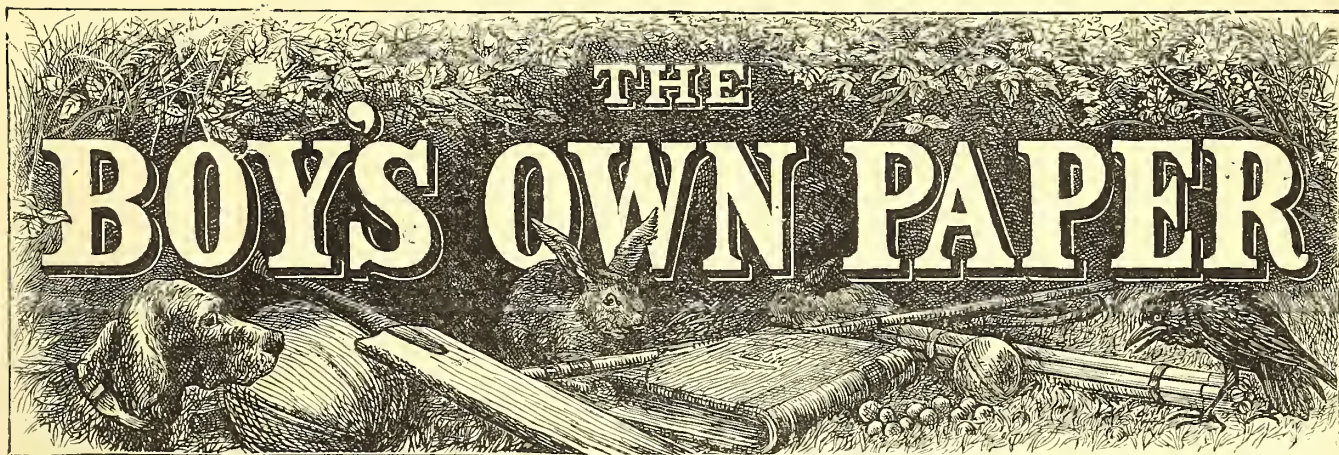
"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that will give satisfaction in every case, money will be refunded. This guarantee is printed on the bottle wrapper, faithfully carried out for many years. Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, six bottles for \$5.00.

Send ten cents stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages) on Diseases of men.

Address,

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

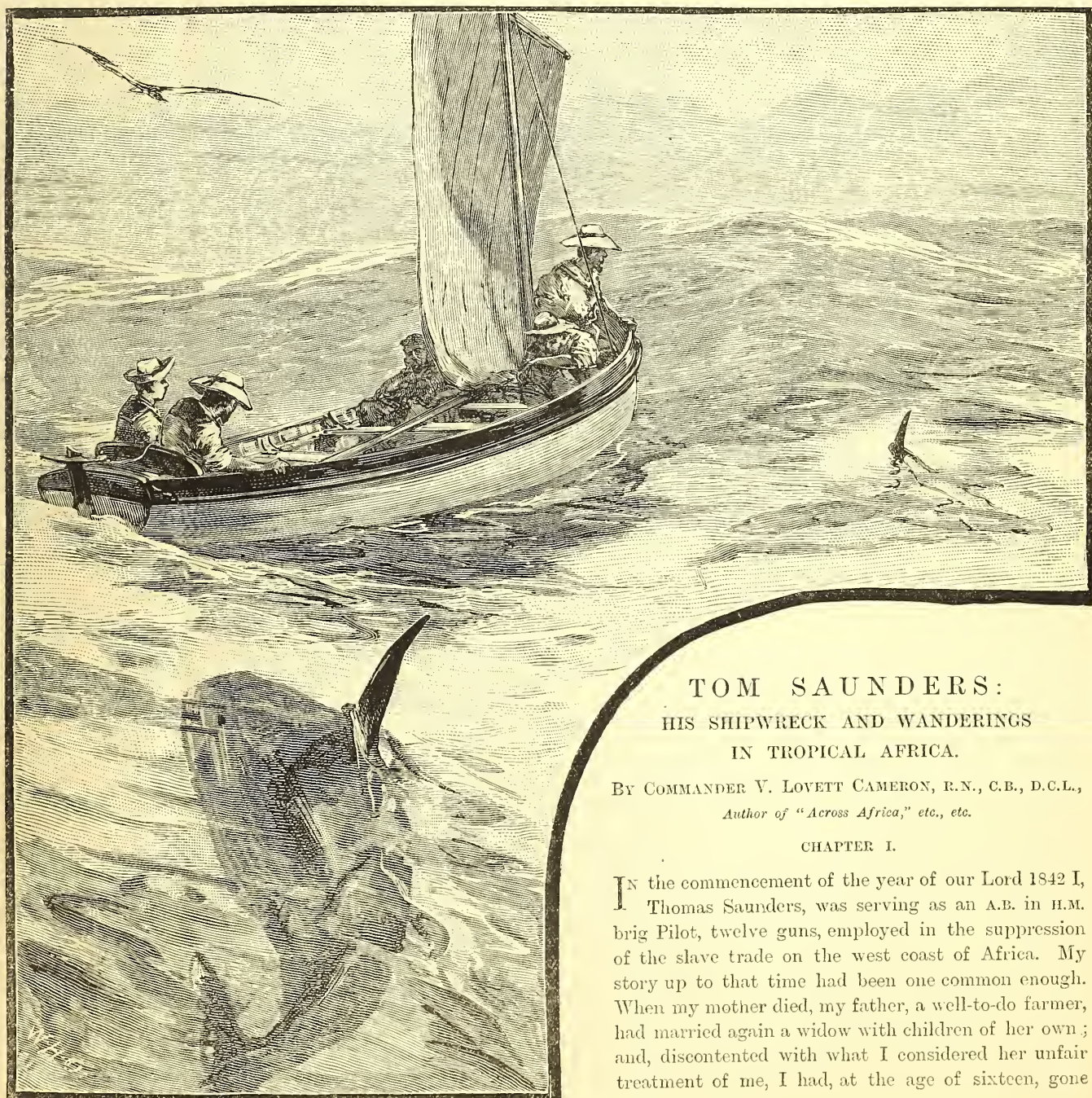




No. 434.—Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1887.

Price One Penny.  
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**TOM SAUNDERS:**  
**HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS**  
**IN TROPICAL AFRICA.**

BY COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,  
*Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER I.

IN the commencement of the year of our Lord 1842 I, Thomas Saunders, was serving as an A.B. in H.M. brig Pilot, twelve guns, employed in the suppression of the slave trade on the west coast of Africa. My story up to that time had been one common enough. When my mother died, my father, a well-to-do farmer, had married again a widow with children of her own; and, discontented with what I considered her unfair treatment of me, I had, at the age of sixteen, gone

"A School of Sharks followed us."



away to sea, there to learn, as so many others have done, that a boy's lot on board a small trader is by no means an enviable one.

My first vessel had been a brigantine employed in the Mediterranean trade, and after leaving her I made a voyage to China in a full-rigged ship, but after that had determined to give the navy a trial, and at the age of twenty-one shipped on board the Pilot, being attracted by a report of the prize-money to be picked up on the west coast of Africa.

At the time of the commencement of this story we were making our way up the west coast from the Cape of Good Hope to the Congo, and at four o'clock in the morning, when my watch was called on deck, we found the ropes coiled up and all the preparations made for washing decks. The officer of the watch was a mate called Tomkins, and as a maintopman, being aft on the quarter-deck, I could hear him speaking to the first lieutenant as to the necessity of coiling down the ropes again on account of the weather looking very unsettled; and when No. 1 said it was all nonsense, suggested at least that the courses should be hauled up and the peak of the boom mainsail dropped.

I remember the first lieutenant saying, "You are always in a fidget; there is no danger, and to-day we have all the boats' gear to scrub. Don't disturb the men just as they are getting to work. Of course if you think you ought to shorten sail, you can go to the captain."

Mr. Tomkins said nothing more, and we were soon all busy scrubbing oars and sails. I was standing on the gunwale of the pinnace passing her masts down into the waist, when we were suddenly taken flat aback in a heavy squall or tornado.

I heard the first lieutenant give the order to turn the hands up to shorten and trim sails, and, jumping down on deck, rushed to try and coil the ropes down, which were hanging to the fife-rail abreast of the port main rigging, but the water was rushing in at ports and scuttles and I could not keep my footing. I clambered up into the main rigging, and (how I don't quite know) managed to get clear of the square mainsail which was binding against it, and then as the Pilot gave a lurch and a dive I found myself struggling in the water.

I was drawn down for a great distance and thought that I should never see the light of day again; but after what seemed to me an eternity, I felt myself rising and could see the light increasing, until at last I reached the surface almost exhausted.

As soon as I recovered my wits, which had been somewhat dazed, I seized hold of an oar which was floating near me and tried to see if there were any other survivors besides myself, and also if there was any apparent chance of my escaping with my life. Raising myself somewhat on the oar, I saw floating not far away the pinnace, with her gunwale nearly awash, and here and there I could see barricoes and oars floating, and among them the forms of some of my shipmates.

I instantly struck out for the pinnace, and on reaching her found that three of my companions in misfortune had got there at the same time. We all foolishly tried to get into her, when she rolled over and for a time floated bottom up. We were soon joined by some of the other

survivors, and all of us attempted to right the boat, in which after some time we were successful.

Another scramble to get into her was about to take place, which doubtless would have resulted in another capsizing, when we heard Mr. Tomkins's voice saying, "Handsomely, my lads; you'll have her over again!" Discipline, notwithstanding our desperate position, asserted itself, and we divided ourselves at equal distances round the boat to steady her. Next we managed by scending her fore and aft to get a considerable portion of the water out of her, and then one of our number getting in over the bow and another over the stern, they commenced to bale her out, and soon we were able to send two more in to assist.

Mr. Tomkins now directed us to go in search of oars, and the best swimmers among us did so, he showing us an example. Suddenly, as I was bringing an oar alongside the boat, I heard a thrilling scream, and then a cry of "Sharks!" Mr. Tomkins had been seized by one of these ravenous monsters. Instantly we all lost any kind of order, and, only thinking of immediate self-preservation, and trying all to get into the boat at once, capsized her again.

The noise and splash caused by this frightened the cowardly fish away for a while, and we managed again to right the boat, and had this time the good fortune to get all those who were able to hold out into the boat, when she was half clear of water, but we found that we were only seven out of the hundred and twenty-five who that morning had formed the crew of the Pilot.

We had five oars, but otherwise we were almost destitute of everything; three of our number, who had rushed on deck when the squall struck us, had nothing on but their flannels; whilst the rest of us, who had been on deck, had on our serge jumpers and trousers. We continued baling as well as we could, and then, manning the oars, we looked about to see if we could find any floating wreckage which might possibly be of use to us.

We found lots of oars, and also some of the boat's masts, and, greatest good fortune of all, the mizen of one of the cutters, and a barrico half full of fresh water.

We now turned our attention to what we should do, and it having become almost a dead calm, and the sun pouring down on us as if it would have roasted us alive, we rigged up an awning with the sail, and, sitting under it, proceeded to the election of one who should be our skipper. The choice unanimously fell on Jack Dogherty, one of the quarter-masters, who had knocked about at sea from the time he could run alone till now, when he was getting on for fifty years of age. He at once named me and another to look after the water, and said not one drop was to be touched without his permission, and then he gave orders for us to search and rummage in the boat's lockers to see what we might find which would possibly be of use.

After some time, in which not one cranny was left unvisited, we counted up what we had found. First was a marlin-spike, of which Jack Dogherty put the lanyard round his neck, remarking that it would be his "articles of war," but that he hoped he would never have to read them. Next was a fishing-line and hooks,

then a piece of canvas, in which was wrapped up about a pound and a half of boatswain's tallow, a bottle containing half a pint of oil, a boat's ensign, some scraps of bunting, and, the best of all, in the coxswain's locker we discovered eight biscuits, half a pound of salt pork, some chocolate, and half a roll of tobacco. All these Jack Dogherty took into his charge, and then divided pork, tallow, and chocolate into eight portions. He said that each portion with a biscuit should form a day's rations for the whole of us.

The water in the barrico we found was rather over four gallons, and as we did not care to run the risk of spilling a single drop, we hit upon the plan of making a sort of sponge of unravelled bunting, which each of us was to be allowed to soak in the water and suck three times a day.

The day's rations for the whole seven of us did not look over-inviting or plentiful, and when again divided the portions for each looked so small that there was some grumbling, but Jack Dogherty said he had been elected skipper, and his word should be law. Some then said that there was a difference in the size of the pieces; so, in order to make sure that there should be no undue preference in their distribution, the following plan was adopted. The little heaps of biscuit, pork, tallow, and chocolate were all ranged on the after-thwart, and one of our number was blindfolded, when Jack Dogherty, pointing to one portion, said, "Who shall have this?" and on the blindfolded man giving a name its owner received the share indicated. The oil, Dogherty said, should be kept to the last; and now, he said, all being organised, he would set the boat's head eastward, and while we had strength we should pull or sail in that direction. Accordingly the oars were manned, and we pulled sullenly on, almost without hope, but still with a determination not to despair as long as life lasted.

Jack Dogherty, who saw the mood we were in, tried to liven us up by stories of escapes from wrecks, and of men being picked up alive after being afloat on rafts or in boats for marvellous lengths of time, and by degrees he succeeded in inspiring us somewhat. Towards evening a breeze sprang up, and we made shift to set our sail, and gave up pulling, and at sunset Jack served out to each of us a piece of tobacco, which we chewed, swallowing the saliva in order to ease the gnawings of our stomachs, which had by this time begun to feel very empty.

Our fishing-line we kept towing astern, and one of the watch had his hand on it always, and about midnight we hooked and hauled in a bonita weighing eight or nine pounds. This piece of good fortune put us more in hopes than all Jack's stories, and we would have devoured it at once, but Jack insisted on waiting till daylight, so that not a scrap should be lost. The whole was then divided, so as to last for three days, and, instead of our morning suck at the water in the barrico, the sail, which was saturated with dew, was wrung out into the baler and supplied us with enough water to moisten our lips.

We pulled for some time during this day, but the sun pouring down on us had such an effect on two of our number that they fell from the thwarts as if seized with apoplexy, and, notwithstanding all



our efforts, expired shortly before sunset. Their deaths cast a gloom over us all, and soon two parties formed themselves in the boat, one consisting of Jack Dogherty and myself, and the other of our three companions in misfortune. The latter said that it was no use doling out our water and provisions, as we should never live for a week exposed to the sun and weather, and therefore we might as well eat and drink what we had at once. Jack Dogherty said he had been made skipper, and had been to sea before any of those in the boat had been born, and that what he had laid down as rules should be kept as long as he could enforce them.

After much disputing the other side sullenly agreed, but Jack said to me, "Tom, my lad, we must keep watch, or those fellows will have all when we are asleep."

The dead bodies were thrown overboard, and we saw with horror that they were instantly seized on by a school of sharks which were following in our wake, and which, not satisfied by this prey, still kept persistently in our company. I tried the fishing-line again, baiting the hook with a piece of the tail of the fish we had caught the night before, but scarcely had it got twenty feet astern before it was grabbed by one of the sharks, who tore it out of my hands, and our hopes of getting any more food by its means were annihilated. This gave cause to more grumbling; but a favouring breeze springing up, and enabling us to make good way in the direction of the land, the night passed away without anything more occurring worthy of note.

Next morning Jack served out the fish and gave each man his suck of water, and then when the breeze failed we rigged up the sail as an awning, and sat moodily and silently chewing our tobacco. So things went on for three days, and as nothing more had been said about the water or food, I hoped that Jack's wise counsels were being acquiesced in. But one night I was awoke by sounds of a struggle, and Jack shouting my name.

I got up from the thwart on which I was lying and saw by the light of the setting moon that the three other men had attacked Jack, who was making the

best use he could of his "articles of war." I made my way to his assistance, but, stumbling before I could reach where he was, I received a blow on the head which laid me senseless. When I recovered myself I found that the three mutineers had devoured all the remainder of the food and had taken the barrico containing the water into the bows, where they were crouching round it. Stretched out in the stern-sheets I saw Jack Dogherty, and, crawling aft to him, I found him still living, but so weak that he could hardly speak. When I got to his side he whispered, "They've done for me, Tom. I don't know how it was, but somehow I dozed off as I was steering, and then you know as how I kept the water under my feet, and I was woke by some one a-trying to sneak it away, and I wakes up and finds them three on me, and gives it them with the marlinspike. But the lubbers have slipped their knives into me, and I feels as how I shall slip my cable soon."

Soon poor Jack began to rave and beg for water, and I entreated his murderers to give him a little to moisten his parched lips, but they jeered at me, and said never a drop should Jack or I taste.

I sat by Jack's side and tried to cool his head by bathing it in salt water, and about four in the afternoon he seemed to regain his senses and recognise me, for he said, "Good-bye, Tom; I'm close into port," and two moments afterwards died.

I lay by the side of his dead body, a prey to hunger and thirst, for the men in the bows, though only a few days before pleasant, hearty shipmates, seemed by the presence of danger to have lost their senses and become no better than madmen. I dozed off at times, but was constantly awoke by the wrangling of the other occupants of the boat, who had so little trust among themselves that no one of them dared to go to sleep for fear of the treachery of the others.

At last the weakest of them dozed off, and I saw the other two look at each other and then at the sleeping man, and without exchanging a word they drew their knives at him. Struggling towards them, I stumbled over the thwarts, and,

falling on my head, again lost consciousness.

When I next remembered anything I found that the boat had a quantity of water in her, and putting my hand to my lips discovered that it was fresh. I drank greedily, and seemed to get new strength and life into me at every gulp.

I raised myself up into a sitting posture, and found that day was just breaking, and that the sail which had been hoisted was blown to ribbons, with only a few fragments left fluttering from the yard.

I listened intently to see if I could catch any sound, but only could distinguish the lapping of the waves, and, it soon getting light, I could make out that there were two corpses in the bows, and that the third man was hanging over the side head downwards, his feet being entangled in the painter.

I crawled forward to search for some food, and found some scraps of biscuit and tallow. The man who had fallen over the bow I found to be dead as well as his comrades, and, cutting the painter, I let his body go adrift, but found myself so weak that I was unable to lift either of the other two corpses overboard. I crawled aft again, and found near poor Jack Dogherty's head the bottle of oil and some tobacco, when I swallowed a gulp of the former, and then lay down by my old friend's body.

How long after this I remained in the pinnace I do not know, but I remember a boat coming alongside and my being so weak and prostrate that at first my rescuers supposed me to be dead, but, finding that there was some life in me, took me on board their vessel, which I afterwards found was the *San João*, bound to San Fillippo da Benguella.

The Portuguese skipper and his crew, who were mostly black men, treated me kindly, but I was so broken down by starvation, and covered with sores from exposure to the sun and water, that when we arrived at our destination I had to be transferred to the hospital, where for some weeks, notwithstanding the care and attention of the doctor, I hovered between life and death.

(To be continued.)

## THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER; OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

*Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc. etc.*

### CHAPTER III.

AFTER breakfast every one trooped into the schoolroom. Lee soon found that Ashbee had spoken the truth as regarded the chance of a small boy's warning himself at the fire, so he put on his hat and went out to look at the playground, hoping to find Bucknill there and in a good mood.

He was not in sight, but Lee was not left alone long. A rather big boy came up to him and asked him his name.

"Lee," was the simple reply.

"Lee? I seem to know the name. Have you any relations at Saltburn?"

"I live there," was the reply.

"Do you? You don't say so. Why my father and yours were at school together then. Haven't you ever heard him speak of my father, Mr. Garden?"

Lee was obliged to confess that he had not, though he very much wished he could have answered in the affirmative.

"Ah, well, never mind," said Garden; "you tell him when you write home. How are you getting along here? Do you know many fellows? Whose room are you in?"

Ingram passed at this moment, and laughed; why, Lee could not guess. Gar-

den soon discovered as much as he cared to know, and then proceeded to act the mentor.

"You'll get on all right here if you look out. Don't work too hard, you know; doctors say it's very bad for the health. What form are you in?"

"I don't know."

"Have you learnt Latin much?"

"No, I'm only in *Entropius*."

"Then you'll be in the lower fourth as sure as eggs," said Garden. "The Doctor will just put you through a few questions, and then you won't see anything more of him till you're in the fifth form."



and that will be a good while yet, I'll be bound."

"What questions will the Doctor ask?" inquired Lee, who did not like the idea of standing up to be examined by that terribly learned man.

"Oh, just a few things out of 'Ciceronis Fabulae,' the usual thing."

"Out of what, please?"

"Ciceronis Fabulae."

"I'm afraid I don't know it very well," said Lee, not liking to confess that he had never heard of it.

"Oh, I dare say you know it enough to pass muster," said Garden, reassuringly.

This necessitated the avowal that he was utterly ignorant of the fact that such a book existed.

Garden gave a whistle.

"This is a bad job," he said. "You'll get into the Doctor's bad books if you can't construe a few lines of it somehow. But look here, I'll tell you what to do. Look up the first two fables, they're as easy as A B C, and he'll never get farther on than that."

"But I haven't got a copy of it."

"Haven't you? Never mind, I'll lend you mine."

"Oh, thank you very much," said Lee, with enthusiasm, for his fears had been getting the better of him.

"Wait a moment, though," said Garden, in a disappointed tone; "I forgot I'd lent my copy. Let's see, it was to Carpenter I lent it. Yes. You go and ask Carpenter; I saw him by the fire at the farther end of the schoolroom."

"Thanks very much," replied Lee, gratefully.

"Oh, don't mention it; I was a green-horn myself once."

Lee trotted off to the schoolroom; he knew school began in half an hour, so he had no time to lose if he meant to find his way through two fables.

There was the usual crowd round the fire, and a lot of talking going on. Lee did not know which was Carpenter, but this was not the time for hesitation. He went up to the most good-natured-looking

boy he saw, and asked him if he could tell him which was Carpenter.

The boy looked at him.

"You're a new boy, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"That's all right. I say, Carpenter, here's some one wants you."

"What is it?" demanded Carpenter.

"Please, Carpenter," began Lee, "Garden sent me to you, and would you be good enough to let him have back his 'Ciceronis Fabulae.'"

Ashbee, who was standing near, stuffed his handkerchief to his mouth and cleverly turned a laugh into a cough.

"I'm afraid you're too late," replied Carpenter, gravely; "I gave it to Wedgwood only a quarter of an hour ago. You try Wedgwood, he's in the field. Wait a moment, though; I'll see if I've a copy in my desk."

The search was unsuccessful. None the less, Lee thanked him very much for taking so much trouble. Really, it was very good of these two big boys to be so obliging.

He had not noticed that whilst Carpenter was searching his desk Ashbee had left the room hurriedly. He saw him, however, when he reached the playing-field, and Ashbee was good-natured enough to forget his reasonable cause for holding himself aloof, and to point out Wedgwood.

"That's him," he said, in defiance of all the teaching he had received.

Lee went up to Wedgwood, who received him kindly. He acknowledged having borrowed Garden's book from Carpenter, but it was only to lend it to Mr. Partridge.

This was bad news, but he must make the best of it. He caught sight of Mr. Partridge entering the door leading to the schoolroom. He ran after him at his best pace.

The master had just entered the schoolroom when Lee caught him up.

"Please, sir—" panted Lee.

"Well, what is it?"

"Garden says—I mean Wedgwood—

that you have Garden's 'Ciceronis Fabulae,' and would you be so good as to lend it me?"

The boys in the room, conscious that something was up, were listening intently, and now broke into a general shout of laughter.

Mr. Partridge looked very irritated, and Lee began for the first time to perceive that something was wrong. Fortunately he looked as innocent as he felt, and the master could not think him guilty of a worse fault than that of too much credulity.

"Go and send Garden and Wedgwood to me," said Mr. Partridge. "Ah, Garden, there you are! Write me out a hundred lines."

Garden, in fact, had come to the schoolroom to hear the end of his little game, which had terminated differently from his intentions.

"Please, sir, I didn't send him to you," he pleaded, in a rather insolent tone.

"Not another word or I'll double the punishment!" said Mr. Partridge, angrily.

Lee thought it wise to make his escape before he came in for some lines, so he went to fulfil his rather unpleasant errand of telling Wedgwood to come in.

"Please, Wedgwood, Mr. Partridge wants to see you."

"What for?"

"I asked him for 'Ciceronis Fabulae,' and he told me to fetch you."

"You're a young idiot!" said Wedgwood, angrily; "you've got me in for a row the first day. Come here!"

But Lee did not see the fun of replying to such an invitation; it sounded too much like "Dilly, dilly, come and be killed." He scudded away, and Wedgwood thought it wiser to go to Mr. Partridge than chase the youngster, who after all would keep.

So Lee never got hold of a copy of that rare work, "Ciceronis Fabulae," after all. Strange to say, the questions the Doctor put to him were out of a better-known work, "Cornelius Nepos."

(To be continued.)

## LAYS OF SCHOOL LIFE.

### IV.—WILKINS.

YOUNG Wilkins is incredulous, and that to a degree, He never credits anything he doesn't really see; And though he may not always care to formulate a doubt, He winks a wink that means to say he knows what he's about.

This non-receptive state of mind is due to many things, He early lost the "simple faith" of which the poet sings; Credulity received a shock when hopelessly he'd fail In capturing a dicky-bird by salt upon the tail!

Now history he designates as "legendary lore," To be obliged to study it, "decidedly a bore;" Each character that seems to lie beneath a special ban, He's more than half inclined to think a very decent man.

The king that fell at Bosworth was of chivalry the flower (He scouts the very notion of his murders in the Tower), While Joan of Arc and Charlemagne and Attila the Hun He classifies as figuring in "legends of the sun!"

We don't object to this so much, but when the thing extends To doubting everybody's word, it certainly offends; He quotes the proverb frequently that "They may laugh who win,"

And goes about in chronic dread of being taken in.

To show with what perversity he hits upon the wrong:— One day, quite unexpectedly, his "people" came along; A fellow hailed him with the news—he hid an hour away! "Supposed it was a wretched joke," was all he had to say.

He carries into cricket all his slowness of belief, When neatly stumped he never thinks he's fairly come to grief, And—species of depravity that's not confined to him— He says the umpire's dictum was an accidental whim.

The climax came last Monday, for his feelings had been shocked, So he stowed himself away within a study, which he locked; Pray conjure up the fine dramatic situation, when The "Doctor" wished to "beard" the little "lion in his den."



That's rather hyperbolic, I merely mean to tell  
How the Doctor, for some reason, sought admittance to his cell;  
"All right, my beauty," from within, came forth in dulcet  
tones;  
"Don't say that you're the Doctor, you're that hideous donkey,  
Jones!

## V.—THAT PEA!

Oh, isn't our master a jolly old soul!  
He certainly must be as blind as a mole,  
For hardly one trick in a dozen he sees,  
And lets us do everything quite as we please.

He sits at his desk and pores over a book,  
Just giving his lambs an occasional look,  
With a sorrowful smile, as much as to say,  
Why can't you make noise in a quieter way?

But still there's a proverb we all of us learn,  
That even a worm will assuredly turn  
If ruthlessly trodden on—so Mr. Clay  
Electrified us one notable day.

Our ways were enough to drive any one wild,  
But his temper appeared to be hopelessly mild,  
Till a pea from a pea-shooter gave it him hot,  
And made him jump forward as if he were shot!

"Ah, you may knock, my boy, a little louder if you choose,  
I shouldn't care to be the fool that's standing in your shoes;  
For 'They may laugh who'—gracious me! what have I done,  
alas!  
It is the Doctor after all, I *am* a stupid ass—!"

So he was in a sense, but the change was immense,  
His just indignation was really intense.  
He came—like an avalanche fresh from the Alps  
(I fancy the hair stood erect on our scalps).

"What juvenile monster is guilty of this?  
Such iniquity shows there is something amiss,  
And I mean—Jones, how dare you endeavour to wink?"  
"I thought, sir—" "Come here, sir, I'll teach you to think!"

Those stars draw a veil o'er the fate of poor Jones!  
(For a week he complained of the state of his bones);  
'Twas as though in our midst had exploded a shell:  
Carr, Jenkin, and Smith got a thrashing as well.

Now would you believe it, that after a while  
Things drifted along the original style,  
But no matter what the occasion may be  
You'll *never* find one of us shooting a pea!

FRED EDMONDS.

## LIFE IN INDIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEASTS IN THE EAST," ETC.

AMONG all the varied recollections I have of life in India, none amuse me more to look back upon than those connected with days of sport on which we were accompanied by some Hindu gentlemen through whose estates we were marching at the time.

To this day I cannot recall their sporting costume without a smile. The two young men were fat exceedingly, and usually rode up to our camp on sprawling white horses whose flowing manes and tails were dyed a brilliant pink. The riders were dressed in sky-blue coats something like dressing-gowns, coming to the knees, white lace shawls round their waists, fastened by gold belts, red silk trousers, gold-embroidered shoes, and gold caps. They were always attended by a crowd of retainers—matchlock men and tag-rag and bobtail in general—who on the occasion of a jungle being beaten placed themselves so strategically that some of them always contrived to be in the line of fire when any animal broke cover, spoiling many a good shot. This difficulty, however, had no weight with the young Taluqdars, who would fire boldly into a whole ruck of men who might happen to be in the way and would trust to Allah to avert evil consequences.

One day we had just entered a small fenced enclosure when a hare was started, but was instantly knocked down by one of the beaters with his iron-bound lattie—a kind of quarter-staff, ornamented generally with brass or iron bosses and bands—a formidable weapon, in the use of which the villagers are greatly skilled. The hare was disabled by the blow and three or four men promptly threw themselves on it like hawks. At this juncture we heard a shot fired, and saw one of the young Taluqdars in a great state of excitement gazing at the group and holding out his gun with the barrel still smoking. In his agitation he had not even put it up to his shoulder, and the charge had providentially gone sky-

wards. But his intention had been to shoot the hare, and the oddest thing was that he allowed himself to be quite persuaded by his own servants that he had done so—so prone is human nature to believe what it wishes. I am not sure that even our shikari's ironical remarks disabused him of a belief so soothing.

Their guns were apt at all times to explode in so promiscuous a way that it added an element of excitement to any expedition which we could willingly have foregone. They rarely put their guns up to their shoulder, a habit which of itself did not inspire one with confidence. It may be one of our insular prejudices, but I certainly prefer our English way of bringing the gun up to the shoulder. The other way has a certain air of lofty indifference to conventional methods, and properly viewed may have its advantages, but in any light they would seem to me uncertain ones.

Before going out shooting with them I had never heard the "ping" of a bullet. It is a sensation of which a little goes a long way, and it will cause me no regret if I never experience it again. We had driven a boar into a small bit of sugar-cane, and had taken up our positions on the side he was certain to break cover, while the beaters were sent round to drive him out.

Scarcely had the beat begun when I saw the boar's face with its little malicious eyes and gleaming tusks appear on the edge of the cover not six yards distant from where I stood. He was gazing intently at me, and seemed to be debating whether or not I was worth charging, but, deciding it in the negative, he bolted past me with a savage snort which unhappily attracted the Taluqdars' attention, and snap! snap! snap! snap! went four rifle barrels with no shadow of hesitation on account of my being the centre of this cross-firing. The sharp spiteful "ping" of the first bullet as it went singing

past my ear made me duck my head with the same intelligent instinct that prompts a goose to do the same when passing through a barn doorway, but the others followed so sharply that I had no time to duck separately for each. One general obeisance had to do duty for all collectively. When I raised my head it was to see the boar unhurt vanishing in the distance with several pariah dogs in frantic but hopeless pursuit, while I became aware of a curious sensation in my spine as if I had been struck violently across the back. It is odd that a mere sound could produce such a material effect.

The two brothers usually confined themselves to shooting ringdoves, sitting, and would never, I think, have thought of firing at any more difficult game had it not been that they felt it was expected of them. *Noblesse oblige*. The ringdoves really afforded them amusement; they used to stalk them with all the caution compatible with their slightly conspicuous blue and gold raiment, and when within five-and-twenty yards would shoot them in the back with No. 1 shot.

Being Hindus they would not shoot Nilghai (*Antelope picta*) on account of their name—signifying blue cow—being another proof, if one were needed, that there is a good deal in a name. At the same time their religious scruples did not stand in the way of their doing their best to help us to shoot them, a distinction no doubt quite clear to them, but which did not, one would think, make much appreciable difference to the Nilghai.

The Nilghai generally lived in the thickest tree jungle, and a large army of beaters was required to beat it successfully. How the men beat at all I cannot think, for they are almost wholly unprotected by clothing, and the jungle was often composed of bamboo and thorny shrubs, tangled so thick as to be almost impenetrable. I was once riding



through one of the less dense parts of the jungle in line with the beaters, and was stooping low to avoid some horrible thorns, when my pony suddenly hit his head a resounding crack and stopped short. Raising my head I saw a thick branch right across my path that would have swept me clean out of the saddle had it not fortunately been so low that the pony had struck his head against it. He was so completely stunned by the blow that I had dismounted before he thought of moving. The beaters had heard the crack and thought it was my skull. Empty things, it is true, make the greatest sound!

We took up our position in a glade running through the jungle, and presently heard the trampling and plunging of some heavy animal as it came crashing through the underwood. It was an exciting moment, and I felt my heart thumping in my throat. Like a flash two fine Nilghais broke cover and dashed across the narrow opening before a shot could be fired, vanishing like the wild huntsman in the jungle beyond.

After a brief interval, during which the hullabaloo of the beaters drew nearer, we again heard the crackling of the boughs and the heavy breathing of a blue bull, which, as it bounded across the glade, received a ball right through the shoulder. The shot proved so almost instantly fatal that it was only by the greatest promptitude that a Musalmán managed to arrive in time to cut the animal's throat before it drew its last breath. Generally some one has the forethought to bring a hunting-knife, but on this day no one had done so, and had it not been for a nimble lad who sped off like a hare to where we had left the luncheon-basket, and returned breathless with a carving-knife just as the Nilghai was at its last gasp, 600 lb. of good meat would well-nigh all have been wasted. No Hindu will eat a creature which, though an antelope scientifically, is known popularly as a blue cow, nor could any Musalmán eat a creature which had died without having had its throat cut in accordance with the commands of the Prophet. The only living things which they except from this rule are fish, but they point to the gills as showing that Allah has himself cut the fishes' throats, and thus made them lawful for the Faithful.

The dove-killing brothers showed us one day how pigs are caught in nets, a sport practised only by the natives. Having ascertained that some pigs were in a patch of sugar-cane close to some thick jungle, the nets—which are made of stout rope, and are about four feet in depth—were stretched along the edge of the jungle, and the beaters sent through the sugar-cane. Several pariah dogs went in also, for the fun of the thing, and we soon heard a fight, the dogs barking and the pigs snarling, then a howl, and some of the dogs came out covered with blood and limping pitifully. Soon afterwards we heard the savage snorting and plunging of a pig, and a fine boar dashed out, making straight for the nets, but saw

them just in time to swerve past into the jungle. The Eastern love of the marvellous was shown in the description given afterwards by the beaters of this boar. According to the testimony of many witnesses he was four feet high and four feet broad, and had tusks a foot in length.

Presently another broke cover, bolted headlong into the net, and was instantly rolled over and entangled in it; but although a man ran up and put a ball right through him at close quarters, the gallant beast managed with amazing fury to cut through the ropes and dash into the jungle, only to fall dead before going twenty yards, killing with one last flicker of strength a fine pariah dog that had pursued and attacked him.

I do not think that anything can surpass a boar's charge in savage impetuous gallantry and ferocity. It is magnificent.

We sometimes beat for pig in the dense grass jungle by the Ganges, where they had on the whole the best of it. The grass in most places was so high that we had usually to shoot from elephants, and as has truly been remarked by a shrewd observer, it would hardly be believed by those who have never tried it how easy it is in howdah-shooting to miss an object at fifty yards by fifty yards. A very slight movement of the elephant at the instant of firing is enough to divert the muzzle of your gun, which was pointing due east, to south-east or even south at once. This provision of nature is one all in favour of the pigs.

Occasionally a boar was driven into a *cul de sac*, from which there was no escape but by doubling back through the line, and he would then turn savagely on the beaters, thinking more of revenge than of escape, and would charge them right and left. *Sauve qui peut* was the order of the day on such occasions, and stores of hitherto undreamt-of latent agility were developed.

I saw a boar, after severely cutting one of the beaters, turn upon one of the shooters, then on foot, and charge him ferociously. Flight was impossible, and there was no time for a shot. On thundered the boar, and a catastrophe seemed inevitable, when, lo! with an activity born of pressing danger, the man leapt high enough to clear a turnpike gate, and the boar rushed past between him and his quivering shadow into the thick cover, and was seen no more. He no doubt pondered over the strangeness of having seen that unfeathered, two-legged thing, a man, take to flying for the first time in his piggish experience.

On that day our star was not in the ascendant. We failed to bag a pig. One was shot, and it seemed to be as dead as most dead pigs, but no sooner did the men make preparations for carrying it off than it got nimbly on its legs and carried itself off into the jungle before a gun could be raised. A most mysterious pig.

Soon after this we heard a shot fired by one of the Taluqdars, and on reaching the spot found him standing in much excitement over

the dead body of a hare, with his gun held in readiness to fire again should it attempt to escape. The lesson of the pig had not been thrown away on the observant youth.

We had a bad elephant that day, who got so annoyed at the noise and shouting that he frequently charged the beaters, and made howdah shooting a more exciting game of chance than usual. Retributive justice overtook him towards the end of the day, for he got into a quicksand and had a decidedly *mauvais quart d'heure*. We had gone back to our camp by boat, when we heard the hubbub on the opposite bank of the river, and distinguishing even at that distance the terrible words "quicksand" and "elephant," we guessed what had taken place and sent over a host of coolies to give help. The terrified brute rolled over on his side, and then his pad was taken off, which is like three huge mattresses, and was thrown to him, together with a pile of branches cut hastily from the tamarisk jungle by the river, and with the help of these and his tusks he finally worked himself out.

Another native sport shown us by some Taluqdars was that of hawking. It did not seem to me to be sport, being simply a very brief race between the hawk and the terrified partridge, in which the hawk—that fleetest of fowl—almost invariably got the best of it. Unlike a heron, the wretched partridge has no idea of showing fight. It is nearly paralysed with fear, and merely skims over the ground to seek the first cover it can find. As an institution for filling your pot, if you have no gun and want a partridge for dinner, it may be excusable—but, in the light of sport, is only to be classed with hunting a bagged hare or shooting ringdoves.

As we were riding home that day we passed a marshy lake, where a strange object floating on the water attracted our attention. On getting nearer we saw it was the body of a man, swollen out of all human shape—a ghastly object in that lonely spot. It may of course have been a body which had been consigned to the water by tender relatives after a slight preliminary singeing—for the poorer Hindus can rarely afford to burn the body completely. They burn it as much as they can afford to do, and then commit it to the water.

On the other hand it may have been a murder or a suicide, and the still water had only now given up its secret, a secret that would soon be known to the ever-circling vultures, who scent their banquet from afar.

The mango-trees were now in full blossom and the air laden heavily with their scent, a scent that reminds one so strongly of the hot season being at hand that one gets almost to hate it. The dāk-tree, too (*Butea frondosa*), was decking gloriously the dusty jungles with its scarlet tongues of flame bursting from soft sooty black sheaths, and all nature seemed to be rejoicing at the first caress of the burning west wind, which to us brought only the message that the camp season, with its pleasant out-door life, was over for that year.

E. A. K.

## A STRANGE ADVENTURE WITH AN ELEPHANT.

BY COLONEL N. B. THAYTT.

SOME years ago, when I was quartered with my regiment at Baroda, I happened to be witness of a most extraordinary accident which occurred to two Government elephants.

Travelling in India was then very different from what it is at the present day. Railways had not even been commenced, and the distance from one station to another had to be traversed by marches which, although occasionally tedious, were not unpleasant, as they afforded an opportunity of seeing the country, and, if taken during the cold season

(as was usually the case), of enjoying the excellent sport which in those days was to be found almost all over India.

Before I commence my story, which I may mention is perfectly true in all its details, I should say that Baroda is the capital of the most powerful independent State in the Western Presidency. The Guicowar or king of this principality was at that time "Khundee Rao," a staunch adherent of the British Government, and a man who had afforded valuable assistance during the Indian Mutiny. He was looked upon with much favour, and,

apart from politics, Baroda was always a favourite place of resort for the Governors of Bombay, who, whenever they paid a visit there, were received with much pomp and ceremony, and entertained right royally by the Guicowar, their stay being always made the occasion of shooting and hunting parties in the well-stocked royal preserves by day, and of fêtes and durbars by night.

On this particular occasion the Governor of Bombay, who had been making a tour through Kattiawar and Gujerat during the cold season, had signified his intention of



taking Baroda on his return journey, and of staying there for a few days.

In order to provide suitably for his residence, it was necessary to pitch a camp so as to accommodate not only the Governor himself, but also his suite and the large retinue which accompanied him. A considerable quantity of camp equipage, including the durbar tents, which are always required on State occasions, was accordingly ordered down from Ahmedabad, the nearest station, a distance of about sixty miles from Baroda. For this purpose Government elephants were used for carrying the tents, and this brings me to the real subject of my story.

On the very day that the convoy reached Baroda, two of the elephants came literally to loggerheads. The huge animals began a regular fight, butting at and prodding each other; and, notwithstanding all the efforts of their mahouts (or drivers), they continued until one got the better of it, and having vanquished his enemy, who turned tail, he pursued him at a lumbering gallop across the plain. So excited were they that neither of them perceived a blind well which lay in their track, and the foremost elephant fell right into the well to a depth of some fifty or sixty feet, his pursuer being so eager that he could not stop, but fell in on the top of him, the weight of these enormous brutes literally splitting the stone wall of the well as they

fell down. Fortunately there was no great depth of water below, and although, as a matter of course, the undermost elephant and his mahout were crushed to death, the topmost one stood on the carcass apparently uninjured, but of course utterly unable to extricate himself; the driver managing to scramble out as only natives or monkeys could do, and thus saved his own life in the most miraculous manner.

The accident took place close to the cantonments, and on the circumstance being reported to the officer in command he at once ordered a working party from the regiment to which I belonged to go and dig down to the living animal in the hope of saving him. We accordingly sent out a hundred men with picks, shovels, and other appliances to commence the work. It must be understood that this did not consist only of digging away the sides of the well, but it was also necessary to form a sloping road up which the elephant could travel after they had reached him, and this of course was a long and laborious undertaking; and although our men worked at it hard, being relieved by fresh parties at intervals, it took many hours before it was accomplished, and night set in before they had made any appreciable progress. Torches were, however, speedily procured, and the work proceeded uninterruptedly throughout the night. During all this time it was piti-

able to watch the poor elephant standing patiently at the bottom of the well, and perfectly aware of what was being done for his rescue; so much so, that instead of eating the bundles of hay and Indian corn that were supplied to him for food, he kept on piling them underneath his feet so as to raise himself nearer to the level of the well. Meanwhile the excavation went on steadily until about midday on the second day, when the poor brute, apparently losing heart, gave a loud roar and a trumpet and died just within half an hour of the completion of the work, much to the disappointment of our men, who had worked so heartily, and who had so nearly accomplished their task.

Nothing remained now but to close up the well and leave it. The story is remembered to this day in Baroda, but all that remains to mark the occurrence is a large mound, which is pointed out to passers-by as indicating a spot at which one of the most extraordinary accidents ever recorded took place. It was of course impossible to ascertain what was the immediate cause of the death of the second elephant, but in all probability it was from some internal injury received in the fall; but it was none the less disheartening that it should have ensued just at the moment when success appeared to be almost certain.

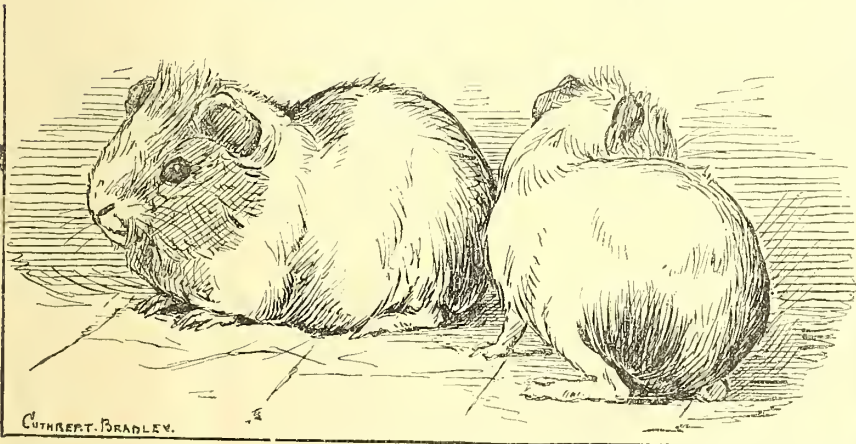
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## GUINEA-PIG COMPANIONS.

By CUTHBERT BRADLEY,

Author of "Murmurs from the Pen of a Bunny."

### CHAPTER II.



THE motive for starting a guinea-piggery should not be £ s. d. Every boy on starting to manage live-stock will find that

affords. To start with a large expenditure on the new venture we strongly discourage. Different people have different ways of

test. But all boys are not clever at Latin and Greek, and when that is the case, reports often mark a boy as a duffer.

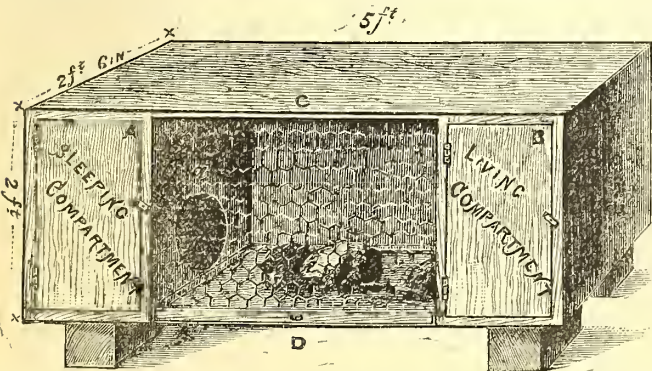
Supposing on a certain boy, who kept rabbits, guinea-pigs, or other live-stock, I had to express an opinion. Before doing so I should, I think, ask to look at the live-stock under his care.

The first idea that strikes one on entering the average boy's rabbitry or guinea-piggery, is the wonderful variety of architecture shown in the home-made hutches!

The second impression is, how few of these hutches are in any way fitted for habitation!

Why is this? Because so many boys won't use their brains; they never stop to think. So long as they can plane a good pile of shavings, and make plenty of noise hammering, they are contented. Their one idea of a hutch is, to make a trap to keep the animal from escaping. Drainage, ventilation, warmth, comfort, or space are seldom, if ever, considered.

The specific gravity of a buck rabbit's



he has plenty to learn, and must expect to buy experience, before he can sanguinely hope for profits, from the certain pleasure it

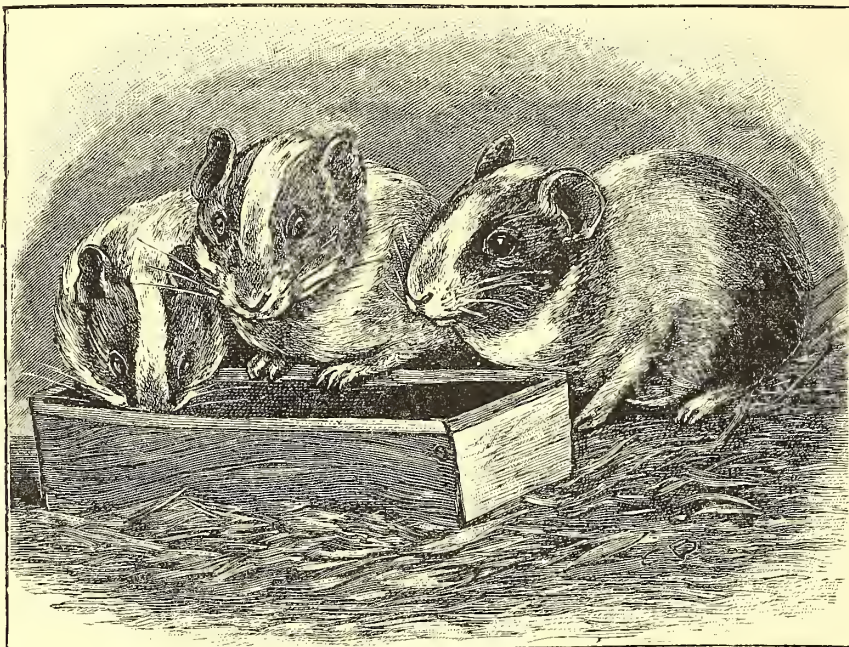
judging of a boy's capabilities and what he may possibly be made of. School reports I suppose would be considered the grandest

brain cannot be very much, perhaps some of our young readers know what it is. But when a wild rabbit starts making his home



in the warren, he thinks out what he is going to do, and has reasons and plans for all he does which would not disgrace a qualified

which piggy is heir are due to defective housing, it cannot be given too much importance. Too much humidity inside or outside a



architect entitled to stick F.R.I.B.A. after his name. We will go to the warren to learn these principles. "There we find that the wild rabbit makes his dwelling in a sandy soil, and therefore well drained, in hillocks and mounds in preference to hollow bottoms, and therefore dry. The burrows frequently communicate with each other, and therefore allow a certain amount of ventilation. The thick stratum of light earth which covers the habitations of a colony of rabbits causes coolness in summer and warmth in winter."

If I saw these principles adopted by any of our young readers, I should at once say that the boy in question had brains and knew how to use them.

We started with the idea of keeping tailless grunTERS as companions for rabbits, they will therefore occupy the same hutches. To those who may wish to make a hutch solely for their guinea-pigs, I would say that the requirements are the same as those for rabbits, only on a smaller scale. They thrive best in portable hutches, and during the winter may be kept inside the house, no offensive smell arising if they are cleaned out regularly every morning.

Guinea-pigs prefer gloom to light, and should be protected against damp and cold. We give a sketch of a portable hutch with approximate measurements, which may possibly be of use in affording some an idea how to start. (See page 503.)

A is the door of the sleeping compartment, with a circular hole communicating with the wire run. B is the door of the living and feeding compartment, and has also a circular hole into the wire run. C, the wire-fronted run in the middle, with the drawer D for cleaning out purposes. In fine weather this hutch may be lifted out on to the grass and the drawer D removed, when the little pigs can enjoy a run and feed on the grass.

If the hutch stands out in the open it should be placed against a wall under a lean-to roof, or the first heavy rain will drench the unlucky inmates. It should be raised at least a few inches off the ground to allow a current of air to pass underneath and keep the floor from rotting.

These remarks on piggy's habitation may at first sight seem to be treated with undue prominence, but as nearly all the diseases to

guinea-pig's house produces "rot." Draughts through cracks and crevices of badly-constructed hutches are the cause of snuffles, or a severe cold in the head. A dirty hutch produces blindness, paralysis, and every kind of disease.

The bill of fare for guinea-pig, like that of his elder brother the rabbit, should always have two varieties of diet marked on it, dry and moist.

The staple dry food for guinea-pigs is oats. This is the muscle-making substance, and the

hot milk-and-water into a thick warm paste. You might almost see the rabbits and guinea-pigs grow, they appeared to thrive so on this mixture.

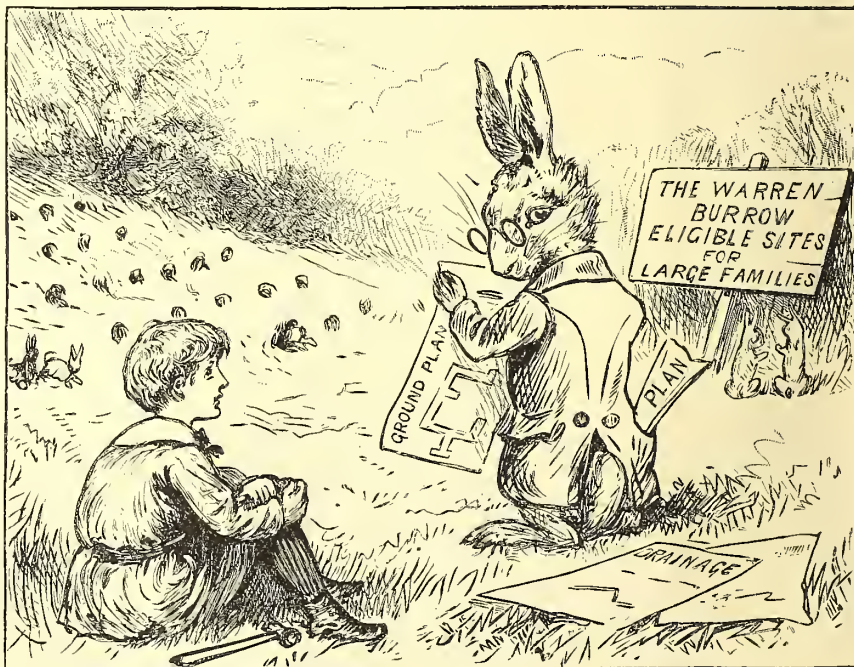
For moist diet almost any kind of vegetable food seems acceptable; herbs of most kinds, carrots, apples, and even tea-leaves when you are short of other food.

Twice a day must our young swineherdsman feed the stock in the guinea-piggery. Morning and again at evening are the best times, and the young grunTERS soon get to know the feeding-hour. Their peculiar little shriek, so much resembling the French affirmation "Oui," will always let you know that they are hungry. Before feeding, remove anything that may be left of the last meal, for no animals care to eat food that has been breathed on and pulled about. Cleanliness should be imperative in the guinea-piggery, and to ensure this do not leave the work for others to do. My groom used to put a little clean bedding above the dirty one, and so on, layer above layer, until the hutch became nothing more than a hotbed of disease. The best kind of bedding for piggy is chopped hay.

The usual number of families brought up by one guinea-pig sow in the year is three. The little piglings arrive with their eyes open, and are covered with long, soft hair. At four days old they have learnt to pick out and eat the choicest bits in the cabbage-leaves. When three weeks old they should be weaned and given bread-and-milk. It is a very pretty sight to see the old ones followed about by the piglings, and to watch their antics when pleased. A squeak, and a peculiar sharp turn, as if they tried to jump out of their skins but could not!

Poultry, rabbits, pigeons, and dogs have all advanced with the times, and are therefore saleable commodities. They have been bred and fancied and brought to such a state of perfection, controlled by fancy laws, that they possess many additional attractions other than those they primarily possessed.

Guinea-pig has been left behind, he has rarely had the advantages of improvement by fancy breeding. But his day will yet come. Let some of our enterprising young readers



more oats he gets the greater quantity of green food he may eat with impunity. Next to oats come bread, bran, and Indian corn. I used to mix my corn, oats, and bran with any bits of old bread-crumbs, stirred up with

take up his cause and eclipse anything ever yet heard of in the annals of poultry, rabbit, pigeon, and dog fancying by producing a guinea-pig with a tail!

(THE END.)



## STRANGER THAN FICTION; OR, STORIES OF MISSIONARY PERIL AND HEROISM.

BISHOP HANNINGTON.

## PART II.

THE following extracts from letters written by the Bishop, on what proved to be his last journey, give a graphic description of the perils of a missionary's life in the Dark Continent:—

You will be glad to hear that I have completed the voyage through the Red Sea satisfactorily, and have duly arrived at Zanzibar.

I must now hastily pack my goods in small bundles of about half a hundredweight, hire porters, and cross to the mainland. I should perhaps explain to you that on account of the ravages of the tsetse fly we are unable to use beasts of burden, and so are compelled to have all goods carried by porters. These porters are for the most part of two different races—namely, the Wanguana, or coast men from Zanzibar, and the Wanyamwezi, or the men from the Country of the Moon, that vast region which lies to the south of the Victoria Nyanza.

Our next step is to hire an Arab dhow, which is to take us over from the island of Zanzibar to the little town of Sedaani. We pack in as tightly as safety will allow, weigh anchor, and soon reach the coral-bound coast.

We touch bottom about half a mile from the beach, and, as there is a heavy ground swell on at the time, the crazy old dhow threatens to go to pieces. So while some made their way to shore in a small dug-out canoe, half-full of water, your uncle put his clothing in a bag, unmindful of sharks, plunged into the water, and thus, with a heart throbbing with emotion—and, I might add, feet throbbing too, for the coral was sharp—entered the land of Livingstone and Krapf and Moffat and Gordon. It is not too much to say that the poetry of the situation was dispelled shortly after by our sitting down to dine on a tough goat. I have seen goats on the table which knives refuse to manipulate, and chickens whose limbs denied that they would part company, so strongly were they attached to each other, until one seized hold of one leg and another the other, and had a tug-of-war.

On the morning, June 30th, we started for the interior, seven white men and about 500 porters, head-men, and tent-boys, all told.

It may assist your geography if I give you a brief description of the whole route from the coast to the lake. It has been well divided by the great African traveller Burton into five different regions. The first of these is the coast belt which lies between the Indian Ocean and that vast chain of mountains which runs from Abyssinia to Lake Nyassa, and which numbers among its peaks Kenia and Kilimanjara. This district abounds in rivers, and has the general appearance of English park scenery. The second region is that occupied by the mountain chain we have just named, and is truly beautiful, being in places not unlike the best parts of North Devon. Here we have two flourishing mission stations, namely, Mamboia and Mpwapwa.

Leaving this truly delightful district the third region is entered, which comprises the thickly-populated plains of savage Ugogo, and two or three almost uninhabited and waterless tracts. Fourthly, you come to the country of the Wanyamwezi, or People of the Moon, the great traders, and consequently travellers, of Equatorial Africa; here we have one station, Vyui. Then, lastly, the great lake basin is reached, which nurses in its bosom the mighty Victoria Nyanza. Each of these regions is well defined, the people, and the physical features, being very different; but more of this as we proceed.

Once or twice we were compelled to march

through the night in order to reach water, and we found it more trying and dangerous than even tramping at midday. On one of these occasions, after arriving at camp and calling over our men, we found that one was missing. A search-party was sent back, and presently they spied a pool of blood in the footpath, which told the dismal tale that he had straggled from us and been set upon by robbers, who had speared him to death, dragged his body into the jungle, and had stolen the valuable load that he was carrying.

Another great cause of suffering was the frequent absence of water, or, when not absent altogether, it was often so thick and black that it is scarce an exaggeration to say

died because of his imprudence. I was exceedingly hot when I arrived at its banks, and needed no advice. Well, just at that moment there were no head-men up, and I was going to wait patiently, when my boys volunteered to carry me across, a feat they could very well have accomplished. But the ambitious Johar must needs have all the honour and glory to himself; he seized me and bore me off in triumph. I felt an ominous totter, and yelled to him to return. But I shouted in vain; he refused to heed. More tottering, more entreaty to go back; but all to no purpose; on he pressed. Swaying to and fro like a bulrush in a gale of wind, I clenched my teeth and held my breath.



Collapse in Mid-stream.

that one looked at it and wondered whether it came under the category of meat or drink; at times it was lively, so much so, that if you did not watch the movements of your "boy" with fatherly anxiety, you always stood a chance of an odd tadpole or two finding their way into the tea-kettle; occasionally it showed a bright green tinge. I had previously seen green tea, and had been taught studiously to avoid it; but green coffee was a new and at times unavoidable delicacy only known among the luxuries of African travel. But I cannot say that I minded very much about finding the pools lively with toads, or even crocodiles, and I soon grew tired of grumbling because dogs and men would bathe in our drinking-water; but I did not like to find dead toads and other animal and vegetable putrefaction. Afterwards, when weak and ill, I used to avoid drinking any liquid; I have been three and even four days at a stretch without drinking anything at all. But while we are talking about water I must tell you about my river experience.

On the 8th of July, 1882, we reached our first stream. Loud had been the warnings that we should not wade through or bathe while on the march, lest we should catch fever, for it was here that one man nearly

They shout from the bank for Johar to retrace his steps, but it has not the slightest effect; he feels his only chance is to dash right on. Mid-stream is now gained, and my hopes revive; I think, perhaps—but the water deepens, the rocks become more slippery, a huge struggle, and down we go flat, Johar collapsing like an indiarubber ball punctured by a pin. Far better to have walked through with all my clothes on, for I should then only have got wet to the knees; but now no part of me could claim to be dry. Luckily, however, I did not get an attack of fever as I expected.

Not long after this adventure we came to a broad and deep arm of the Wami. Here the vegetation underwent a complete transformation, assuming an entirely different aspect, and we beheld for the first time what is usually understood by the term "tropical forest scenery." Gigantic trees, towering aloft, and supporting endless creepers and parasitic plants, presented to the eye every shade and variety of foliage; there a mass of jasmine filled the air with its perfumes; there a euphorbia, like the candelabra of the Jewish Temple, stood stiffly erect; and from the boughs of those trees which overhung the stream the great belted kingfisher watched for his shining prey.



The natives possessed a small dug-out canoe, which tempted me to go for a paddle midst the fairy-like scene; but the evil spirits of the vasty deep below in the shape

bridge, but that of course was a box of cart-ridges, being one of the most spoilable things they could find; it, however, was better than a man being snapped up by a crocodile.



On the Edge of the Pitfall.

of crocodiles soon forced me to beat a hasty retreat, and make for the less enchanted ground of the camp. It was probably this same stream that we crossed, after about three days' march, by a curious native bridge of poles, and trees, and living creepers pitched and tangled together in a most marvellous manner. Living poles one has often seen used. I remember four trees being topped, and the roof of a shed put on them, and the shed gradually getting taller and taller; but this was the first time I had seen living ropes binding a bridge together, and stretching across to form a hand-rail for the wayfarer. It was intensely picturesque, but equally inconvenient, and took the men with their loads about two hours to cross. There was not that general activity amongst them that I expected; some almost wanted to be carried over as well as their loads, though others bounded across like monkeys. While at the

Within a mile of this we had to cross the stream again. Here the river had considerably widened, and was spanned by a gigantic fallen tree of enormous girth and length; it must have been about 150 feet long. On arriving at the village we found that a false report that we were exceedingly hostile had reached the natives. Accordingly they had fled pell-mell, leaving behind them nothing but empty huts. In cases of this kind it is extremely difficult to restrain the men from plundering the sugar plantations and banana trees, for they must have something to eat. Then, if they steal, the natives naturally say the report was right, and the white men are robbers.

This district was very swampy, and here, I think, we began to get incipient fever. It was a memorable sight to see the swamps at night literally blazing with fireflies darting about like millions of miniature meteors;



At the Bottom.

riverside I heard a sharp but familiar note, and looking up I beheld our gay old friend the English kingfisher, in his bright blue uniform, by far the most handsome bird I had yet seen in Africa. Only one load was dropped over the cobweb-like parapet of the

here, too, we met with another accompaniment of marshes, which did not amuse us in the least—namely, mosquitos, in equal myriads.

As we journeyed on more rivers had to be crossed. At one I had an amusing adven-

ture with our hospital donkey, which we kept for the transport of invalids. It happened to be at hand at the time I wanted to cross, so, having had an experience of a two-legged donkey, I thought I would try the four-legged one. The wretch had on neither saddle nor bridle at the time, but was very quiet and docile until we were well into the stream, when suddenly he became tired of his burden, and began to play the natural pranks characteristic of that worthy race; his hinder part became slightly elevated, his head bobbed, and he threatened to lie down and roll; the head-men, however, saw my predicament, and rushed at me, caught me up as if I were a wisp of straw, and bore me in a horizontal position over the donkey's head to the farther side. At the next stream I selected two men, and was assured it was exceedingly narrow, and so it was; but there was no exit on the other side, an impenetrable fringe of reeds and jungle hedging us in, so we turned up stream. I had to urge and urge and urge them not to drop me until we gained a small sandbank a little ahead, where I stripped and waded the best part of a mile before we found a break in the dense tangle.

July 21st, we reached our first mission station, Mamboia, about 150 miles from the coast. Here our good missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Last, met and welcomed us, and instantly carried me off to their comfortable quarters.

On July 25th we were fain to proceed, our friends accompanying us as far as they could; but at length a river decided the question, and with many heart-achings we said farewell. With one, Mrs. Last, we were to meet no more on this side of the narrow stream of death. The march was a long one. We crossed a lovely-looking rivulet, clear as crystal; but its waters had a strong taste of Epsom salts, and the effect produced by drinking them was much the same. There are many saline springs and streams to be met with in Africa. Woe betide those who are unwary enough to partake of them! When the wave of civilisation spreads over the land these places will be the Baths and Buxtons of East African society.

This part of the country abounds in game. On one occasion a herd of antelopes crossed the path as tamely as if they had been sheep, and tracks of giraffe and larger game were frequently seen. Guinea-fowl were so plentiful that one of the white men at Mpwapwa told us that he did not trouble to fire at them unless he could ensure killing two or three at a shot.

I had two narrow escapes in one of my walks with a gun in search of game. I came to a belt of jungle so dense that the only way to get through it was to creep on all fours along the tracks made by hyenas and smaller game; and as I was crawling along I saw close in front of me a deadly puff-adder; in another second I should have been on it. The same day, on my return, I espied in one of these same tracks a peculiar arrangement of grass, which I at once recognised to be over a pitfall; but though I had seen it I had already gone too far, and fell with a tremendous crash, my double-barrel gun full-cocked in my hand. I had the presence of mind to let myself go and look out only for my gun, which fortunately never exploded. On arriving at the bottom I called out to my terrified boy, Mikuke Hapana, "There are no spears," a most merciful Providence; for they often stake these pitfalls in order to ensure the death of the animals that fall into them. The pitfall could not have been less than ten feet deep, for when I proceeded to extricate myself I found that I could not reach the top with my uplifted hands. Undaunted by my adventures, and urged on by the monotony of nothing but tough goat on the sideboard, I started before the break of next morning in pursuit of game, and was soon to be seen crawling on hands and knees after antelope,



I am afraid unmindful of puff-adders and pitfalls.

By-and-by the path followed the bed of a narrow stream, which was completely ploughed with the tracks of buffalo and giraffe, as fresh as fresh could be. Our impression was, and probably it was right, that the former were lurking in the dense thicket close by. The breathless excitement that such a position keeps you in does much to help along the weary miles of the march, and to ward off attacks of fever. All experienced hands out here recommend that men should, while not losing sight of their one grand object, keep themselves amused.

Your cousin Gordon and I, with our boys, had led the van all the morning. He, having lately had fever, complained of being tired, and begged me to continue in pursuit of game alone, merely taking my one faithful boy with me to carry my gun; but I refused to leave him, for never had I complained of an ache or a pain but what he was by my side to help and comfort me. After living in the same tent, and never being separated until I left him at the lake, I say we have no more gentle and heavenly-minded man in the mission field. We sat down and rested, and the other brethren, with a party of a dozen or fourteen, marched on ahead. They had not gone many hundred yards before I heard the whizz of a bullet. "They have found game," said I. Bang went a second shot. "It is a herd." Then another. "Yes, it must be a herd;" then a fourth, and it dawned upon me that they were attacked by robbers—the far-famed Ruga-Ruga.

"Stay where you are," I cried, and dashed off, closely followed by my boys. The bangs had now reached seven, and we had not the slightest doubt that it was an attack of robbers, and so it proved to be. My anxiety was relieved by seeing our men intact, standing together at bay with a foe that was nowhere to be beheld. I soon learnt that as they were quietly proceeding a party of the savage Wahunba tribe had swooped down upon them; but seeing white men with rifles had fled with the utmost precipitation, without even discharging a poisoned arrow. To make their flight more rapid the white men had fired their rifles in the air; and one in grabbing his gun from his boy had managed to discharge it in such a manner as to blow off the sight of his neighbour's rifle. Finding that danger was at an end for the time being, I begged them to remain as they were, ready to receive an attack, while I returned with my boys to Gordon, and got the stragglers together, after which we all proceeded in a body. I have always thought that it was I who had the greatest escape of all; for had I gone on, as Gordon proposed, with only one, or at the outside two boys, I should most probably have been attacked.

On July 28th a double march brought me to the second Church Missionary Station, Mpwapwa. Small-pox was raging in the neighbourhood, and not far from us was a native encampment terribly infected, so that we felt it was not wise to delay. Just six miles from here is an outlying station, Kisokwe, a delightful spot among the mountains and highlands of the Usagaro district, which form part of the long mountain chain I mentioned some time ago. Here almost every variety of scenery is met with. There are fine mountain peaks terminating in bare and precipitous crags, and others crowned with luxuriant verdure, while in many places torrents dash down the valleys in a succession of waterfalls, forcibly reminding one of North Devon.

Game, as I have already hinted, is abundant, and leopards are very plentiful. Hunting excursions, however, are not unattended by danger, for small bands of savage Wahunba robbers traverse the country.

We left this beautiful region by a mountain pass which proved to be very rugged and steep, and very trying for the men.

Descending on the other side we entered the third of our divisions, which comprises desert tracts and the plains of Ugogo.

Our first experience of this region was not a pleasant one. We had sent our men on before while we dallied with our friends at Mpwapwa. When we reached the summit of the pass we could see various villages with their fires in the plains below, but nowhere was the camp to be discerned. It was a weary time before we could alight on it, and when we did, what a scene presented itself to our gaze! The wind was so high that the camp fires were extinguished, and the men had betaken themselves to a deep trench cut through the sandy plain by a mountain torrent, but now perfectly dry; hence our difficulty in making out where the camp was. Two of the tents were in a prostrate condition, while the others were fast getting adrift. Volumes of dust were swamping beds, blankets, boxes, buckets, and in fact everything; and a more miserable scene could scarcely be beheld by a party of benighted pilgrims. It was no use staring at it. I seized a hammer and tent-pegs, forgot I was tired, and before very long had things fairly to rights; but I slept that night in a dust heap. Nor did the morning mend matters, and to encourage us the Mpwapwa brethren prophesied this state of things all through Ugogo. It is bad enough in a hot climate to have dust in your hair and down your neck, and filling your boxes; but when it comes to food, and every mouthful you take grates your teeth, I leave you to imagine the pleasures of tent-life in a sandy plain.

A day or two after this we arrived at a camp where the water was excessively bad. We had to draw for everybody from one deep hole, and probably rats, mice, lizards, and other small animals had fallen in and been drowned, and allowed to remain and putrefy. The water smelt most dreadfully, no filtering or boiling seemed to have any effect upon it, and soup, coffee, and all food were flavoured by it. That afternoon I went for a stroll with my boy and two guns to endeavour to supply the table with a little better meat than tough goat. I soon struck on the dry bed of a masika (wet season) torrent. Following this up a little way I saw a fine troop of monkeys, and wanting the skin of one of them for my collection I sent a bullet flying after him, without, however, producing any effect beyond a tremendous scamper. My boy then said to me, "If you want to kill monkey, master, you should try buckshot;" so returning him my rifle I took my fowling-piece. Perhaps it was fortunate I did so, for about a hundred yards farther on the river-bed took a sharp turn, and coming round the corner I lighted on three fine tawny lions. They were quite close to me, and had I had my rifle my first impulse might have been too strong for me to resist speeding the parting guest with a bullet. As it was, I came to a sudden halt and they ran away. In vain my boy begged me to retreat. I seized the rifle and ran after them as fast as my legs would carry me; but they were soon hidden in the dense jungle that lined the river banks, and although I could hear one growling and breathing hard about ten yards from me, I could not get a shot.

I now had severe attacks of fever every day, and at length we were compelled to come to a standstill, for I was far too ill to be moved. My life hung in the balance for three days. I was so weak that the mere fact of a head-man in kindness coming in and speaking a few words to me, brought on a fainting fit, and on another occasion I nearly succumbed from moving across the tent from one bed to another. After a few days the fever left me, and I was able to sit up for five and ten minutes at a time, and the next day was lifted into a hammock and carried onwards.

The curiosity of the natives in these parts

was unbounded. They swarmed round our tents from morning till night, asking to see everything we possessed, and as they are noted thieves we had to keep an uncommonly sharp look-out. The men are exceedingly undressed, wearing only short goat-skins from the shoulder to the hip-bone. They besmear themselves with red ochre and paint hideous devices on their faces, so that they look like red men rather than black. The hair is worn long, is often interwoven with bark fibre, and is plaited in various fashions, some of which are by no means unbecoming. The Ugogo type of countenance is for the most part very low in the scale, the features being broad and flat, with but little forehead. The few handsome exceptions one sees are, I am told, supposed to be Wamasai.

The women are scrupulously clad, and the many copper and steel chains which they wear are particularly becoming. The great feature of the Wagogo is their ears. The lower lobes in men, women, and children are pierced. First starting, they begin by inserting a straw or two, or a ring of copper wire; these are gradually increased in number, until at last the ear is sufficiently stretched to allow of the insertion of bits of stick, gourds, snuff-boxes, old cartridge cases, and other such articles. From a boy of twelve years I got a block of wood that he had in his ear considerably larger than the cork of a gooseberry bottle. Sometimes the lobe is so distended that it hangs down to the shoulder, and refuses to hold anything inserted in it; in such a case it is as a suspensory for fine chains, or coils of iron wire. Sometimes you would see the lobes quite broken down, so that to their immense regret they could wear nothing. I have often been asked to mend their ears; but although I could easily have done it by nipping off the ends and binding them together, yet I always refused so to encourage their vanity.

In some of the places I passed through they had never seen a white man before. They would gather round me in dozens, and gaze upon me with the utmost astonishment. One would suggest that I was beautiful—in plainer language, that I was amazingly ugly. Fancy a set of hideous savages regarding a white man, regarding your uncle, as a strange outlandish creature frightful to behold! You little boys that run after a black man in the park and laugh at him, think what you may come to when you grow old. The tables may be turned on you if you take to travelling, just as they were with me.

As with other travellers, my boots hardly ever failed to attract attention. "Are those your feet, Whiteman?" "No, gentlemen, they are not. They are my sandals." "But do they grow to your feet?" "No, gentlemen, they do not. I will show you." So forthwith I would proceed to unlace a boot. A roar of astonishment followed when they beheld my blue sock, as they generally surmised that my feet were blue and toeless. Greater astonishment still followed the withdrawal of the sock, and the revelation of a white five-toed foot. I frequently found that they considered that only the visible parts of me were white, namely, my face and hands, and that the rest of me were as black as they were. An almost endless source of amusement was the immense amount of clothing, according to their calculation, that I possessed. That I should have waistcoat and shirt and jersey underneath a coat, seemed almost incredible, and the more so when I told them that it was chiefly on account of the sun that I wore so much.

My watch, too, was an unfailing attraction: "There's a man in it." "It is Lubari; it is witchcraft," they would cry. "He talks; he says Teek, teek, teek." My nose they would compare to a spear: it struck them as so sharp and thin compared to the African production, and oftentimes one



bolder than the rest would give my hair and my beard a sharp pull, imagining them to be wigs worn for ornament. Many of them had a potent horror of this white ghost, and a snap of the fingers or a stamp of the foot was enough to send them flying helter-skelter from my tent, which they generally crowded round in ranks five deep. For once in the way this was amusing enough; but when it came to be repeated every day and all day, one had really a little too much of a good thing.

By the 22nd of August we had passed through Ugogo without having paid hongo (tax), a triumph in African travel. And now began the desert tracts. What must strike every traveller on entering these plains is the immense quantity of wild fowl. Bustards, king crane, herons, storks, ibis, geese and ducks abound; but in a land where everybody's hand is against his neigh-

bour's, everything worth shooting is exceedingly wild.

In the rainy season open breaks in the jungle (the "pori" we call it) are exceeding beautiful, blossom almost concealing foliage. In the dry season nothing could be much more dismal than the desert plateau. In some places it was so arid that no bird, beast, or butterfly broke the monotony of a scene which consisted of thin acacia-trees at spaces of about thirty yards distance from each other. I have walked for an hour without finding one sufficiently dense to exclude the rays of the sun and afford a little shelter. At other times miles of dense tangle would be traversed, so thick that it seemed to defy even the penetrating power of an elephant, and yet the leafless boughs formed no protection against the rays of the midday sun.

After six hard days' travelling Sunday

came round again, and most gladly would we have accepted the divinely-given day of rest; but it could not be, for food was running short, and to lose a day would be to starve the men. The effect of their provisions being scant began to show itself in their growing rather quarrelsome, for soon after starting I had to rush in and, like Mrs. Brown, stop a tremendous fight with my umbrella. Words had not only waxed high, but guns were about to be used. Your uncle seized one of their guns, but it was some time before I could drag it out of the man's hands; nor did I feel safe in the skirmish, for a full-cocked loaded gun with weak and worn-out lock is not the safest thing to be wrestling over; but such is life out here—one cannot stop to think what is safe or what is unsafe.

(To be continued.)



Native curiosity!

## SAFETY BICYCLES.

BY REV. G. HERBERT, M.A.,

One of the Chief Consuls of the Cyclists' Touring Club, Author of "On Cycles and Cycling," etc.

### PART I.

**D**URING the last two seasons the popularity of the various kinds of safety bicycles has increased to such an extent that they seem likely to supplant the ordinary bicycle for road riding; whilst many old bicycle riders, who had taken to the tricycle owing to its greater safety, have returned to the bicycle now that the new type of machine offers them the security they desire.

It seems, therefore, desirable that I should supplement the article I wrote, in the early part of last year, on cycles generally by a special article on the various forms of safety machines.

Broadly, we may divide the safety machines into three classes.

1. The oldest class, driven by levers, and so arranged as to throw the centre of gravity well back.

2. The dwarf machines, in shape and general arrangement resembling the ordinary bicycle, driven, however, by two chains, one on each side of the front wheel.

3. A class of machine known as the "Rover" type, from the first of that kind that earned for itself a reputation.

Besides these there are a few with a little wheel in front and a larger driving-wheel behind, looking not unlike a small ordinary bicycle reversed, with a sloping pillar and bicycle handles rising out of the small front wheel. They, however, do not appear to have made much way, and seem hardly deserving of a class to themselves.

1. In the first class are two machines which have persistently held their own for many years. This fact is a clear proof that they must both of them be possessed of more than ordinary merit.

The first boasts of a somewhat quaint name, which I take it is a slangy adaptation of an adjective descriptive of its peculiar shape. It is called the 'Xtraordinary, and this I imagine is intended as a contracted form of "extraordinary," and certainly the word not inaptly describes the peculiar look of the bicycle and its action. I will try briefly to describe it and to point out its merits. In the first place it is a full-sized bicycle, and does not belong to the class of dwarf machines, though recently, in deference to the prevailing fashion, a smaller size has been made for those who prefer small bicycles.

But instead of the front forks which hold the axle of the front wheel being made vertical, or nearly so, they are made with a very considerable rake backwards. The consequence of this is that the rider has to sit much farther down on the backbone and cannot reach the pedals with his feet. As he cannot get to the pedals, the problem is how to bring the pedals to him. This has been ingeniously effected by a combination of levers, which not only brings the pedals easily within reach of the rider, but gives him much additional power by the judicious arrangement of the levers.

The levers are placed after this fashion:—nearly at the top of the forks of the front wheel two small bars are fixed, one on each side, each by a pin. These project to the front, are about a foot or so in length, and are free to oscillate up and down.

To each of these a curved lever of considerable length is attached in such a manner that it can work backwards and forwards on the pin by which it is attached to the small horizontal bar. This

long lever is curved something after the fashion of the Australian boomerang, and the lower end of it is thus brought back well behind the centre of the wheel and carries an oscillating rubber-pedal. The crank of the bicycle wheel is attached by means of a pin to the middle of this curved lever in such a manner that it can work freely on the pin attaching it. By this means the feet, which are well behind the cranks, are enabled to communicate motion to the cranks and thus to the front wheel, which is the driving-wheel. The motion of the feet is not rotary but oval, thus more nearly approaching to the verticality of action in walking.

The machine is mounted like an ordinary bicycle, from behind, by means of a small step attached to the backbone near the little wheel.

The two great advantages possessed by the 'Xtraordinary over the ordinary are the greater ease of propulsion gained by the action of the levers, and the immunity from what are known as "croppers." This somewhat vulgar piece of cycling phraseology refers to the throwing of the rider forward over the handles of his bicycle. It is an accident to which a bicyclist is very liable in descending hills, and when meeting an obstacle. The cause of it is not far to seek. Any one with a slight knowledge of mechanics is aware that a body will remain firm so long as the vertical line through the centre of gravity falls within the base. The very moment that line falls outside, the body topples over in the direction of the vertical through the centre of gravity. Practical mechanics, therefore, try to make those things which they desire to be stable with as



large a base as possible, whilst at the same time they endeavour to throw the centre of gravity as low as possible. These are the two things which have been aimed at in constructing the "Xtraordinary." They will be readily seen when the machine is compared with one of the usual build, for in the usual type the fork is nearly vertical, and the centre of gravity lies not far behind this fork, so that if the hind wheel be raised a little the centre of gravity will lie on the other side of the centre of the front wheel, and consequently the vertical through it will fall in front of the point where the wheel is in contact with the ground. The backbone and small wheel will then necessarily fall forwards, throwing the rider also forwards over the handles, the fork of the front wheel, backbone, and small wheel all turning over on the axle of the front wheel.

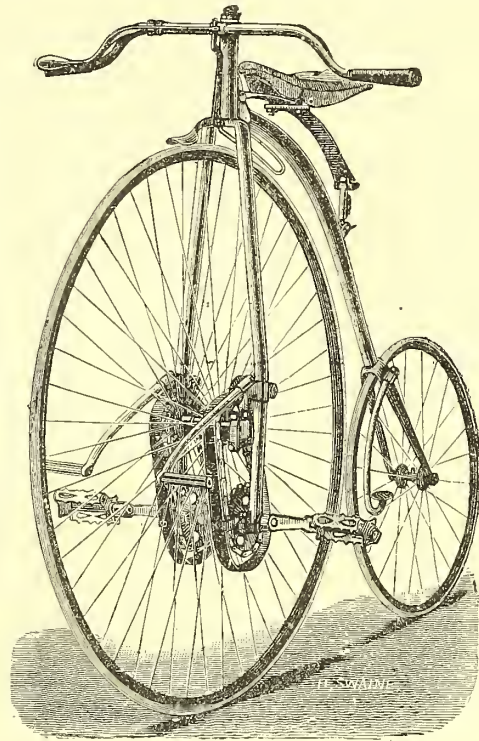
It is obvious that in running down hill the hind wheel is already considerably raised, and the vertical through the centre of gravity perilously near the edge of the base, so that if a large stone be encountered by the hind wheel, which happens to throw it up an inch or two higher, the vertical through the centre of gravity is almost sure to be thrown to the front of the point of contact of the front wheel with the ground, and consequently outside the base, so that a fall forwards over the handles is inevitable.

This is perhaps the greatest danger in ordinary bicycle-riding, and most of the serious and fatal accidents that have happened have come about from this cause.

In the "Xtraordinary" the rake of the fork throws the rider farther back and lower down, so that the vertical through the centre of gravity is farther within the wheel base—farther, that is, behind the point of contact of the front wheel with the ground. The consequence of this is that the hind wheel would have to be lifted very much higher from the ground than the hind wheel of the ordinary before the vertical would be thrown forward beyond the point of contact of the front wheel and the ground. It is almost impossible, therefore, to "come a cropper" on this machine.

resemble a knife-grinder at work, and the position of the saddle so low on the backbone does give one the impression that the rider is slipping off. (See page 524.)

considerably below the pedals, so that in this case also the problem to be solved is how to bring the pedals to the feet, since the feet cannot reach the pedals. In this case



The Kangaroo.

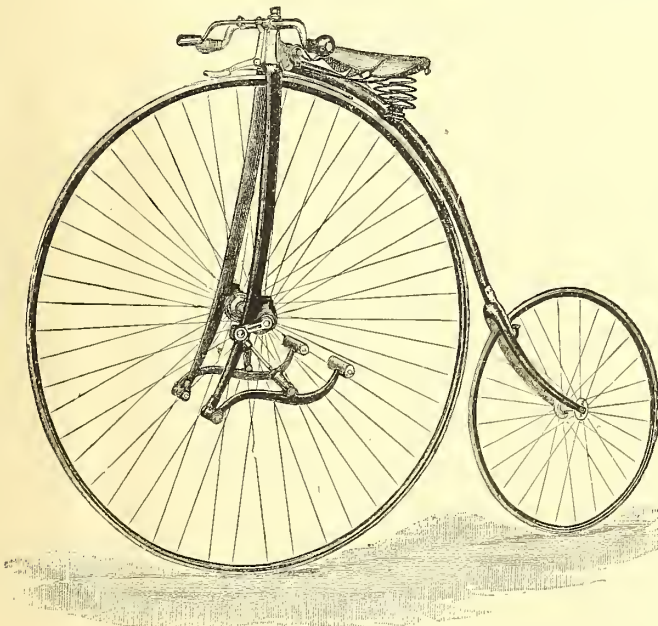
The next machine of this class, known as the "Facile," combines the two characteristics of dwarf and safety. Like the "Xtraordinary," it is propelled by means of levers, which are, however, somewhat differently arranged from those of the larger machine. In its general build it differs a good deal

the levers have to be lower, as the feet are so much below the cranks owing to the smallness of the front wheel. This is effected by prolonging the front forks beyond the axle-bearings and curving them well to the front. To the end of each of these prolonged forks a strong lever nearly horizontal is fixed by a pin, on which it works freely. The other end of this lever is divided, bending upwards; the two divisions are connected by a small bar coated with rubber, which acts as the pedal. As in the case of the "Xtraordinary," the crank of the front wheel is attached to the lever. Here, however, a small rod intervenes, which is attached at one end to the crank, at the other to the centre of the lever, in such a manner that all can move freely about the points of attachment.

The lever could have been attached directly to the crank, as in the case of the "Xtraordinary," but the pedal would have then been too high for the feet to reach. The rod interposed brings it to the proper position, and as it is adjustable, it admits of the machine being adapted to riders of different length of leg. It is this which makes his bicycle a very good one for boys, because, as they grow, the pedal can be adjusted to their increased height.

The front wheel being small, it becomes necessary when any speed is required to pedal very fast. This is certainly somewhat of a drawback, but not so great as at first sight would appear, because, unlike an ordinary bicycle, it is not necessary to carry the foot all the way round with the pedal, bending the ankle, but it is quite sufficient just to tap sharply the pedal as it begins to fall. By this means the foot rests between the strokes, and the action is not really much more rapid and is certainly far easier than the action of driving an ordinary pedal all round its circuit.

Great power is also obtained by the action of the levers, which lessens immensely the exertion necessary to propel the "Facile." As a consequence of these advantages, there is perhaps no machine which is better



The Special Facile.

For these reasons this bicycle has been and continues to be very popular, and it is rare to find any one who has become accustomed to its use giving it up for any other type of machine.

Perhaps it is not a very pretty machine when in action, but that is a good deal a matter of taste. Still in action it does a little

from the ordinary type of bicycle. These have a very small back wheel very near the front wheel. The Facile has a large back wheel some distance from the front wheel. Thus the wheel base is longer and the stability consequently much greater.

As in the "Xtraordinary," the rider sits farther back; in addition to this his feet are



adapted for use in heavy districts and in winter weather.

2. Of the second class I cannot speak so favourably, and I am inclined to think that in a few seasons these machines will almost cease to be made, being superseded by the third class. On good roads they certainly are rapid, but they have some very serious faults from which the first and third classes are free. We may call these the Kangaroo class, from the name given to the first put on the market.

In general build we may describe them as miniature bicycles of the ordinary type.

Naturally when a man is mounted on a tiny bicycle with wheels of only 36in. or 38in. diameter, his feet reach far below the axle of the wheel, as in the case of the "Facile." Just the same problem therefore meets us in this case as in that of the "Facile." We have to place the pedals where the feet can reach them, and then transmit the motion to the axle. In the case of these machines, however, the method adopted is totally different from the method used in case of the "Extraordinary" and the "Facile." The motion is not transmitted by levers, but by chains, after the fashion of a tricycle. These bicycles also resemble the tricycle in the adoption of "gearing up."

For the benefit of those readers of the B. O. P. who did not see my first article, I must explain what "gearing up" means.

Suppose we take two cog-wheels of exactly equal diameter, with the cogs cut at the same intervals in each, then the number of cogs in each wheel will be the same. Now, suppose we take an endless chain like the clam of a

mowing machine, and place it over the two cog-wheels, so that it is tolerably tight, and the cogs fit into the spaces between the links.

If we then move one wheel through a whole revolution, the other wheel, being of the same diameter, will also make one revolution, being actuated by the chain. This will be the case whether the wheels are made to roll on the ground or whether they are fixed on shafts on which they can revolve.

Now, if we take two other wheels, one wheel smaller than the other, still keeping the intervals between the cogs the same in both wheels, it will be seen at once that if we rotate the larger wheel through one revolution the smaller wheel, to which the chain transmits the motion, must go through more than one revolution, the amount depending on the ratio of the diameters of the wheels.

If we reverse the action and rotate the smaller wheel, then that wheel will have to make more than one revolution in order to make the larger wheel complete one revolution, the ratio as before depending on the ratio of the diameters. We may, however, calculate the ratio in a rough and ready style by counting the cogs, since they are placed at the same distance from each other in both wheels. One axiom of mechanics applies to this arrangement, which must not be overlooked, since it has an important bearing on the practical application of this arrangement of cog-wheels to cycles. It is the axiom that what is gained in speed is lost in power, and its converse that what is gained in power is lost in speed.

Now apply this arrangement to cycles.

Suppose one cog-wheel attached rigidly to the axle of the driving-wheel, the other to the pedals, rotating on an axle of their own, the cog-wheels of course being connected by a chain. If the cog-wheels are of the same size one revolution of the pedals will, as a matter of course, carry the driving-wheel through one revolution. Such a machine is said to be "geared level." Nothing is gained in speed, so nothing is lost in power, except by friction.

Suppose, however, the cog-wheel attached to the pedals is larger than the cog-wheel attached to the axle, then one revolution of the pedals carries the driving-wheel through more than one revolution. Such a machine is said to be "geared up." By this means a small wheel is made to traverse the same distance as a larger wheel geared level or driven directly. But inasmuch as what is gained in speed is lost in power, it requires a greater exertion of muscular strength to propel such machines, and though they run easily enough on good roads, yet when the rider encounters hills, mud, and head winds, he finds the exertion proportionately greater.

If the smaller cog-wheel is attached to the pedals, and the larger one to the axle, then it is evident that one revolution of the pedals will carry the driving-wheel through only a part of its complete revolution. Such a machine is "geared down," and as what is lost in speed is gained in power, the driving of such machines is very easy, but they are slow. Machines geared down are seldom found now, though they are useful for weak riders, to whom speed is not of moment.

(To be continued.)

## HOW TO HAIR A VIOLIN BOW.

BY S. B. PULLIN.

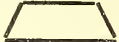
EVERYTHING connected with the violin is of interest, for no other musical instrument has so fascinating a power. Even the bow is an object of admiration. Its graceful bend, its flexibility, the beauty and strength of the wood, and its fittings, are qualities which command a high price. To hair this very important adjunct of the violin requires considerable practice and great care, in order to do it well.

The author of "The Violin, and how to master it,"\* says, "Every violinist ought to be enabled to hair his own bow." However desirable this may be, I have never met with instructions explicit enough to allow the practice to be generally adopted. I remember that, years ago, it gave me a great deal of trouble, and it cost me much time in trying to hair a bow. And my experience has taught me that those who know how to do it are not too ready to impart their knowledge without a satisfactory compensation. As therefore I have experienced the difficulties connected with hairing bows, I will, as clearly and explicitly as possible, explain my way of working.

I used to buy the hair at the shop of a music-seller; but now I purchase it in its undressed state, as it comes from the horse, at the shop of a horse-hair worker. Buy a skein of white horse-hair and well wash it in hot water with a little soda in it, so as to cleanse it from all dirt and grease. Then well rinse it in clean cold water and shake it out; afterwards hang it up to dry.

Now, before you proceed any further with the hair, see that there is a block properly fitted into the mortice of the nut to secure the hair; and also into the mortice at the point of the bow. If you make these blocks, make them out of hard wood, and not out of pine or deal. Let the grain of the wood

run straight with the bow. Make them like

this,  the bevel part being

the top of the block. You will notice that the inside of the mortice is longer than the top of the mortice, therefore the blocks must be cut a little longer than the top of the mortice is, so that the strain of the hair shall not force the block out. Let the blocks be as thick as possible, though they must not stand up above the surface of the mortice.

Now proceed with the hair. Get two bits of strong thread and wax them well with beeswax, for ties to bind the ends of the hair with. Next draw from your skein about fifty hairs, one at a time. Let them be all the same size as near as possible. Do not select the very fine hairs (these will do better for a small bow), for coarse hair will draw a fuller tone from your violin than fine hair will. Hold the hairs as you select them with the thumb and finger of your left hand. You will find, say, fifty hairs quite enough for a full-size bow. Hairs in a bow should not overlap one another. It is very difficult to produce a full firm tone from a violin with a bow that is crowded with hair. Now tie the ends of the hair you hold between your thumb and finger with one of your threads. Bind the thread several times round the hair, and be sure you tie it very firmly. Next singe the ends of the hair with a hot iron, and that will prevent them from slipping.

Now take the nut from your bow, take the ferrule off the end of the nut, and draw the slide carefully out—the slide that covers the hair in the nut. Put the nut, mortice upwards, into a vice with the ferrule end of the nut towards you. Insert the ends of the hair you have tied up into the mortice in the nut. Put a little powdered resin on the hair in the mortice before you press in the block. Now

slide the block along the groove in the nut, and press it in firmly on to the hair. Keep the hair well spread out the thickness of the nut before you press the block in. Draw the hair very smoothly over the block along the groove, and press in the slide over the hair. Pass the hair through the ferrule and put the ferrule on to the end of the nut in its place.

Now make a very short thin wedge, deal will do for it, just the width of the ferrule. Press it into the ferrule tightly under the hair to keep the hair the width of the ferrule and tight on to the edge of the ferrule. Put a bit of powdered resin in before you insert the wedge. Cut off the wedge under the hair even with the end of the ferrule.

Now put the nut in its place on the bow and run in the screw just to keep the nut secure. Keep the nut up to the end of the slot in the bow nearest to the point of the bow, so as to be enabled to draw the nut back with the screw to tighten the hair when finished.

We may now proceed to the next step. Put the nut and bow into the vice, and with a fine-tooth comb comb out the hair from the nut towards the point of the bow. Keep a basin of clean cold water by you to dip the comb in as you are combing out the hair. When the hair is combed out quite smooth and even up to the end of the point of the bow, hold it firmly between the thumb and finger of your left hand, allowing the comb to stay on the hair while you tie it between your thumb and finger, and comb with the bind you have prepared. Be sure you tie it very firmly. You can hold the hair with a small clip with a spring to it, if you prefer, while you tie it. Be careful not to tie your hair too long, as it will give a little as you tighten it.

Now cut off the hair a little outside of the tie, and singe the ends as you did before. Next take the nut off the bow and turn it up-

\* See B.O.P. Vol. V., p., 41, et seq.



side down back over the bow, and put the point of the bow into the vice. Insert the hair into the mortice and put a little powdered resin into the mortice on the hair. Next press in the block very firmly, keeping

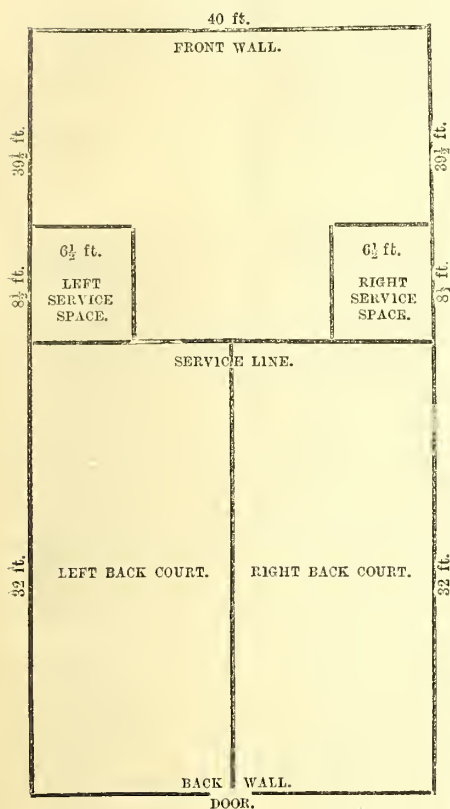
the hair quite smooth, and the whole width of the point of the bow. Turn the nut and hair over back again, so that the hair covers the block you have just put in. Put the nut in its place on the bow and run the screw in.

Tighten the hair a little and your bow is finished.

Now, I think, it will be your own fault if you do not make a really good workmanlike job of hairing your bow.

## RACQUETS AND FIVES.

PLAN OF COURT.



It is often said in these days that cricket is being destroyed by the more effeminate lawn-tennis. The charge is in some cases a just one. Cricket, however, is so exceedingly flourishing that it can well spare those who leave it for the more fashionable game. Many years ago another fashionable game had a similar charge brought against it of ruining a manly sport. And that the statement was believed in high places we have only to mention the authority to show. By one of the Close Rolls of Edward III.—there is no need to give the regnal year, but it was in 1365—the then recent deterioration of archery is ascribed to the prevalence of “pila manualis.” What was “pila manualis”? Why—fives!

And now, what is fives? Every public school boy knows, but then all boys do not go to public schools. Essentially fives is a game in which a ball is hit by the hand against a wall, and hit up again on or before its first hop. Such a game is probably older than the Pyramids of Egypt, and we need not spend time in talking of its Greek and Roman developments. In the part for March, 1884, we had an article on Handball, and the ground then traversed we need not journey over again.

The game is not played in the same way everywhere. There is a kind of fives in which the ball is hit up against a smooth wall. In front of the wall a line is drawn on the ground forty-two inches from the base; about a yard from that line another is drawn, then another, then another, four lines in all, a yard apart parallel to the wall. There are four players, two of a side, who defend the

bases so drawn. One standing on the first, his opponent on the second, his partner on the third, and his other opponent outside.

There is another kind in which one line is drawn on the wall thirty-eight inches from the ground, and another on the ground ten feet from the wall, the ball having to be hit over the wall line so as to hop over the ground line, the two players trying alternately to outwit each other by some difficult volley or curious twist. There is another variety, in which a buttress in the court complicates matters; and there is another and better variety, in which the court has return ends.

But in all these seemingly different games the principle is the same. The ball has to be kept striking outside certain bounds, must be struck on the fall or the first hop, and every miss counts one to the opposite side. The scoring is generally in some multiple of fives, fifteen being the usual game, hence, say some, the name of fives, while others derive it from the players five aside, who exhibited their skill before Queen Elizabeth; others, again, deriving it from the five fingers of the hand. Fives, however, is not always played by the hand. Straps are used; gloves are used, sold by the cricket outfitters, and costing about five shillings a pair; and even wooden bats are used, costing four shillings each, by which the small balls can be driven like shot from a gun. The ball now has an india-rubber core, and is bound with fine twine and covered with wash-leather. It is about two inches in diameter, and costs, at its best and dearest, four shillings a dozen.

To give the laws would be useless; they vary so much with the conditions. With racquets, however, the case is different, and racquets is but scientific fives.

The word comes from the French name for the bat, which is always used, and which may cost anything up to fifteen shillings; the balls, an inch and a quarter in diameter, cost twopence each. In England the walls of the court are black and the balls are white; in India the walls are white and the balls are black. Courts are built of all materials that can be kept smooth. In Canada they are made of wood; at Eglinton Castle there is a court with a marble floor; but generally the wall is coated with Roman cement, and the floor is of asphalt. Both wall and floor are kept in good condition. The slightest irregularity would affect the course of the ball; and the plaster is always being seen to; and the floor is kept from damage by the players wearing indiarubber shoes. There are open courts in which such precautions are not needed, but the scientific racquet-player now turns up his nose at such things and classes them as “fives.” To keep up such closed courts is of course expensive, and hence racquets is a “select” game, played mostly at the larger schools and colleges, and among the military, who claim to have invented it. It requires an immense amount of activity, eyesight, and dexterity, and to an onlooker seems to be first-cousin to playing catch-ball with catapults.

We herewith give the plan of the court as now adopted. For four-handed matches the size is eighty feet by forty; for single-handed matches sixty feet by thirty is a convenient size, but the larger court is the usual one, and its dimensions we have given in our plan. The front wall is forty feet high, the back wall is fourteen feet high, and

over it is a gallery in which are the marker, the umpire, if one is present, and the spectators. Usually the marker is the umpire; and he is a boy who calls the game in a peculiar sing-song chant heard only in racquet courts. The roof is lighted by skylights, and there is a netting to prevent damages by balls when they shoot aloft. At the back of the court is the door, opening in the centre, and made of hard wood flush with the wall so as to send the balls off truly when they fly against it. Forty-eight feet from the front wall is drawn the service line. On it six and a half feet from the walls are marked off the service spaces which extend eight and a half feet towards the front wall. From the centre of the service line a line is drawn to the door dividing the hinder part of the court into two equal spaces, known as the left back court and the right back court. Along the bottom of the front wall is a skirting of wood twenty-six inches high; this is called the “sounding board,” and is so built as to tell tales when struck. On the floor, generally seven feet nine inches from the foot of the front wall, is drawn the “cut line.”

The distances vary in different courts, but those we have given may be taken as the standard. The ball has to be hit at the wall so as to strike above the board and return so as not to touch the ground till it is over the “cut line.” And the players must so strike the ball that it drops in the opponent's court. This seems to be an easy game, but do not be too sure till you try. The ball is as hard as stone and light as a feather, and the tightly strung bat propels it with most unexpected force. One man is credited with knocking a ball clean over the cross of St. Paul's from the pavement opposite the churchyard entrance to the offices of the *BOY'S OWN PAPER*! And it is really wonderful with what strength and precision the ball can be driven.

The game begins by the ball being hit from the right service space, and received by the opponent in the left court. If four-handed the partner of the server stands in the middle so as to take the fore court play for his side, while the opponent's partner stands anywhere he thinks he has a chance of getting at the ball—and he is often mistaken.

But here we had better give the

### RULES OF RACQUETS.

1. The game to be 15 up. At 13 all the out-players may set it to 5, and at 14-all to 3, provided this be done before another ball is struck.
2. The going in first, whether odds be given or not, to be decided by lot; but one hand only then is to be taken.
3. The ball to be served alternately from right and left, beginning whichever side the server pleases.
4. In serving, the server must have one foot in the space marked off for that purpose. The out-player to whom he serves may stand where he pleases, but his partner and the server's partner must both stand behind the server till the ball is served.
5. The ball must be served above, and not touching the line on the front wall, and it must strike the floor before it bounds within and not touching the lines enclosing the court on the side opposite to that in which the server stands.
6. A ball served below the line, or to the wrong side, is a fault, but it may be taken, and then the ace must be played out, and counts.
7. In serving, if the ball strikes anywhere before it reaches the front wall, it is a hand-out.
8. In serving, if a ball touches the server or his partner before it has bounded twice it is a hand-out, whether it was properly served or not.



## 9. It is a fault—

- a. If the server is not in his proper place.
- b. If the ball is not served over the line.
- c. If it does not fall in the proper court.
- d. If it touches the roof.
- e. If it touches the gallery-netting, posts, or cushions.

The out-player may take a fault if he pleases, but if he fails in putting the ball up it counts against him.

## 10. Two consecutive faults put a hand out.

11. An out-player may not take a ball served to his partner.

12. The out-players may change their courts once only in each game.

13. If a player designedly stops a ball before the second bound it counts against him.

14. If a ball hits the striker's adversary above or on the knee it is a let; if below the knee, or if it hits the striker's partner or himself, it counts against the striker.

15. Till a ball has been touched or has bounded twice, the player or his partner may strike it as often as they please.

16. Every player should get out of the way as much as possible. If he cannot, the marker is to decide whether it is a let or not.

17. After the service, a ball going out of the court or hitting the roof is an ace; a ball hitting the gallery-netting, posts, or cushions in returning from the front wall is a let; but if it hits the roof before reaching the front wall it counts against the striker.

18. The marker's decision is final. If he has any doubt he should ask advice; and if he cannot decide positively the ace is to be played over again.

These tell the story of the game with tolerable clearness, and require but a few notes. In the first rule, "setting the game" means that when 13 is reached the out-players—that is, those who have the next stroke—may decide to continue the game to 18 instead of 15, or, in other words, start a fresh game of 5 from their present score. So with 14 the game can be "set" to 17, or 3 on, if thought advantageous. An "ace" is simply a point, the normal game consisting of 15, the scoring being by the opponent's mistakes as in fives. A "hand-out" is a miss, and the opponent takes the next stroke. The other terms are familiar to all lawn-tennis players, and were touched upon in our Lawn-Tennis articles in the June and July parts for 1882.

## OUR OPEN COLUMN.

THE following lines on Gordon, sent us by a boy-reader, may well find insertion here:—

## THE BOY'S OWN GORDON MEMORIAL.

Britain—famous through all ages for the valour and the might  
Of her sons, in deeds of daring, in upholding truth and right,  
Yet has never, in the records of her best and bravest men,  
Shown a truer, nobler hero than the subject of our pen.  
One who ever did his duty, caring not for praise or blame,  
Was the man who, by his actions, gained a never-dying fame.  
Not alone by warlike prowess on the deadly battle-field  
Gordon served his queen and country, for in him there was revealed  
One of *Christ's* devoted soldiers, on His peaceful mission bent;  
Raising high the Saviour's banner, serving Him where'er he went;  
Daring aye to show his colours; whether in a foreign land,  
Or at home in dear old England, he would firmly take his stand.  
Never heeding aught the world said 'gainst his Master or His cause,  
Manfully he fought and laboured, honoured God, and kept His laws.  
Every British boy and maiden, every British sire and dame,  
May with pride and reverence mention the unsullied, noble name

Of the grand, unselfish soldier, who, in the bright glory-land,  
Rests for aye from strife and turmoil, seated at his Lord's right hand.

"*I nasmuch,*" says Christ our Saviour, "*as ye do it unto these,*

*A s for My sake—not for honour, or the world's great ones to please—*

*I little though the action seemeth, ye do service unto Me."*

REGINALD W. BUNGAY.

## Correspondence.



READER B. O. P.—Our correspondents would oblige by using *short noms de plume*, as our space is very valuable. 1. Bird no use. 2. No one can prevent you egg-collecting, but you can be summoned for trespass. 3. We do not think so. 4. No, an air-pistol is not firearms. 5. With a knife.

G. B.—Oil the bare places; give no hemp. You ought not to have cut the cockatoo's bill.

KITTY.—Prevent the fits in a cat by feeding principally on bread-and-milk and fish. Get Spratt's worm-powder, and give as directed.

HUBERT OF ROSDALE.—1. Ordinary linseed oil. 2. Tonics and the cold bath. 3. Give the magpie anything. They are ordinary feeders.

RABBITARIAN.—We never heard so. Try. Let Siberian be the buck.

J. H. (Leek).—Try canary seed *only* for white mice; it prevents them smelling. We would like other of our mice-breeders to do so, and tell us the result.

YOURS RESPECTFULLY.—Forgot to sign, did you not? The writer of "The Cruise of the Snowbird" was a Greenland doctor. It may interest you and other readers to learn that poor Captain Silas Grig is not long since dead. He had just finished a letter to Dr. Gordon Stables and sealed it, when he dropped down and never wrote nor spoke again. It is needless to say that Silas was a real character, or that the Doctor cherishes that letter as a sad memento.

J. J. L.—Yes. "The Poultry Fancier," 1d. a week, includes pigeons.

DALKEITH.—1. No, certainly not. 2. Flat dishes that they cannot soil. 3. Yes, a pretty hard grind.

R. P.—Rabbits' age of puberty about eight months.

TOBY.—You give the dog too much meat and too little exercise. Wash twice a week, using Jeyes's soap.

H. J. H.—Equal parts of liquor ammonia and tincture of iodine for *unbroken* chilblains; broken treated as ulcers.

A FRIEND OF MICE.—No, not a separate cage, but a large roomy one, with small dark room. Study and follow nature. Keep seed tins and food tins always full and clean. You ask, "Does the light hurt the eyes of mice?" Well, we never saw mice in a natural state wearing green spectacles.

W. STEVENSON.—A dog is either *dead* or *well* from distemper in six weeks.

A CONSTANT READER.—1. The best drink for cyclists is cold tea (weak), buttermilk, or whey. 2. The ticks in the face are caused by debility of the skin. Use plenty of soap and a rough towel. Squeeze them out.

H. H. STICKLAND.—1. By having a larger and differently formed lens. 2. By writing to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Whitehall. 3. Yes.

RABBITS.—1. Pen and feed extra well on oats, roots, bread, etc. 2. Stretch the skins hair-side down, cleaning well and scraping with a blunt knife, then applying several successive solutions of strong alum, then finally anoint with ordinary precipitate ointment. 3. By bedding well and thoroughly cleaning.

CAED JEFF.—1. No. 2. In about a week.

E. I. M.—1. The cat has mange. Wash the sores with water reddened with a spoonful of Condy's Fluid, then use a liniment of creosote two drams, liquor of potash a half ounce, and olive-oil two ounces and a half. Only use twice a week, and not to a large part of the body at once. 2. The fits depend upon the presence of worms. Try Spratt's worm-powders, and attend well to the feeding.

IGNORANCE.—Plenty of fresh air and exercise, regular hours, and a cold bath before breakfast every morning will in a short time cure your nervousness. Go into society.

A. JOHNSTONE.—No; your best plan would be to advertise in the "Exchange and Mart."

E. C. DOBSON and Others.—1. Your pigeon is doubtless dead by now. 2 and 3. The troubles that afflict your pigeonry are no doubt caused by inattention to matters sanitary.

LOVER OF BIRDS.—You ask ten times too much.

A WEEKLY READER.—1. The bird is going light, and nothing, we fear, will save her; but try a few drops of cod-liver oil every morning. 2. No; Whewell, perhaps. 3. No, fiction.

DON CARLOS.—We hope to give an article on squirrels before very long.

A DOG FANCIER.—Feed well on Spratt's cake soaked in cold water for a night, mixed with an allowance of sheep's-head broth.

F. WILLIAMS.—Put in its fresh water every morning about ten drops of paregoric and fifteen of glycerine.

ROBUR.—1. Yes. You can obtain a printed catalogue of the British *Lepidoptera* of Messrs. Cook and Son, 30, Museum Street, W.C., or any of the London naturalists. 2. Newman's "British Butterflies and Moths" is by far the best, and can be procured from the same dealers.

A. S. M.—No; it can only be sent to us.

C. HEYWOOD.—Vols. I. and II. are now entirely out of print.

BOB.—The British Infantry is not numbered now; the regiments bear special and territorial designations. These we may some day find room for in an article.

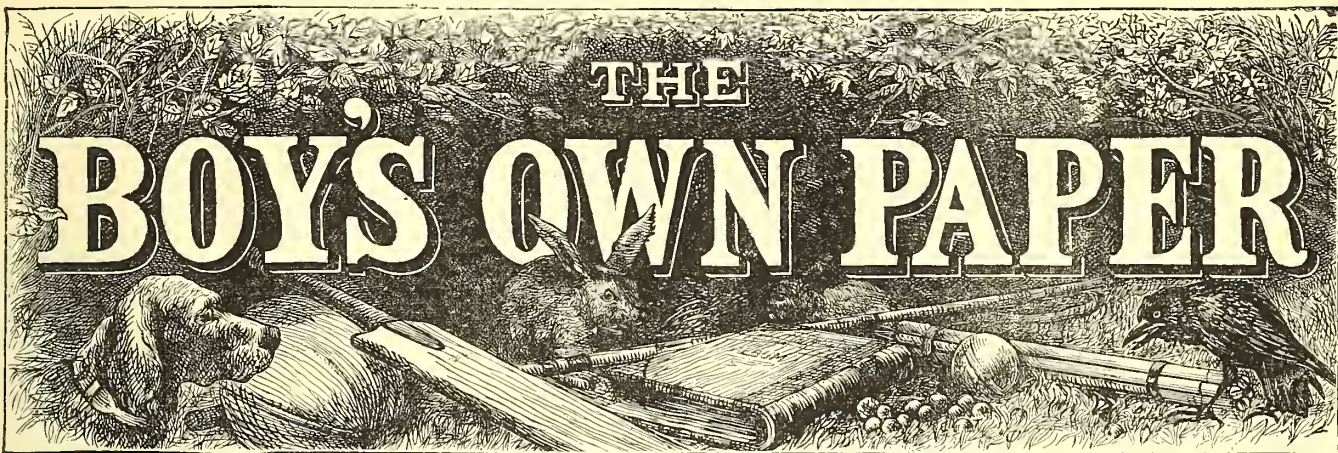
C. NEWMAN.—There are no such things as "crests" of the British empire and its colonies. You probably mean "arms," and the only arms recognised by heralds are the royal arms. The plate was published in the part for February, 1881.

FIXEL.—1. Get Newman's "Natural History of British Butterflies and Moths," which you can obtain of Messrs. Cooke and Son, 30, Museum Street, W.C. There is no book on the subject with really good coloured plates. 2. Your moths are mouldy. Touch them with benzine in which a little carbolic acid has been dissolved; or you may soak a small piece of cotton wool in the melted acid, and pin it into the box containing them. But take care that it does not touch the sides or the bottom of the case, or the paper will be terribly stained.

RABBIT-KEEPER.—Cheap book on rabbits, called "Rabbits and their Habits," from Messrs. Dean and Son.







No. 435.—Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1887.

Price One Penny.  
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TOM SAUNDERS:

HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN  
TROPICAL AFRICA.

BY COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON,  
R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,

*Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I recovered I found that there were no ships in the roads, and in order to gain a livelihood I accepted the offer of a merchant to look after the fitting-out of some fishing-boats and coasting craft belonging to him, and being

"Our path was through limestone hills."



well paid and the work not being heavy, I was for a time very well contented. But after a bit I felt as if I should like something more exciting, and hearing much of the travels of Senhores Gonçalves, Silva Porto, and Coimbra in the interior, I asked my master, Senhor Ferreira, if he could not send me in charge of one of his trading caravans. For a long time he tried to dissuade me from the idea, for, he said, I could have no conception of the difficulties which I should have to encounter, and also, and as I afterwards learnt to my cost, that the fevers and illnesses of Africa would attack an Englishman much more severely than they would an acclimatised Portuguese.

I would not listen to his reasoning, and at last he promised that if he saw his way clear he would accede to my request. About a fortnight after he had given me this conditional promise he sent for me to his house and, after pledging me to secrecy, told me that in a country some months' journey into the interior, called Katanga, he had heard rumours that there were quantities of gold and copper. The copper had been brought to Benguela in small quantities, in pieces weighing about three pounds each, and shaped like a St. Andrew's Cross, and he now wanted to send me with four of his trustiest slaves and a small but well-equipped party, to see if this rumour about the gold were true, and if it were, not only to load our own men with the precious metal, but endeavour to enter into agreements with the natives to bring it down either to Bihé or to the coast.

This offer I eagerly accepted, and he told me that I should set out in ten days for his settlement at Bihé, which was called Boa Vista, where two of his head slaves were stationed, and that he had already sent messengers to them to select from the men he employed for journeys into the interior sixty of the best and most experienced, and to arm them well. The other two slaves (those slaves who are sent in charge of trading parties by their masters are usually called "pombeiros," and in future I shall adhere to this custom) he told me would come in the next day from Katombela, where he had another factory, and that with them I was to prepare all the things which we might consider necessary for our expedition, which Senhor Ferreira considered might last about a year.

Early next morning the two pombeiros, Pedro and Baptista, came in from Katombela, and with them I made out a list of all our probable requirements, in beads, wire, cloth, flints, guns, powder, ball, and all the various odds and ends required in African travel.

My master behaved most kindly and generously to me in looking after my personal outfit, and gave me his own hammock which he used for travelling for my use, as well as a small stock of medicines. He also had a small tent made for me to use in any places where there might be a scarcity of wood and grass for making huts, but told me whenever it was possible to have a hut built to do so, as I should find it both more healthy and more comfortable than the tent.

All our stores we packed up into bales, fitted by weight and size to be carried on men's shoulders, and covered them with matting made by the natives to preserve the contents from damage, while the kegs

containing the powder, as an additional precaution against both fire and wet, were sewn over with raw goatskins.

During the time these preparations were being made I saw a good deal of Silva Porto and Coimbra, who, the sons of men who had themselves traded and travelled far into the interior, were, together with Senhor Gonçalves, looked upon as the most enterprising of the travelling traders of Benguela. From them I received much valuable advice, and also heard a great deal of the mysterious chief of Lunda, or Ulunda, Muata Yanvo, who had been visited by some of their pombeiros, and, according to all reports, ruled over a state, of which the civilisation was much further advanced than that of the surrounding tribes, with a barbarous and relentless despotism. Among the many slaves from the interior who were waiting to be exported to the Brazils I also found some who were from the countries through which I had to travel, and was fortunate enough to meet with four who were natives of Katanga, and who, in answer to the questions of Senhor Ferreira and myself, said that they knew where the "white copper" (as they called gold) was to be found in abundance, but said that they did not care much about it, as it was much softer than red copper, and of no use for the manufacture of ornaments. These people Senhor Ferreira tried to purchase from their owners, but was unfortunately unsuccessful, and he did not like to press their sale too much for fear of it leaking out what the object of my expedition was.

Our preparations being completed, we went to Katombela, where, at Senhor Ferreira's factory, we found collected a body of Bailunda, who, as free porters, do most of the carrying trade between Bihé and Benguela, and also bring down large quantities of flour and cassava meal to the coast, on which the slaves waiting to be exported are fed, and for which they are paid principally in a vile spirit which goes by the name of aguardiente and of which they drink enormous quantities.

Besides those necessary to carry our loads, and bearers for the hammocks of the two pombeiros and myself, I found that we would be accompanied by about a hundred other Bailundas, nearly every one of whom carried a keg of aguardiente. As these people were about to return to their homes there was none of the difficulty about getting them to start which usually attends the setting-out of every African caravan, and the evening after our arrival at Katombela we set out on our road, and, climbing the lofty hill which overhangs the little seaside settlement, we camped for the night just on the other side of the ridge, at a place where the numerous remains of old fires and huts showed that it was the custom of all caravans, whether leaving or arriving at Katombela, to halt.

It being a clear night, though somewhat chilly, I rolled myself up in my blankets and lay down between two fires, and as I looked at the stars overhead I could not help wondering what strange things would happen to me during my travels in the dark and mysterious continent of Africa before I again set my eyes on the ocean of which I had that evening, as I thought, taken my farewell look when we quitted the summit of the ridge.

I soon fell asleep, and my dreams took me far away to old England, when about eleven o'clock I was awake by the noise of horns and drums, and, getting up to see what it was, found that it was occasioned by the arrival of a caravan of about four or five hundred slaves under the charge of a pombeiro, and a party of armed slaves belonging to Senhor Coimbra. I had during my stay at Benguela seen slaves in small gangs and in the barracoons, but this was my first meeting with a large number of the poor creatures, and when at daylight the signal was made to pack up and resume our march I was curious enough to wait and see the slaves file off towards the coast before I followed my own party.

Among the "chattels," as their owners called them, were persons of both sexes and all ages. Some were chained together in long lines by chains rove through a ring round their necks, or secured to their waists or one wrist. These were usually the women and girls, and some poor mothers still carried their babies, though in their emaciated condition it was a marvel to me how they could afford nourishment to them. Many were galled by the chains and iron collars, and others had weals and wounds from blows they had received from their inhuman drivers. Some of the men were fettered in slave-forks, a heavy Y-shaped log, the fork of which was placed round their necks and then secured by a bolt riveted through the two ends, and some poor wretches had fetters on their feet or large clogs riveted round their ankles. The slave-forks were so long that a man who had his neck in one could not reach the end, and on the march the ends were lashed together and a load placed on them, and in camp they were either tied to a tree, or, if no tree was available, six or seven men were arranged in a circle and the logs lashed together in the centre, but in neither case could the unhappy wearers lie down in any degree of comfort.

The pombeiro and the guard of armed slaves were furnished with whips of hippopotamus and cowhide, and were by no means sparing of their blows as they urged those who, through weakness or lameness, lagged somewhat behind the main body. I thought it right to remonstrate with the pombeiro on this unnecessary cruelty, but he grinned and said they were "only wild people" ("*gentes bravos*"), as if that made any difference in their sufferings. Finding that what I said was of no avail, I followed after my own men. Our path for the first four or five hours was through limestone hills, formed mainly of enormous fossils, and fissured by ravines which drained inland towards a stream falling into the sea between Katombela and Benguela. At the end of these hills, whose inland face was almost like a cliff, we crossed a rough and broken plain, halted for some refreshment on the banks of this stream, and then commenced the ascent of the Supa Pass, through which it flowed.

This pass showed me at once that African travel was not all pleasure, for we had in some places to wade through dammed-up pools of slimy, fetid, and stagnant water; in others to clamber up steep rocks, assisting ourselves by the creepers; in others to make equally perilous descents; and esteemed ourselves fortunate indeed if for a couple of hundred yards we found the narrow track free of serious obstacle.



My companions, Pedro and Baptista, stayed as much as possible in their hammocks, but I could not help feeling compassion on my bearers, and hence made all my way on foot, and was not at all sorry when at five in the afternoon a small level space on the northern side of the pass gave us an opportunity to camp. My hammock-bearers found close by a small dry cave in which they placed my own belongings, and, lighting a fire at the entrance, I congratulated myself on having secured a comfortable night's lodging. The pole of my hammock I propped up on two piles of stones, and with boxes and bales I arranged a table and seats, and soon kettle and frying-pan were at work preparing my evening meal.

Pedro and Baptista were accompanied by their wives, who had all day to trudge close to their lords' and masters' hammocks, ready to supply their every want, light their pipes, or give them a dram of spirits; and now that camp was reached their drudgery was not ended, for they had to cook and prepare everything for their husbands, and neither bite nor sup did they have until all their work was completed and their lazy owners (for so I must consider them) were satisfied.

The Bailunda carriers had astonished me during the whole day by the quantities of aguardiente they had consumed, and even now in camp they ate scarcely anything, a handful or two of porridge made of coarse flour being the evening meal of most of them; but aguardiente was freely drunk, and soon after sunset, notwithstanding the long and weary march which we had made, they commenced to dance and sing, and made the night hideous with their revelry until after midnight. I asked Pedro if this would not cause delay in the morning, but he laughed, and said that the negro was always ready to dance, and that, no matter how long they kept it up at night, they would be ready in the morning, and that if we interfered with them they would get sulky and cause a lot of trouble.

It turned out as he said, for before I was at all ready to get up myself I heard the noise of packing and the cries

of the porters as they prepared for the road and shouted for those who carried the spirits for a *mata bicho*, or "kill the worm," as they called their morning dram, and which Pedro and Baptista both urged me to take as a protection against the cold air of the morning, but I preferred a cup of hot coffee and a biscuit.

We did not take long to get under way, and for some time the road was as bad as anything we had passed, and soon we had to climb up steep and rocky ascents almost bare of vegetation, the sun pouring down on us with a power that required to be felt to be realised. Two or three unburied corpses, from which we could scarcely drive the carrion birds that were batten on them, showed where some of the caravan we had met on leaving Katombela had succumbed to the difficulties and hardships of the road.

At last we reached the summit of the ridge, and looking back over the country we had traversed, I was astonished to see far away in the west a line of glittering silver which could be nothing but the sea. I pointed it out to the pombeiros and asked if we should, on another range of hills which I saw in front of us, be able to see it again. They laughed at one being so silly as to bother about seeing the sea, and said they did not know at all.

We now commenced a steep descent, and in about two hours more came to the bottom, and crossing a small plain entirely surrounded by mountains, camped on the banks of a small stream on the farther side. Some large baobab-trees formed sufficient shelter for my men, but I determined to have my tent pitched, in order to test its capabilities, as, though I had finished it and pitched it before leaving Benguela, I had never put anything inside of it; and now I arranged it with my hammock and private luggage so that I could put my hand on everything, and pointed out to the men who carried my hammock that, whether in hut or tent, the things must always be arranged in precisely the same manner. These men, as they looked forward to an easy time in consequence of my walking

instead of being carried, according to the invariable custom of the Portuguese and pombeiros, promised that they would always make everything in camp right for me, and said that they hoped I would always keep them as hammock-men and not put them to carrying loads, and this I promised on the condition that they should always behave themselves properly.

I found that the small plain was an independent country called Kisanji, and that there were half a dozen villages scattered about it. Soon after we formed our camp several of the people came round us for the purpose of selling milk and flour. I thought, although we were only a couple of days from the coast, that I could scarcely see more uncivilised-looking people in all the interior. All the clothing they wore was a scanty, dirty, and greasy cloth round their waists, and masses of strings of beads round their necks; but though so poorly off for clothing they received my offers of cloth for milk and eggs with contempt, and would not part with any of their belongings except for aguardiente.

Fresh milk was quite unobtainable, all that was brought into camp being quite sour, and when I asked for fresh milk and eggs I was looked upon as a most strange being. Eggs were brought after some time, but many of them when broken proved to have been taken from underneath a sitting hen. I afterwards found that no negro ever eats an egg, and that consequently, when tempted by a price which satisfies their cupidity to sell them, they bring all they can lay their hands on to the would-be purchaser, regardless as to whether they contain chickens or not. I managed to find some four or five which were fresh out of all that were brought me, and off these, which I fried with a piece of salt pork, I managed to make a hearty meal. The pombeiros, when they saw me cooking, laughed at me, and said I should get me a wife, and promised that when I reached Bihé they would find one who could cook well and would not cost much.

(To be continued.)

## THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER;

OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

*Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER IV.

THE big bell rang for school. Lee followed the crowd, and found himself with a dozen others standing apart from the rest, who knew where to go.

There were half a dozen masters present whom Lee had not seen before. These lived in the town, coming to the school during school hours only. Mr. Partridge was the only one who was always amongst the boys; he was known as the house-master.

There was considerable hubbub till the Doctor entered. The new boys were then had up before him and a few questions were put to them, after which they were sent to a desk to write out the best trans-

lation they could of a short passage from "Cornelius Nepos."

Lee found that the pen which was given him was a damaged one. The nib stuck in the paper and made fireworks instead of running smoothly. At the small school in Saltburn, at which he had studied before coming to the college, it was the custom for boys wanting a pen or stationery of any kind to go to the head master's desk and ask for it. Finding that he could not write with his cross-nibbed pen, Lee took the old course, and went to the Doctor.

"Please, sir, could you give me a new pen?"

The Doctor looked up astonished.

"What?" he demanded.

"Please, sir, could you give me a pen?" repeated Lee, less confidently, for the boys were looking at him with smiles on their faces.

The Doctor was not equal to the occasion. To be asked for a pen by a small boy! He, whose attention was then fixed on a crabbed chorus of the Medea!

He merely ejaculated "Bray!" The monitor rose and led Lee back to his seat, and gave him a pen amidst universal tittering.

"Silence!" cried the Doctor. Lee blushed furiously, and felt that he had



not made a very successful *début* in school life.

"You'd better ask a monitor when you want anything," said Bray, good-naturedly. "Come to me after school and I'll let you have your books and so on."

As Garden had predicted, Lee was put in the lower fourth, over which Mr. Partridge presided. He was soon deep in the mysteries of Euclid, with which he made acquaintance for the first time. He failed to see much sense in it, and asked several questions, which were not received very graciously. Mr. Partridge did not seem to care very much about making himself understood; he drew his diagrams and gave his explanations, leaving the class to gather as much information as they could, or cared to.

Lee was sitting next to Ashbee. He looked over his slate and saw that he was drawing a picture of Mr. Partridge instead of copying the diagram as instructed.

"Who asked you to look over me?" he demanded, seeing Lee watching him.

"I didn't mean to," replied Lee, in a whisper.

"You can look if you like," said Ashbee, who was rather proud of his work. In fact it was cleverly drawn, and had caught the expression very well.

"What are you doing there, Ashbee?" demanded Mr. Partridge.

"Nothing, sir," was the prompt reply. At the same moment a skilful wipe of the hand almost effaced the drawing.

"Let me see your slate."

Ashbee held it up, but with the other side towards the master.

"Where's your diagram?"

"I haven't done it yet, sir."

"I heard you talking to that boy next you. What is his name?"

"Scott, sir," replied Ashbee; "he's a new boy."

Lee did not know what to do. He hesitated to say that his name was not Scott for fear of bringing trouble on Ashbee and being called a sneak. So he held his tongue.

"Both of you stand on the form."

Ashbee slid one foot under him and straightened himself to a standing position in a manner that showed he was accustomed to it. Lee clambered up in a more roundabout style.

This was very bad; punished the very first morning; made to stand elevated above every one, the mark for all his scoffing schoolfellows. However, after the first few moments he found that he was not the object of attention he imagined himself to be. No one took any notice of him except Smythe, who tried to shake the form to make him fall off.

The class was not a well-behaved one; they were quite aware of the sort of master they had, and took full advantage of it. Before long nearly half of them were standing on the forms, blocking the view of those who remained seated; not that the latter objected, they were screened from the master's gaze and could do what they liked so long as they were quiet. There were a good many games of noughts and crosses played that morning.

Two more classes were held before morning school was over. Then, with a roar of voices, the boys were dismissed.

Lee found out Bray, and obtained from him the books he required.

"Where shall I keep them, please?" he asked.

"In your desk, of course."

"Please I haven't got any."

Lee always was very polite when talking to a monitor, whom he regarded as a sort of under master. He hesitated at first whether he ought not to say "sir" to him.

"What's your number?" demanded Bray.

"A hundred and ten."

"Then this is your desk. You'd better write your name in all your books, or else some of the fellows may bag them if you leave them about, or else put them in the pound."

"What's that, please?"

"Oh, you'll find out soon enough," replied Bray, who wanted to go to the playground, and thought he had spent quite enough time over a new boy. He was a good sort of fellow, decidedly the best of the monitors, but at the same time he was disinclined to make himself too cheap. He could not have every small boy running to him for information; they already gave him too much bother.

Lee was still rather cold; he had not yet had a chance of warming himself. There were very few boys left in the schoolroom, so he thought he might venture near the fire.

He was frustrated. Ashbee ran into the room and came up to him.

"I say, you Lee; I'll show you where to put your playbox if you like."

Lee was not anxious to have Ashbee's assistance; he somewhat doubted his sincerity, with some reason. However, he was not of a very unforgiving nature, and resolved to overlook Ashbee's behaviour in the bedroom. Perhaps Ashbee, in his turn, would forget to carry out his threat as regards next morning.

"All right, I'll come," said Lee.

They made their way to Mrs. Owen's room and obtained the playbox, which they successfully carried to the room appropriated to their accommodation. Lee was glad that he had Ashbee's assistance when he saw what a gauntlet they had to run in order to reach safety.

"Now," said Ashbee, when they had found a vacant place for the box on a high shelf, all the lower ones being appropriated, "all you've got to do is to take out as much as you want to and put it in your desk. They only open this place once a day, after morning school."

"In my desk?" exclaimed Lee. "Why, it hasn't got a lock."

"A lock? What do you want with a lock? Do you fancy any fellow would go to your desk? He'd pretty soon be sent to Coventry, if he didn't get the sack."

Lee had put his foot into it again. He was sorry he had opened his mouth; his remark was a most unfortunate one; it carried a reflection on the honesty of the school, for, after all, taking things out of another boy's desk is dishonest. There was some excuse for him, though. Bray had told him that if he left any books about without his name in them they would be appropriated by any one who found them, and on their way to the playbox-room they had received several attacks which must have had plunder for their object.

Ashbee was well aware that he had rendered an important service, and felt no delicacy about asking for his reward,

especially as he was in a hurry to offer his services to some other new boys.

"What have you got in your box? Any mince-pies? I like those best."

"I think there are some," replied Lee, who was willing enough to be generous, but did not like the tone of demand as of right which Ashbee assumed.

"Trot out a couple then, and look sharp," said Ashbee, quite unconscious of giving offence. "And don't forget to put some in your desk, or you'll have to go without till to-morrow."

Lee handed him a couple of mince-pies, which Ashbee seized without even thanking him. He rushed off with his mouth full, leaving Lee determined that such a greedy young glutton should not have any more of his luxuries.

He locked up his box after putting a few apples in his pockets and making a parcel of the books, etc., which he wished to convey upstairs. He then tried to lift his box to the top shelf, but found it was too heavy.

He looked around, but saw no one whom he knew. He asked one boy to help him, but he was just swallowing a too-large mouthful of cake, and his attempt to answer brought on a fit of coughing which doubled him up, and put any attempt at weight-lifting out of the question.

Lee thought the simplest way out of the difficulty was to leave his box on the floor. It was quite safe there, and he could get at it more easily next day.

He was on the point of leaving the room when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. It was that of a monitor.

"Is that your box?"

"Yes," replied Lee.

"Put it on a shelf. No boxes are allowed on the ground."

"But I can't lift it, please."

"Then ask somebody to help you, can't you?"

"Would you, please?" asked Lee.

The monitor looked scarcely less astonished than did the Doctor when Lee asked him for a pen. For a moment it was a toss whether Lee was not going to be kicked; but, remembering that he was a new boy, the monitor swallowed the affront to his dignity and said nothing.

"Will you help me lift up my box, please?" Lee asked a boy whose round face seemed to imply good-nature.

"What'll you give me?" was the inquiry in reply.

This was discouraging. Lee did not make enough allowance for the selfishness engendered by hunger, for breakfast was many hours old, and dinner not yet come.

"I'll give you an apple," replied Lee, holding one out.

"I'll help you if you'll give me two."

Probably Lee would have given in had not Bucknill entered.

"No, never mind," said Lee. "I'll get Bucknill to help me."

"Keep your apples, then, you young greedy!" exclaimed the boy who had shown such a precocious skill in bargaining, acting on the principle which some think is at the bottom of all political economy—viz., to take advantage of your neighbour's necessities.

Bucknill was gracious enough to lift the box by himself, and condescended to accept an apple afterwards. More than that, he approved of its taste, and said that he wouldn't mind having another



to-morrow, which Lee was glad to promise him.

## CHAPTER V.

LEE was busy trying to arrange his books, chessboard, and writing-case in his desk, which was limited in size, when a big boy, whom he had not seen before, came up to him.

"Name?" said the big boy, briefly.

"Lee."

"Form?"

"Lower fourth. Why, please?" asked Lee.

"Two shillings," said the boy, drawing out a little book and making some entries, "Will you pay now or sixpence a week on Saturdays?"

"What's it for?" demanded Lee, who did not mean to part with his money without knowing why.

"Football," was the brief response.

"But I don't want to play," pleaded Lee.

"Can't help that, you've got to subscribe. Look sharp, now."

There was nothing for it but to pay; it was very unlikely any one would go round to collect subscriptions without a right to do so. So he pulled out his purse and paid up, rather unwillingly.

The big boy, who was treasurer of the football club, pocketed the cash without a word, and went off on a similar errand to other victims. He passed another treasurer, that of the literary club, on his way to the playground.

"There's a youngster there you'd better nab before he spends all his money," he said.

"Thanks! What's his name?"

"Lee; lower fourth."

Lee saw the boy who had mulcted him speak to another, and had a presentiment that it concerned him; so when he heard his name shouted he ducked out of sight behind his desk.

Apparently Phillips, the literary treasurer, was accustomed to being avoided, for he walked down the room peering behind all the desks and forms. He soon caught sight of Lee.

"Hullo, you there! is your name Lee?"

Before he could answer he heard Mr. Partridge's voice.

"That's Scott, Phillips; he's in my class."

"Oh, thank you, sir," replied Phillips. "I see Scott has paid."

Lee understood, but did not feel called upon to explain. He foresaw trouble, however, if he sailed under a false name much longer, and resolved to enlighten Mr. Partridge at the first convenient opportunity.

Phillips continued his search for Lee, but without success. Scott was the name of one of the new boys who had been already called upon, and whose face Phillips had forgotten.

The dinner-bell had a welcome sound, though not so welcome as it would have in a few weeks, when all the hampers would be empty, and the edge of appetites not taken off with a slice of cake, a mince-pie, and a couple of apples. Lee made a good meal notwithstanding his private lunch, and was quite ready to join in the spirit of the Latin grace which was sung at the close of the meal.

He was fond of music, and listened

with pleasure as the boys sang, with the masters filling in the tenor and bass. He thought he would like to learn to sing; and resolved to ask his father to let him.

So far Lee could not look upon his school career as a great success. It was true he had not been kicked about or even hustled more than once or twice; but he had made no friends, and had found that Bucknill, on whom he had depended so much, would not be of much good to him. Of the boys with whom he had come into contact, he disliked Ingram and Ennis, hated Smythe, did not care for Ashbee or any of the new boys. It seemed as if he must pass his days lonely and forlorn.

This was partly his own fault, though he did not think so. A boy going fresh to a school must not show himself too particular about his acquaintances at first. It is time to pick and choose when he has them to choose from. Above all, he must not stand on his dignity or insist on being treated with consideration. Ashbee, for instance, was a decent young fellow enough in spite of certain drawbacks to his character, and Lee was certainly unwise in rejecting his advances.

However, a substitute for Ashbee appeared. Not a very promising one at first sight.

Lee was seated at his desk after dinner trying to enjoy the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. It says volumes for the condition of his mind that he found the book very uninteresting. He looked up on hearing footsteps, and saw a boy approaching him.

He was a very peculiar-looking boy. His hair was brushed straight back from his forehead and ears without a parting; his tie was in a large bow instead of the sailor knot affected by nearly all the school, and his clothes were peculiar in cut and of a decided brown colour. Moreover, he wore spectacles, behind which gleamed two protuberant bright eyes.

He crept along the desk till he reached Lee.

"I say, Scott."

"My name's Lee."

"Scott Lee?" inquired the stranger.

"No; not Scott at all."

"Oh, I say, won't Phillips lick you!" was the comforting remark. "He's frightfully down on chaps that won't pay up."

"Is he?" asked Lee, uneasily.

"I should think so. Look here, I tell you what I'll do if you like. I'll go and pay him for you, and then he'll never know how you sold him this morning. I heard him come to you."

Lee was doubtful whether to trust his money to this unprepossessing stranger, but thought on the whole it was wiser to do so, especially on finding that only a shilling was in question.

"I'll be back in two minutes," said the spectacled boy. "You wait for me, I want to talk to you."

This was a definite advance which was flattering to Lee's self-respect. He wished his new acquaintance had a little more style about him, but this was not the time to be exacting.

"Here's the receipt," cried his new friend, on returning. "I made him give me one. Come out into the playground. We can walk round and have a jaw."

"All right," said Lee, getting his cap.

"What's your name?"

The boy seemed to hesitate for a moment.

"My name's Walter," he replied.

"Walter what?"

"Walter Glubb."

There was a sort of protest in his tone, as if he would say, "I know it's not a good name, but I can't help it; don't twit me about it."

Lee was considerate enough not to show any sign that he thought the name a curious one.

"I'll tell you why I spoke to you," continued Glubb. "I heard you say this morning that you didn't want to play at football."

"Well?"

"I hate it, too. I hate all games, don't you?"

"Why, no," replied Lee. "I don't care about football if I don't get a kick at the ball twice in an afternoon, but I dare say I shall like it well enough when I'm bigger."

"Oh, no, you won't; it's a beast of a game," persisted Glubb. "I don't see the good of running about and getting tired and being half killed."

"Well, what do you like?" asked Lee.

"Poetry," replied Glubb, enthusiastically. "I think it's splendid! I mean to be a poet some day. Aren't you fond of it?"

"I don't know; I haven't read much. 'John Gilpin,' I like, and I had to learn some once for our breaking-up."

"What was it?"

"Something out of Scott, I think. It began, 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead—'"

Glubb did not wait to hear more, but continued the quotation without a moment's hesitation.

"Isn't it fine?" he exclaimed when he had finished some twenty lines. "I know lots more. I'll repeat it to you if you like."

Lee acquiesced, and heard another fifty lines or so. This brought them within hail of a small group of boys, amongst whom Smythe was conspicuous.

"Hullo, Glubby!" he shouted; "have you got the tap turned on again?"

"Nothing's ever likely to come out of yours!" retorted Glubb.

"I'll punch your head if you cheek me!" shouted back Smythe.

"No, you won't!" was the retort.

Lee was somewhat surprised Smythe did not carry out his threat, for he was the bigger of the two. However, he made no attempt to do so, and the two boys walked on.

"Can you lick him?" inquired Lee.

"No; he can lick me easily. But fellows don't bother me much. I can't fight, but I know a lot of nasty little tricks."

"Oh, I see!" said Lee, thinking it would be wise not to make an enemy of a boy who possessed such accomplishments.

"I say, have you got any books?" inquired Glubb.

"A few."

"What are they?"

"I've 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and 'Masterman Ready,' and 'The Boy Hunters,' and—I think that's all."

"I've read all those ages ago," said Glubb, almost contemptuously. "Are you fond of stories?"

"Yes, awfully."

"That's right; so am I. I'm writing a novel."



"Are you?" exclaimed Lee, in wonder and admiration.

"Yes, a beauty! But don't you tell the fellows. I'm going to send it up to a publisher when it's finished."

"What's it called?"

"The Wilds of Westphalia; or, the Turcoman's Revenge."

"That's a splendid title! Are there lots of adventures in it?"

"Hundreds!" said the author—"it's crammed with them!"

"However do you manage to think of them?"

"Oh, bless you, it's easy enough! I tell the fellows in our room no end of stories. I'm going to start one to-night that will run for a fortnight."

"Are you? I wish I could hear it."

Lee no longer wished his new acquaintance had more style; he looked upon him in a new light—he was the most wonderful boy he had ever met.

"I tell you what," said Glubb. "Let's

see Mrs. Owen and get her to change you into my room; there's a bed vacant."

Lee was delighted at the idea. There was no reason for wishing to stay in Ingram's room, and it would be very jolly to hear a fine story every night.

They at once made for Mrs. Owen's room. Lee took the opportunity on his way to tell Mr. Partridge what his real name was. Mr. Partridge had quite forgotten all about him.

(To be continued.)

### "Lines."

I WELL remember, when I was a boy,  
A slave to algebra and conic sections  
And other things in which I found small joy,  
(For sports athletic were my predilections,)  
I'd "lines" to write when I got into trouble,  
For small faults fifty; larger ones earned double.

I scribbled them without a moment's thought  
About the words that I was busy writing,  
I overlooked the moral that they taught,  
The way they taught it was so uninviting.  
Out to the playground would my wild thoughts wander  
Whilst writing lines which should have made me ponder.

"Virtue's its own reward;" I wrote this phrase  
From January up to dull December.  
"No pleasure can be found in evil ways;"  
That is another which I well remember.  
The policy of honesty's another,  
And "Evil inclinations strive to smother."

Ah me! if I had taken them to heart  
I might—who knows?—have got on rather better;  
Have played in this big world a bigger part,  
And valued virtue when by chance I met her.  
But as it is—well, here I am, still writing  
"Lines" which perchance are just as uninviting.

H. M. P.

## STRANGER THAN FICTION; OR, STORIES OF MISSIONARY PERIL AND HEROISM.

BISHOP HANNINGTON.

### PART III.

BY the 3rd of September we had reached Uyu, our next mission station. This is a district in the fourth region that I mentioned, namely, the country of Unyamwezi, the Land of the Moon. After this country the well-known range of the Mountains of the Moon was probably called.

The first day of the New Year, 1883, found us *en route* for Romwa's land, encamped on the banks of the south arm of the Victoria Nyanza. This was called by one of the earlier travellers "Jordan's Nullah." Here we were fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to obtain the services of a canoe and canoe-men in the employ of Mtesa. The captain of these men—as degraded a ruffian as ever lived—was called Mzee, which is simply the Kiswahili for "old man," or "elder." I translated this name somewhat freely, and called him "Old Man of the Sea," for he proved to be more troublesome than the persecutor of Sinbad.

To begin with, he had promised to start on the 2nd January, but began by declaring that we had brought more luggage than he had expected, and he therefore refused to start unless we paid him more than the original agreement. After a deal of haggling we came to terms. He then turned round and said that the canoe leaked, and that he must take the day to mend it. The fact was he had had an unusually good catch of fish, and wanted to skirmish the country to sell it. Evening came, I saw to the loading of the canoe, and at the same time thrice over cautioned Mzee that I had ten more packages to come.

At 2 a.m. he called me up and said we must start. Well, unearthly as the hour

was, I got up, saw to everything, cooked my brethren some food, had the tent packed and taken down to the boat, when Mzee turned round and said that he had no room for the luggage, and refused to start until daylight. This meant that my poor suffering companions would have to sit about in dewy grass, bitter cold, and biting mosquitos, for three full hours. I resolutely answered, "We must start." Thereupon he and his crew rushed to the boat and began tearing out the baggage. A fearful scrimmage ensued, during which time I trod on a colony of biting ants and was woefully punished. Things got in such a pickle that I did not know what was taken and what left, and many packages we could ill spare were left behind.

At 4 p.m. we got off, a hippo blowing a salute as we started. We had not gone far when a loud explosion startled us, and, looking up, I saw two legs of my chair flying upwards. My stupid boy had put his gun, loaded and full-cocked, into the boat, and the jarring fired it off. A new rug was cut in half, the side of the canoe broken, and my poor chair spoilt. Yet how much worse the accident might have been!

The scenery soon became very varied and beautiful. Cormorants, darters, belted-kingfishers, and a very small blue variety, with a robin breast, constantly crossed our track. Many crocodiles and hippos floated lazily on the surface, and over the purple hills the sun rose in golden glory. We landed on the Uzinza side for lunch. The people had never seen a white man before, and their astonishment was beyond bounds. The canoe-men were too wise to misbehave them-

selves in the face of such numbers, so the visit passed off auspiciously. At sunset we camped for the night. G—— had to be lifted from the boat. A—— crept out, and at once went to bed. I had the tent pitched; then I discovered there was no firewood. After an hour's search I found a little, and finally bought some more, and superintended the cooking, for the boys were worn out. Then Mzee came and said I must get the things out of the canoe, for it leaked, and I found most of our goods wet. It was very dark, and the air was thick with mosquitos—they were like the plums in a rich Christmas pudding.

As I was sitting down to enjoy a well-earned meal, Duta came and called me from the tent and told me that the men had refused to go on unless I would pay them extra cloth, and from what he overheard he believed that they intended deserting us. I went down to see what could be done, but we could arrive at no agreement. I kept silence, sparing my brethren any anxiety. I slept little that night, fearing the men would desert and steal some of our loads, but daylight found them still there. Three valuable hours were spent in haggling, which resulted in my having to pay yet more cloth, and a start was not made until 11 a.m. We had not paddled far before a storm gathered, and we had to put into port, and only just in time, for a fearful hurricane burst upon us. "Down rushed the rain terrific," and large waves beat upon the shore, washing up shells and weeds. I should have liked to have slept here, as the day was waning, but no! "Onward!" was the word. Three hippos pursued us, and the hippos of the



lake are very savage and dangerous, but the men managed to out-distance them. Vast numbers of crocodiles appeared on the surface of the water. I think I saw as many as a dozen in a shoal. I felt no temptation to bathe! The sun then sank into the west and we were still at sea. I looked at the pale faces of my invalids, and I looked at the luggage, the tent, my helpless boys, and the savage ruffians in the canoe, and my heart trembled.

It was not until eight o'clock that we arrived at the place where the boatmen intended us to sleep.

At 2 p.m. it came on to rain, and the invalids took to the hut, but I preferred wrapping myself in my waterproof and facing it. When daylight dawned I found to my utter despair that the canoe had sunk during the night, and that almost everything had been drenched. It was hard to think of one's note-books, barometers, botanical specimens, etc., in this condition. But the man who goes to Central Africa must be prepared "to take joyfully the spoiling of his goods," and to bear the reproach of incompetence.

Almost superhuman strength at times, I fully believe, was given me; but even that had its limit. After a sleepless night, and then travelling from 5.30 a.m. till 11 o'clock at night, I was unable to unload that canoe, and so it sank. The Old Man of the Sea and his crew refused to bale it out, so I and the boys set to work in pouring rain, and by 11 o'clock the weather broke, and I got my friends into the canoe and started. Soon clouds began to gather, but evidently only for soft rain.

Mzee now announced that he had made up his mind to take us ashore and leave us,—he had had enough of this journey. We certainly had had enough of him to last for many a long day. "Well," said I, "how far should we then be from Romwa's?"—"Altogether out of the way."—"And are there any canoes to be hired there?"—"There are not. And Mzee says he won't go on."—"Why, we shall die if we are left in this way."—"He says he will not go on." Then I said in a firm clear voice, "Give me my gun," and I deliberately pro-

afterwards his own men were imitating my solemn gestures and laughing at me, though confessing that they were very glad I had made them go on; but I had found out a secret—I was henceforth the master, and our

to put into shore. Then came a storm, and the canoe sprang a leak, so that by 5 p.m. we had only accomplished an hour's work. Once more we put to sea, and encountered another storm, which drenched all my blankets. At



Settling a Quarrel.

lives, it is not too much to say, were saved from danger by one prompt action.

For some time at Romwa's we seemed to be State prisoners, and could not tell when he would permit us to leave. However, at length he consented to my proceeding, providing the others remained. I accordingly started (January 22nd) with two boys. I had had severe fever the day before, and did not feel up to much fatigue. However, I got up early and went down to the royal hut, and

midnight we crept quietly ashore, uncertain whether the natives were friendly or not. I had my wet bed and blankets conveyed a little way from the swamp belt of the lake. The boys and men feared to remain with me thus far from the canoe, so I laid my weary frame to rest under my umbrella, for it was raining. Unmindful of natives or beasts of prey, I fell asleep. Soon a tremendous roar close to me caused me to start in a way that no nightmare has ever accomplished. What could it be, a lion? No; lions are not so noisy. It was only a hippopotamus. He had, no doubt, come up to feed, and stumbled nearly on top of this strange object—a white man with an umbrella over his head fast asleep. So, bellowing out his surprise, he turned round and ran to the lake.

I will now give you a description of my tent and its contents. We begin at the pole, around which are fastened about twenty spears, besides a bow, one of my guns, and a native sword. Then we come to the pantry, which contains a native box made out of bark, a saucepan, bucket of water, and the two provision-boxes; on the top of the little one, my lamp; on the other, a cup, etc. The best box stands on two fine elephant tusks, to prevent its being eaten by the white ants. Leaving the pantry we come to the wardrobe, which, besides the bag for my clothes, has also a load of shields. The one in front is from Uganda. Under some leopard and other skins you would find a load or two of cloth for barter, and, stowed away in a corner, a number of native clubs. Then as we pass on we come to the dining-room and bedroom; on my bed is my favourite old blanket, which has accompanied me in all my wanderings for fifteen years, and to my mind it looks as gay as ever it did. The three boxes you see are respectively medicine, despatch, and lamp-box. They act as my table, but, as they are not very large, if you come to a meal with me we must put some of the things upon the floor.

I passed the two big poris (deserts), and at length arrived at Kisokwe, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cole and a little English baby, at this time five months old, the first born in these parts. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cole are



One would give my hair a sharp pull.

ceeded to load it, and pointing at Mzee, I said, "Now will you go on?"—"Yes, Bwana, yes; don't fire." And round flew the head of the canoe like magic. Once more we speeded o'er the waves; and in a few minutes

was kept waiting for an hour while I was inspected by the king's wives; then another hour was spent at the water's side, so that it was not until 11 a.m. that a start could be made. Then hindrances arose, and we had



earnest and devoted missionaries. Mrs. Cole has a large Sunday-school class. Its members form such a quaint group, I should like you just to look in upon them one Sunday after-

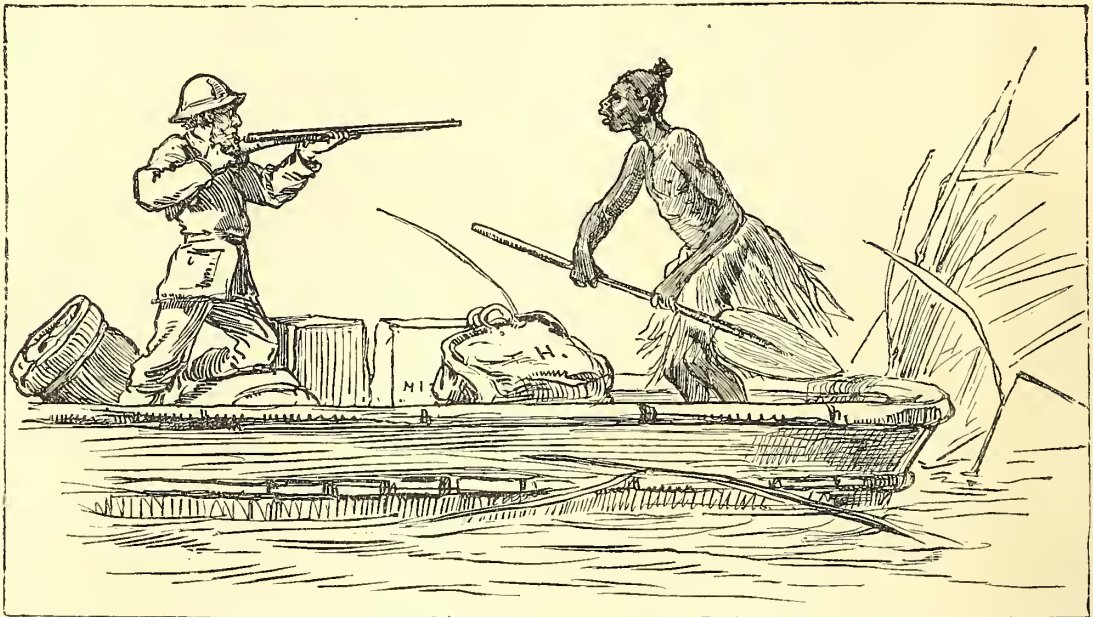
noon. Some were very gaudily clothed in all sorts of bright colours, some merely in goat-skins. Others, again, were red with war-paint, and carried bows and arrows or spears. Altogether it would be difficult to imagine a more quaint and yet picturesque group.

Here we must stop. As already stated, in October, 1885, Bishop Hannington and party were massacred. A page in the king's household, who ventured to remonstrate with the king, was decapitated and burned at the

been sacrificed the missionaries do not know. Rev. R. P. Ashe gives the following incident as a "glimpse of the kind of régime under which the people exist in Central Africa."

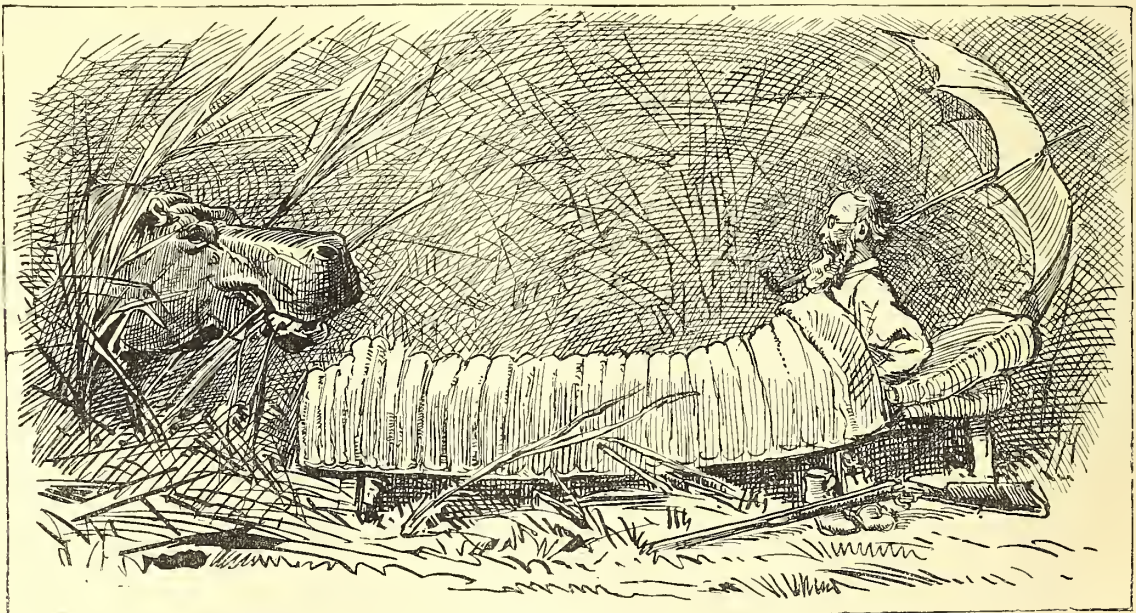
"The mission cook lately came complaining that he had no firewood. On being told to go and buy some at the market, close at hand, he remarked, with an air of a man who had received a personal injury, that the king's executioners had taken every stick to burn a batch of Christians with. This took place in the beginning of June, 1886, when thirty-two

The bright side of this horrible picture—for it has a bright side—is the strong faith which these poor negro men and boys evinced in the hour of the bitterest trial that can come



"Will you go on now?"

to humanity. Brought face to face with the most terrible tortures and a lingering death in a slow fire, they did not flinch, they would not deny their Master. It is of such material that martyrs are made, and it is of such martyrs that Christianity is made. "The splendid devotion," to use the striking words of Mr. Ashe, "with which these poor people have died for righteousness," cannot be lost upon the heathen who witnessed it. Bishop Hannington died with this message to the blacks of Africa on his lips: "Tell them that



A Midnight Visitor.

stake. In May, 1886, when a Roman Catholic Vicar Apostolic arrived in Uganda, the king signalled his coming by slaughtering twenty or thirty Catholic converts. At the same time Protestant Christians were seized and burned in one horrible holocaust. Fifty

Christian men and boys were burned alive on one great funeral pyre by the orders of Mwanga, the son and successor of Mtesa, King of Uganda. All this is sober fact. God alone knows how vast is the multitude which is yearly done to death in these dark lands."

this road [the road to Uganda] is bought with my life, and that I am dying for those who kill me." So died also in Uganda the poor negroes, the converts of but a few weeks or months.

(THE END.)





*' Author of "Drowned Gold," "Hiderim the Afghan," etc., etc.*

#### CHAPTER I.—FIGHTING A GIANT.

"WHERE is the Russian dog who will dare to look a Tartar warrior in the face? Let him come forth and meet me!"

So spoke a grim giant who stood midway between two armies, which were facing each other on the great plain that stretches along the bank of the Dnieper, in South-Western Russia. The Tartars were making a raid into the Russian country, and the Russians had come out to drive them back.

Could those two armies come back to-day to their old battle-field, they would find some curious changes there. Along the silent river where their arrows brought down the wild-fowl that rose screaming from the thick reed-beds, steamboats now come puffing and snorting up to a broad landing-place overlooked by a large hotel. Where the wild Tartar horsemen once pitched their

camp, steam-cars rattle across the finest railway bridge in Russia half a dozen times a day. The steep hill overhanging the river, which was then crowned only by a few hundred log-huts behind an earthen wall, is now covered with white towers and golden cupolas, and green domes and tall pillars, and terraced gardens and brightly-painted houses, and all the splendour of the great city of Kief.

But all this was still a long way off when the Tartar giant uttered his challenge. In England, Saxon and Dane were still cutting each other's throats. Ame-

## RED-FINGERED CYRIL

or.  
*The Russian Prince and the  
Tartar Boy.*  
by  
DAVID KER



"The Tartars stared in astonishment."

rica was not even known to exist. Greeks ruled in Constantinople and what is now Turkey. The Turks were fighting and plundering far away in the heart of Asia. Russia (which had only begun to be heard of about a hundred years before) was peopled with a race of fierce warriors—very much like the Zulus of our own time—fighting with all their neighbours, and worshipping "Peroon, the thunder-god," whose hideous idol looked down upon them that day from the highest point of the fortress-hill.

Again the Tartar champion shouted his insulting defiance; but, brave as the



Russians were, no one came forward to answer it, and a movement of confusion and dismay was visible through their whole army.

A queer-looking army it was, very different from the splendid parade of glittering bayonets and shining sabres, gilt helmets and bright steel breast-plates, dark-green uniforms trimmed with gold and silver lace, grey frieze overcoats, rumbling artillery-wheels, and prancing horses, which the Czar reviews nowadays in front of the granite-pillared Isaac Cathedral at St. Petersburg. The Russian soldiers of the tenth century were shaggy-haired, wild-looking fellows, bare-armed and bare-limbed, wearing plain steel cap and armour of iron plates quilted upon bearskin, and armed with spears, short swords, axes, or bows and arrows.

But strange though they looked, their enemies were stranger still. The Tartars, with their round bullet heads, their narrow, squinting eyes, their squat, dwarfish, ape-like figures, their arms so long as to reach below the knee without stooping, their clothes of sheepskin or horsehide, their flat-nosed, wide-mouthed, greenish-brown faces, upon which no beard would grow, hardly seemed like men at all. To any one looking at the battle-field from a distance it would have appeared as if an army of bears were facing an army of monkeys.

Before the Tartar host stood their giant champion, with a taunting grin on his savage face as he whirled aloft his knotty club in his huge brown hand, upon which the great muscles stood out like coils of rope.

But it was neither his strength nor his size that cowed the Russians. What *they* feared was the magical arts in which the Tartars were said to be skilled, and by which, according to the belief of that ignorant age, they could give their warriors irresistible strength, or make their skin too hard to be pierced by spear or sword. Such a man they took this giant to be; and, knowing as they did, that by the laws of war that side whose champion was beaten was bound to yield to the other, it was no wonder if they shrank from a combat by failing in which they would bring ruin, not only upon themselves, but upon all Russia.

"What! are you *all* afraid?" shouted the Tartar once more. "Will no one dare to face me?"

"I will!"

The answering voice, though firm, sounded so gentle and soft after that hoarse, bellowing roar, that the giant looked round in amazement. When he saw *who* his enemy was he wondered still more.

A young man had just stepped forth from the Russian ranks, whose smooth, ruddy face made him seem even younger than he really was. He was unarmed, but for the short broad-bladed sword at his belt, and his figure, though strong and well-knit, was so small as to look quite babyish beside the monstrous savage.

The Tartars stared in astonishment, and the giant himself could hardly believe his eyes. For an instant he felt troubled as he saw how fearlessly this mere lad came forward to meet him, for such bullies are always inclined to be afraid of any man who does not seem in the least afraid of *them*; but the next moment his amazement changed to anger.

"Do you think of fighting *me*, you whelp?" growled he; "why, I could eat you at one mouthful!"

"My father had a cow that used to eat a great deal," answered the young Russian, quietly; "and the end of it was that she burst!"

This joke, and the general laughter that greeted it, were quite too much for the hot-blooded Tartar. He swung up his club with a growl of fury and rushed upon his enemy.

The thousands of eager eyes that watched them could hardly follow the movements of the combatants as they sprang to and fro, stirring up clouds of dust, through which the giant's club could be seen rising and falling like a threshers' flail.

In so unequal a fight there seemed to be little hope for the Russian. What could his short sword do against the huge weapon that might crush him before he could get within arm's length? And what protection would his light armour be against strokes, the least of which seemed able to shatter a solid rock?

But the young man never flinched. He nimbly avoided the blows which the giant (who evidently meant to crush him by sheer strength) showered upon him thick as hail, watching all the while for a chance of running in and stabbing the Tartar, should the latter overbalance himself. Even with that terrible club whirling close to his head, and certain death before him should he make the slightest stumble, the lad's face was so cheery and confident that the downcast Russians began to brighten up at the very sight of it.

"Molodetz Feodor!" (Bravo, Theodore), shouted they.

Just then the Tartar's foot slipped, and Feodor darted in like an arrow; but a backward whirl of the club, just missing his face, caught his outstretched sword, and sent it flying yards away, leaving him unarmed, and at his enemy's mercy.

"Ai-dah, Mamai!" (Go it, Mamai), yelled the triumphant Tartars.

But before Mamai could strike again, the young Russian snatched up a handful of dust and dashed it in his face, completely blinding him for the moment; and while he was rubbing his eyes clear Feodor picked up his sword.

Furious at the loud laughter of the bystanders, Mamai dealt a tremendous blow at his enemy. But the nimble Russian flew in under his lifted arm, and his sword flashed and fell, plowing a fearful gash across the giant's broad brown chest.

At that sight the shouts of the Russians made the air ring. This giant was not then, after all, one of those enchanted men who were proof against steel. If he could be wounded he could be killed too. Hurrah!

But they were rejoicing too soon. Before Feodor had time to draw back, the giant, stung to madness by the pain of his wound, suddenly dropped his club, and seized the lad's light figure in a hug that might have crushed a bear. The next moment Russian and Tartar, closely grappled together, fell heavily to the ground amid a whirl of dust, the Russian undermost.

## CHAPTER II.—THE RED-FINGERED BOY.

BEFORE the cry which broke from both armies at once, as they saw the fall of their champions, had died away, Feodor was seen to raise himself on his elbow, and then to stagger to his feet. But it was all over with his terrible enemy. Even in the heat of that deadly grapple the Russian had found time for one mortal thrust into the giant's exposed side, and the mighty limbs were still for ever more.

Then rose on high the long, shrill wail of the Tartar host over their fallen warrior. But it was drowned by a shout from the Russians that made the earth tremble, as they poured down in one great mass upon their wavering and disheartened enemies, and foremost of all was the Prince\* of Kiev himself, the terrible "Vladimir" (master of the world), with his thick yellow hair tossing like a mane on his bare neck, and his mighty battle-axe in his hand.

Behind the defeated army stood the light waggons that the Tartars always took with them on a march, in which they carried their wives and children, and whatever plunder they had taken. It was their custom to range these waggons in a square, so as to form a rude kind of fortified camp, such as one sees nowadays in the "laagers" of the Dutch Boers in the African Transvaal.

Such an entrenchment, garrisoned by men who could hit a raven on the wing with their arrows at a hundred yards, or drive a spear with one thrust right through an enemy's breastplate and body, had turned the tide of many a hard-fought battle; and had the Tartars only had time to rally behind it, they might have regained the day even now. But the pursuit was too hot to give them a chance. The victorious Russians were already in their midst; and conquerors and conquered, all mixed up together, came bursting into the camp like a mighty wave.

In the tumult and hurly-burly Prince Vladimir was parted from his own men, and while cleaving his way through the press, suddenly caught sight of a scene which for the moment drove everything else out of his head.

In the universal rush and confusion, one of the Tartar waggons had been overturned, and all its contents scattered upon the ground. From its broken side peeped forth the pale, wasted face of a sick woman, evidently quite helpless, who uttered a piteous cry as one of the pursuing Russians grasped her hair with one hand, and flourished his crimsoned sword over her head with the other.

But, before he could strike, the savage reeled back with a howl of pain, while between him and his intended victim stood a figure which almost seemed to have risen through the earth, so suddenly had it sprung up to the rescue.

It was a slim, brown-faced Tartar boy—barely twelve years old, but already sinewy and active as a wild cat—whose keen black eyes blazed with the light of battle as he opposed to the Russian's heavy broadsword the short knife that had just laid open his assailant's cheek. There he stood, firm amid the general

\* The title of Czar was first assumed by Ivan the Terrible, 300 years ago. The earlier Russian sovereigns were called "Veliki Knyaz" (Great Prince), which we now translate "Grand Duke."



fight and terror—the son defending his mother.

The Russian set his teeth with a growl of rage, and dealt a blow at his brave little adversary, which, but for a sudden spring of the nimble lad, would have made short work of him. Even as it was, the point of the weapon caught the boy's bare right arm, and made a fearful gash across it just below the elbow.

The knife dropped from his nerveless grasp, and in another moment all would have been over with the gallant boy. But just as the cruel blade was about to fall for the last time, the fierce warrior who wielded it was sent sprawling on his back by a tremendous blow on the temple, while over him stood, with clenched fist and flashing eye, a handsome, light-haired young man with a short sword at his belt.

"Dog!" said he, sternly, "think you that Russian warriors fight with women and children?"

The fallen ruffian scrambled to his feet, eager for vengeance; but his savage frown melted into a look of wondering dismay, and he slunk away with a muttered curse, as he recognised in his new enemy the young champion who had slain the Tartar giant.

Then Feodor—for it was indeed he—stepped forward with a friendly smile to bind up the young Tartar's wounded arm. But as he did so, the boy looked fixedly at him for a moment, and then drew back with a start, saying fiercely,

"I want no mercy from you; I would rather you killed me as you have killed my father!"

"What?" cried Feodor, as a sudden shadow clouded his bright, fearless young face, "was that giant your father?"

"Yes," answered the boy, sternly; "he was all that we had, and you have taken him from us. Kill me and my mother too; it is better for us to die than to be the slaves of a Russian!"

Before the bitter words of this child whom he had made fatherless, the strong man, who had faced death so dauntlessly only a short hour ago, stood pale and trembling like a criminal in the presence of his judge. For a moment he remained silent and motionless as if turned to stone; then he bent down and raised the sick mother tenderly from the ground in his powerful arms, propped her against the side of the overturned waggon, and filling his helmet from the brook, gave her a long draught of water, while he sprinkled her face with what was left.

The Tartar boy looked on wonderingly, but said nothing.

Meanwhile Prince Vladimir, wearied with slaughter, had halted (as has already been mentioned) near the spot, and watched the scene with great interest, though without interfering, till he saw the child reject Feodor's offered help. Then, while the young Russian was busied with the suffering woman, Vladimir stepped forward, and said to the lad,

"Son of the great Mamai, will you let me bandage your hurt?"

The boy's gloomy face lighted up as he heard his dead father's name uttered with such respect by the greatest warrior in Russia. He looked steadfastly for a moment, with his clear bold eyes, into the noble countenance of Vladimir, and then, without a word, held out his wounded arm to be bound up.

As the Prince bandaged the wound with his own crimson scarf of Persian silk—for the Russians of that age, savage though they were, were as fond of finery as children, their very word for "beautiful" (*prekrasni*) meaning literally "bright red"—he noticed that the fingers of the boy's right hand were stained with the blood that had flowed from the gash.

"Ha!" cried he, "this bodes me luck, for a wise man told me once that great good fortune should come to me through a red finger."

"Say rather, my son," answered a voice behind him, "that it shall come to thee through an act of mercy, for no deed of kindness is ever forgotten before God."

All started and looked round, and the Tartar boy stared at the speaker in open-mouthed amazement, though little dreaming that he was in the presence of one of the greatest men of that century.

In truth, any one might well have wondered to see in the midst of a battlefield, among savages whose hands were still red with unsparing slaughter, such a figure as that of the man who now stood before them. His pale, thin, delicate features looked almost womanish beside the grim, bearded visages of the Russian warriors; and, amid all these spears and battle-axes, and dented breast-plates, and battered helmets, and bearskin or wolfskin cloaks, he was simply clad in the plain grey frock of a Christian monk, fastened round his waist with a rope.

But the grand, never-changing calmness of his face, as if neither sorrow nor fear nor anger had power over him any more, would have told to the most careless observer that this was no common man. Unarmed and defenceless though he was, he stood among these wild figures like one who was able to control them all.

Twelve months earlier this man had been an obscure Greek monk in the worst quarter of Constantinople, known only to the wretched outcasts for whom he laboured day and night. Then a message had come from Vladimir of Russia asking that a priest might be sent to tell him something of the new religion about which he had heard so often. Brave as the Greek clergy were, they shrank one and all from venturing into a region which was then as perilous to strangers as Central Africa is now. Then Brother Silvester said simply, "I will go." He went, and, among these terrible men, who revered little and feared nothing, he was already as powerful as Prince Vladimir himself.

"Will you come and live with us and be my son?" asked the monk, stretching out his hand to the wounded child with a sweet, loving smile, which for one moment made his worn face as beautiful as that of an angel.

"Let the Great Prince of the Russians swear to be kind to my mother, and not to make me a slave," answered the boy, promptly, "and I will swear to be true to you and him."

"I swear by my weapon," said Vladimir, laying his broad, sinewy hand upon the blade of his battle-axe, "that she and you shall have nothing but good from my hands."

The boy was quite satisfied, for this was an oath which no Russian was ever known to break. He laid his slender brown fingers upon the Prince's brawny

hand, and spoke in his turn: "I swear by the head of our khan's war-horse [the most sacred oath of the Tartars] to be true to you and to the Christian chief in life and in death."\*

Vladimir gave him a friendly clap on the shoulder, and then signed to two of his warriors, who hastily made a rude couch of their spears and shields, upon which they bore away the sick Tartar woman, while her son walked beside her, holding tenderly her thin, feverish hand.

"My son," whispered Silvester to the Prince, as they turned to follow, "dost thou remember another vow which thou hast made?"

"Ay, that I do, good father!" answered Vladimir. "I vowed to become a Christian if I won this battle, and you shall see before long that I've not forgotten it."

(To be continued.)

\* A treaty between the Greek Emperor and Vladimir's predecessor, Sviatoslav (a copy of which still exists), expressly states that the Russians had "sworn upon their weapons" to observe it faithfully.—D. K.



## THE "BOY'S OWN" HOME OF REST FOR WORKING BOYS.

[Contributions received up to April 4th, 1887.]

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward .. ..	510	2	1
February 21.—Collected by R. B. Novell (Castle Douglas) .. ..	0	17	6
February 22.—Collected by P. H. Fox (St. Boes) .. ..	0	10	0
March 1.—Thank-offering, 1s.; Collected by Arthur J. Sowerby (London, E.), Es. ..	0	7	0
March 3.—Collected by A. C. Warman (Reading), 2s.; Collected by Arthur Bowker (Birmingham), 13s. 6d.; Collected by Atho Chas. Knight (London, S.E.), 1s. 1d. ..	0	16	7
March 8.—Collected by G. E. Dunn (London, N.W.), 4s.; "Roast Beef," 1s.; Collected by James M. Weir (Glasgow), Es. ..	0	11	0
April 4.—Collected by E. F. Morony (Bedford), 7s. 6d.; Collected by Alexander Cook (Dunmore), £1 3s.; Fred Strachan (Bristol), 6d.; Norman O. Wilson (Kenley), 5s. 6d.; G. C. Norton (Newmarket), 1s. .. ..	1	17	6
Carried forward .. ..	£515	1	8

\* Collecting Cards may still be had. It is particularly requested that all cards which have been out more than three months be returned *immediately*. Those wishing to continue the good work will gladly be supplied with fresh cards.



## SAFETY BICYCLES.

BY REV. G. HERBERT, M.A.,

*One of the Chief Consuls of the Cyclists' Touring Club, Author of "On Cycles and Cycling," etc.*

## PART II.

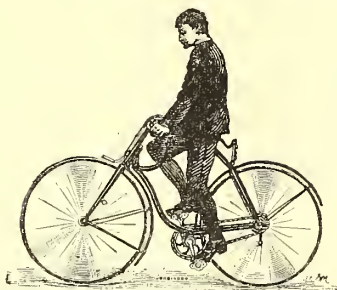


o return to our  
"Kangaroo"  
type of bicycle.

They are, I say,  
"geared up," and are  
driven by two chains,  
one on each side, the  
upper cog-wheels being  
attached to the axle,  
and the fork being pro-  
longed downwards to

carry the lower cog-wheels to which are  
attached the pedals, one on each side, each  
rotating on an axle of its own.

These machines have one element of safety  
—smallness—but they lack the other element  
possessed by the first class—the throwing  
back of the centre of gravity. In this respect,  
therefore, they are no safer than the ordinary



The Rover.

full-sized bicycle. In some bicycles of this  
class the axle of the driving-wheel works in  
bearings separate from and placed well in  
front of the fork. By this means the centre  
of gravity is certainly thrown back some-  
what, but I should imagine that there is a  
danger of the bearings carrying the axle  
breaking off from the fork to which they are  
attached, because the strain at the junction  
of the bearing-case and the fork must be very  
severe.

Riders of this class of machine speak  
highly of its speed and ease of propulsion,  
but they complain of the difficulty of keeping  
the two chains properly adjusted, and also of  
its tendency to slip sideways on greasy roads.

3. The third class, which we call the  
"Rover," contains a large and increasing  
number of bicycles, all of which appear to  
have achieved a considerable amount of  
popularity. They differ more or less from  
each other in minor particulars, but in their  
broad features they are alike. Strangely

enough, they are a return, in shape at least,  
to the earliest form of bicycle, which came  
over from France some twenty years ago.

We may describe them generally as con-  
sisting of two nearly equal-sized wheels of  
about three feet diameter and two feet more  
or less apart. They are connected by a frame-  
work, varying a good deal in the various  
makes, but whose general direction is hori-  
zontal, unlike the backbone of an ordinary  
bicycle, whose general direction is vertical.  
The front wheel is the steering-wheel, and  
has a fork and a bicycle-handle for steering;  
the forks rake prodigiously. This is an ele-  
ment of safety that alone would render  
"croppers" almost impossible.

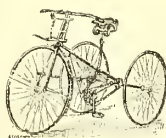
The rear wheel is the driving-wheel.  
Herein lies another peculiarity of the class,  
as in the other classes the front wheel is  
driven, and the hind wheel is merely a small  
wheel acting as a trailer.

As the rider is placed about midway  
between the wheels he cannot reach pedals  
attached to the axle of the hind wheel,  
so the chain arrangement is brought into  
requisition in this case also. A small  
cog-wheel is rigidly attached to the axle  
of the hind wheel on one side; over this a  
chain is passed in the usual manner. Just  
under the rider a small axle is fitted to the  
framework, and to this are attached a cog-  
wheel (larger than the cog-wheel in the wheel  
axle), bicycle cranks, and pedals. The chain  
before alluded to passes over this cog-wheel  
also, so that when the pedals are revolved by  
the rider the motion is transmitted by the chain  
to the hind wheel. Naturally the machine is  
very much geared up, as the wheels are so  
small.

These bicycles are in my opinion the safest  
of any, because they add to the element of  
safety secured by the rake of the forks, a  
still greater element of security by placing  
the rider midway between wheels which are  
of equal size. This carries the centre of  
gravity so far back and places it so low that  
I should say that a cropper is absolutely im-  
possible. Riders of this machine certainly  
rush down hills of the steepest in a fashion  
that takes away the breath of the riders of  
the old type of machine. They put on the  
brake with full force at once, an act which  
would send the rider of an ordinary bicycle  
head over heels and his bicycle after him.

They are also more comfortable to ride,  
because there is much less of the unpleasant  
vibration felt by the riders of the other types  
of small machines. This is owing to the  
position of the rider midway between the  
wheels. They have a further advantage in  
needing only one chain to drive them.

Of course they have their drawbacks. The  
principal is the impossibility of steering with  
the feet alone. It is a great relief on a long  
journey to be able, when one is traversing a  
piece of good road, to take the hands off the  
handles and steer by the feet and the balance



The Ivel.

of the body. In the case of these machines  
the feet are not available for steering, as the  
front wheel steers and the hind one drives.

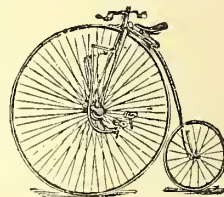
On the steering generally, one may remark

that it differs considerably from that of the  
ordinary type, and requires a much lighter  
touch. This is attributable to the disconnec-  
tion of the steering-wheel and the driving-  
wheel, and that the hands and feet do not  
pull against each other.

It is said, however, that one of this  
kind, called the "Ivel," is made, which,  
by the peculiar arrangement of the angles  
at which the various parts of the frame  
are attached to each other, can be steered  
merely by the balancing of the body. I have  
not myself seen this done, but I imagine it  
can be done only by very practised riders.

Another drawback to an old bicyclist is  
the peculiarity of mounting and dismounting.  
The saddle is such a long way in front of the  
step, and the handles are such a long way in  
front of the saddle, that any rider used to  
the ordinary bicycle finds the mounting and  
dismounting quite a new art which he has to  
learn. This, of course, does not apply to  
those who learn bicycling on this kind of  
mount.

Perhaps one ought to reckon "gearing up"  
a drawback, but it depends so much on the  
district whether this makes riding difficult  
that it would hardly be fair to regard it  
as such. A racehorse would be nowhere  
amongst the Welsh hills, and a Welsh pony  
would be nowhere in the Derby; each has  
its own special qualities which cannot be  
combined. It is the same with bicycles. A  
highly geared-up machine would be nowhere  
for autumn and winter riding amongst the  
chalk mud of the hilly district of East  
Yorkshire, where a "Facile" runs with  
comparative ease; and a "Facile" would be  
hopelessly beaten by any of these lightly-  
made geared-up safeties on any racing track  
in the kingdom. Each is best adapted for its  
peculiar uses, and one cannot expect to find  
in the same machine opposite qualities.



Extraordinary.

I think my young friends of the B.O.P.  
will now have some idea of the leading  
features of the safety machines at present so  
popular.

I have not attempted to enter into minute  
descriptions, but only to indicate the broad  
features of the various classes. The modifi-  
cations of the various types are numerous,  
and the improvements continually introduced  
are almost as many.

(THE END.)

## HAVE A PURPOSE.

Carlyle once asked an Edinburgh student  
what he was studying for. The youth replied  
that he had not quite made up his mind.  
There was a sudden flash of the old Scotch-  
man's eye, a sudden pulling down of the  
shaggy eyebrows, and the stern face grew  
sterner, as he said, "The man without a pur-  
pose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif,  
a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life,  
if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen  
well, but have a purpose; and having it,  
throw such strength of mind and muscle into  
your work as God has given you."



## RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOLDAYS IN GERMANY.

By C. F. DICK.

## CHAPTER I.



VIDENTLY it was the evening of the 6th of December. All the world knows that the 6th of December is St. Nicholas Day. You had only to look into the window of any cake-shop in Bastadt to know that. Nothing but gingerbread would meet your view. Gingerbread cut into all sorts of fantastic shapes. Pigs, officers, private soldiers, anything you can imagine. Pigs were a very favourite subject, and so were the officers and soldiers, Bastadt being a fortified town with a large garrison.

It is the custom among all folks in Germany to give away these cakes to one another on St. Nicholas Day, and, accordingly, schoolboys present to their beloved preceptor as huge a gingerbread as they can get, formed in whatsoever capricious mould may have struck their fancy. Each class has its own subscription for the purchase of a cake of the above description, and generally assembles on the evening of the 6th to bear in triumph the wonderful gift to its destination.

It was for this purpose the whole of the "Sexta," or sixth class of the Bastadt Gymnasium (as public schools are called in Germany), was assembled around the shop windows of Herr Meyer, the worthy confectioner they had thought fit to patronise on this occasion, awaiting the gingerbread they had ordered.

The Sexta is the lowest class of the upper school; in this class the dread study of Latin and other kindred terrors commences. Its members are distinguished by a blue cap of the well-known Prussian type, with a white cord round the edges. The class above, the Quinta, have a green cap, and the Quarta a red one, and so on to the immaculate white of the Prima. All the boys of the lower or preparatory school having brown caps.

Those of the Sexta who had first arrived at Herr Meyer's had to wait some time till all who had promised to come were there. As, however, the cake was not yet ready, the waiting did not matter. Meanwhile, Herr Meyer strenuously refused to admit more than two of his patrons within the precincts of his delicacies. "Two is enough of you," he vociferated; "there'll be no one in

the shop just these few minutes, when all the things are coming out of the oven, so I won't have the whole lot of you left alone here. You may choose deputies." So deputies had been chosen, and the two boys were now sitting with the full glare of the shop-light falling on their faces, awaiting Herr Meyer's return.

The one, by his light hair, his blue eyes, and his fair complexion is plainly a Saxon, a Saxon of the same blood that beats in the veins of English boys. His companion is of a very different appearance. His close-cut hair of a reddish hue, the freckles on his face, his high forehead and sparkling, intelligent eyes give him a shrewd, clever look. If not so good-looking, he was at least cleverer than the Saxon boy. The name of the first was Otto von der Walfen, that of the second Heinrich von Hohl. They were both strong and vigorous, Heinrich being slightly the taller of the two.

At last Herr Meyer appeared, rubbing his fat hands together. "All is ready," he said. "Here we come. It is as hot and fresh as you could wish." As he spoke his two assistants appeared, bearing between them a long board covered with hot, steaming cakes. The first of these, shaped like a lion rampant, three feet long and an inch thick in the thinnest part, was their cake, destined for Herr Czwalina, grim alike in name and nature, the master of the Sexta.

Every one now, despite all opposition, pressed into the shop to have a look at the wonderful animal. When it had been sufficiently regarded and admired it was carefully covered by one of the assistants, placed on a smaller board, and carried off by Otto and Heinrich, followed in a procession by all of the Sexta who were present.

Herr Czwalina was a bachelor, and lived in lodgings over a linendraper's shop in the Hobe Strasse, or High Street. Although bent on so peaceful an errand, it was yet with beating hearts that the procession drew up at the side door of the professor's abode, and, feeling like the hero in the tale who blows the magic horn before the giant's castle, Otto gave a rat-tat with the knocker and a pull at the bell. The servant informed them that the Herr Professor was upstairs in his room, and hither Otto and Heinrich, with eight or nine of the more adventurous pupils, mounted.

It was a very small room, with just the necessary table and chairs, etc. There was no carpet, for carpets are not in fashion in that part of Germany. Nevertheless, it contained the object of all their dread, the great Herr Czwalina himself, and with such an occupant the humblest garret would have appeared grand and imposing to them. Like many men of intellectual stature, Herr Czwalina was small in physique; his face was red, his eyes were of a greenish hue, and he was very stout. His mouth, tight-closed, showed firmness, and his eyebrows, which stood out boldly from his forehead, gave him a very ferocious appearance. He was considered very clever; indeed, the malicious-minded of his pupils said he knew more than he ought to. Moreover, though stout, he was active enough, and could wield the rod in a masterly and telling manner.

As his pupils now appeared before him, after gently knocking at the door and being told to enter, the professor was discovered sitting in an armchair calmly smoking a long pipe. "Good evening, my dear pupils," he said, blandly. "Good evening, sir," came from all. "I see you have brought me a St. Nicholas gift," he continued. "Let me see what wonderful shape you have chosen this year, and then before you go you must all of

you have a slice." Having spoken with this gracious condescension, the professor arose, smiling benignly on all around, and, with his pipe in one hand, stood whilst the huge cake was unwrapped from its many foldings on the little table.

The last fold was duly unwound, but alas! Was it magic? Was it the necromancy of the Herr Czwalina taking a mean advantage of his pupils? There on the table lay, not a lion, but the most artistic and portentous jackass that surely was ever shaped in gingerbread!

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the little man, in a voice that meant mischief, and in his wrath his pipe fell to the floor. "What is the meaning of it? Tell me von Hohl; you bring me here with all this ceremony—this—this insult. You carry it through the town, no doubt relating to all you meet your wicked intentions. Very well! Very well! you have yet to learn the strength of the rod I wield."

It was in vain that the crest-fallen boys sought to explain to him that it was a lion they had brought. "An ass in the lion's skin," said Herr Czwalina, grimly, "and you have no doubt dropped the skin. Very well! Very well! your skin shall pay for it."

Whatever was said by way of exculpation only produced direr threats. The gingerbread lay neglected and untouched. "Go," said the professor, angrily; "Go, I tell you! Go, do you hear?" And they were obliged to go.

## CHAPTER II.

THE whole Sexta was astonished; they agreed it could only have been done at the confectioner's; but Herr Meyer, though somewhat amused, roundly asserted that he knew nothing whatever about it. Disconsolate and mystified the Sexta returned home; a few only remained behind, cross-questioning the worthy confectioner. At last they too departed, but not for their homes. These were about to celebrate the festival of St. Nicholas as they only too frequently celebrated most festivals, by a surreptitious smoke. When once they had left the bright light of the shop, the biggest of them, a tall, good-natured boy named Hans Stockmann, said, "Come along, I've got some cigarettes; let's go and have a smoke somewhere and talk over this wonderful transformation scene." Of course smoking was strictly forbidden at the gymnasium, but not a few of the Sexta considered it grand to smoke cigarettes and pretend to like them! To Hans's proposal, therefore, all agreed except Otto. Otto was certainly no milksop, but he had promised his father never to smoke without his knowledge and permission, and had no intention of breaking his word. He bade his companions good night therefore and betook himself home.

He had not gone far, however, when he discovered, from the chill wind that blew against his throat, that he had lost something, his scarf was gone; to go home without this would have entailed a reprimand, if not worse, for Otto's father, like most Germans, was a very strict man. Otto distinctly remembered, too, where he had left his scarf; it was at the professor's, before whose door he was just passing. The next moment he was knocking for the second time that evening at the professor's door, and before he exactly knew what had happened, he found himself again in Herr Czwalina's presence.

"What is it you want?" asked the little



man. "Have you discovered anything about this atrocious effigy?"

Otto meekly explained what he had come for, and rushed off with the scarf, wondering at his own boldness in coming. The next day the various members of the Sexta assembled at the school in anxious expectation. The school began at eight in the winter and as early as seven in the summer. The old porter came briskly along and admitted the boys into the playground, a large space covered neither with grass nor gravel, adorned only with various gallows-like structures for gymnastics, a proficiency in which forms a great part of the German educational system.

The crowd of boys with their many-coloured caps rushed into the playground as soon as the gate was unlocked. After prayers had been said in the hall, they assembled in their various class-rooms. Every boy was at his desk in the Sexta, eagerly waiting, when the little Herr Czwalina stalked in and took his place on a slightly raised platform. "Boys," he said, "you all know I have been grossly insulted, either by one of you or by you all in combination. But before I investigate that affair I have a more serious breach of rules to punish. It has been reported to me that eight or nine of you indulged yesterday evening in the habit, so pernicious to the young, of smoking. I shall proceed to call the names of the offenders over, and as I do so will each boy named kindly step forward and receive the punishment due?"

One by one as their names were called, the boys advanced, and one by one did the Herr Professor grasp by the upper part of the trousers, and, drawing the unresisting victim across his knee, administer to him condign punishment with his venomous cane. The professor then inquired into the mystery of the cake, but as no victim seemed forthcoming, he proceeded, like a disappointed dragon, with the day's work.

When school was over the Sexta assembled in angry indignation. Who had played off the cake-trick on them? Who had told Czwalina of the smoking? A victim was required to satisfy the smarting martyrs.

"I'll tell you what," said Hans Stockmann, "Otto von der Walfen wouldn't smoke yesterday evening; Otto von der Walfen was one of the fellows who ordered the cake. It strikes me he's had something to do with this."

"Otto isn't a sneak," said Hermann Adler, who was Otto's great friend; "if he didn't smoke he went straight home."

Otto was silent as everybody looked at him; he remembered his visit to Czwalina, and felt very uncomfortable. Somebody called out "Sneak," and this was repeated by von Hohl and others.

"Suppose," said Stockmann, "that we have a grand review of the army this afternoon, as it is Wednesday, and hold a court-martial over Otto?"

This idea pleased the Sexta mightily, and Otto himself agreed that it would be the best thing, and went off with his friend Adler to concert his defence. Bastadt was a fortified town, surrounded with a thick wall and deep moat, and strongly garrisoned. Without the walls lay for miles and miles around various private gardens and orchards, belonging to the inhabitants, for there was very little room for these within the town, as you can easily imagine. One of these gardens belonged to the parents of a boy in the Sexta named Sittow, and he and his friends had been allowed to do as they liked in it. The great amusement of the Sexta and other boys in the school was the formation of mimic armies; and Sittow's garden formed the headquarters of one of the most numerous and best appointed of these. German boys see a good deal of soldiering in their lives, so it is no wonder that they should try to get some amusement out of it whilst they are young.

To Sittow's garden, the headquarters of their army, the Sexta proceeded that afternoon, looking very much as if in uniform

from the similarity of their blue caps. Each carried a wooden sword by his side and a pea-shooter, with a good store of ammunition in the shape of peas. Sentinels were at once posted at the gates. The officers, distinguished by medallions, began to muster their men. Scouts were sent out in search of laggards. At last all were ready, and the army drew up in a long line three deep. The regimental band, consisting of three whistles and a drum, struck up the only tune it knew—the German National Anthem—and the whole army presented arms as General Sittow rode down the line with his staff, consisting of Lieut.-Colonel von Hohl, Major Stockmann, and others, for the army was well officered, and all the officers insisted on being on the staff.

One familiar figure was absent; Lieut.-Colonel von der Walfen was, it was well known, under arrest in the summer-house.

The soldiers stood at "attention" as the general, having inspected the line, advanced to a small mound of earth—his tribunal—and proceeded to address the army: "My men," he began, "I have a painful duty to perform. An officer, well-beloved and trusted of you, lies under the terrible suspicion of being a traitor and deceiver. Lieut.-Colonel von der Walfen is about to be tried for treachery by court-martial. If any one has any evidence to offer he must step forward at the right time. Let the prisoner be brought forward. Soldiers, you can stand at ease."

This timely order was immediately followed by a buzz of conversation. Meanwhile Otto was brought forward in the custody of two privates. The general seated himself on a broken-down chair, the rest of the staff improvised seats of whatever they could find—boxes, cases, etc. Although December, it was a warm, mild day. General Sittow, amid intense excitement, explained the case. The prisoner, he stated, had refused to smoke on the previous evening, though well aware that the others were about to. The smoking had become known to their common enemy in some mysterious manner, and had resulted in the severe and insulting maltreatment of all concerned. Another thing, too, was laid to the prisoner's charge—that he had forfeited the trust reposed in him, and had rendered them all liable to severe attacks from the enemy by causing them to present him with an effigy, which, however faithful a likeness, could not fail to arouse his wrath. Such is an abstract of the much-meditated speech of General Sittow, which he had composed whilst hastily swallowing his luncheon. The "Enemy" was the usual title by which Herr Czwalina was known to his beloved pupils.

Otto had not much to state on his own behalf. He was obliged to confess that he had not smoked, and that he had returned to Herr Czwalina that evening, but only to get his scarf. "I neither told him about the smoking, nor had I anything to do with the change in the cake," he asserted, as he finished.

The Sexta had listened in ominous silence—a silence which boded ill for Otto. Suddenly there was a stir in the back rank of the army, and a boy stepped forward. He was a rather small boy, and one of his legs had irons on, as though he were lame.

"What do you want, Märtz?" asked General Sittow.

"I am going to be a witness," said Märtz. "I know Otto had nothing whatever to do with the cake affair, because I did it."

"You did it?" said the whole staff in chorus. "Yes," answered the boy, with an apparent calmness which his pale face belied, "and all alone too." Then he proceeded: "You know I wanted to give a thaler toward buying the cake, because that was more than any one else had given; and Von Hohl said I was a little donkey, and that I had better keep it to buy sweets. So then I wouldn't give anything; but I went to Herr Meyer's when one of the assistants was in the shop

alone, and he agreed for my thaler to make, in addition to a lion on one side of the cake, a donkey on the other; and I asked him to print on the lion in big letters, 'To our master the lion, from his donkey subjects,' and if Czwalina had read that he would surely not have been angry."

There was an ominous pause, broken by Sittow laughing heartily.

"You've got us all into a fine mess!" he cried. "What do you intend to do now?"

With an air of great importance Märtz produced a letter from his breast-pocket. "I have written," he said, "to apologise to Czwalina, and to point out the mistake. A gentleman can do no more than that," he added, with true German gravity. Sittow and the others demanded to see the letter, but as Märtz had sealed it with great magnificence this was impossible.

Meanwhile the court-martial proceeded. As no more witnesses were forthcoming, the army proceeded to vote their opinion of Otto's guilt. Each boy wrote on a piece of paper whether he thought Otto guilty or not, and after a long delay Sittow announced that on the charge of the cake Von der Walfen was acquitted, but on the more serious charge he had been found guilty by a majority of one. Otto appeared unconcerned. "As every one is not here you ought to vote again," he said. "Who is absent?" asked the general. "Herman Adler," answered Otto. But the staff refused to vote again, especially as they asserted that Adler was absent by Otto's connivance, which he could not deny, and the demand appeared a wretched quibble to the indignant Sexta. Accordingly Sittow, mounting his tribunal, proceeded to pass sentence on the unfortunate Otto, who was condemned to be shot to death—that is, as near death as is possible with pea-shooters; after which process he would be regarded as dead as far as concerned the "Sextarian legions," as the army dubbed itself.

Already the Sexta was preparing with malicious glee to pay back the slaughter of the morning on its supposed cause. The victim stood pale and unflinching, but nevertheless gazing warily around for possible holes in hedges through which to escape; but how often, when the innocent are at the point of death, has the breathless messenger dashed in with the pardon. Not less breathless did Herman Adler at that moment burst through the garden-gate and shout to the executioners to desist, whilst he narrated how, determined to save his friend, he had ventured into the very jaws of the lion and demanded of the dread Czwalina himself how he had discovered the smoking.

"And what did he say?" asked the eager multitude. "He said he had been told by Herr von Hohl who had found out from his son," answered Herman, looking indignantly at the culprit. A glance at von Hohl sufficed for the Sexta, and the next moment they were having their revenge.

As for the professor, I believe he was fully satisfied with Märtz's letter, which was rather a curiosity in its way, and he invited the whole Sexta next week to come and eat up the donkey!

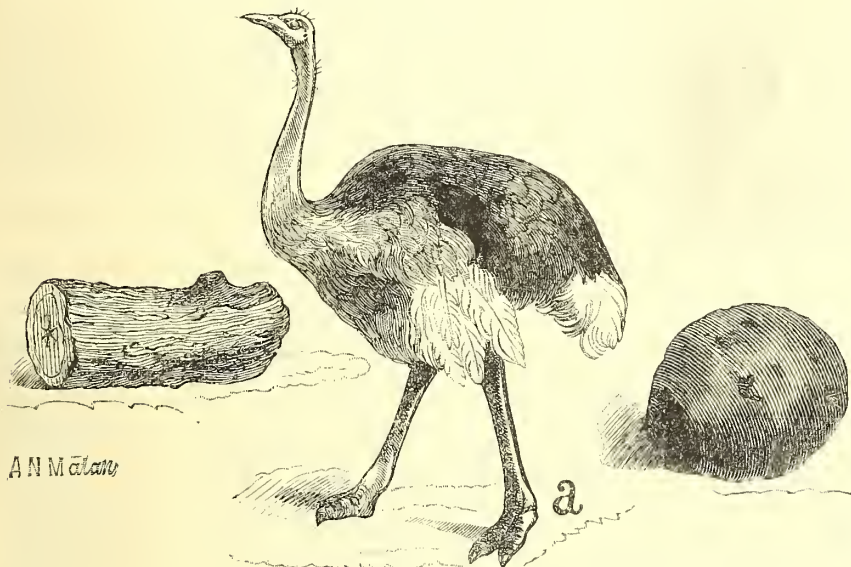




# HOMERIC PUZZLE.

CHRYSES, priest of Apollo, came to the Greek ships to redeem his daughter, bringing a countless ransom. Leaning on his golden sceptre, he addressed his supplication to all the Greeks, and specially to the two sons of Atreus, rulers of the people. The first word

he uttered was of three syllables, distinctly pronounced: "A-tri-dæ."—*Hom. II. i. 12-16.* The English names of the figures represented below, written in Greek characters, describe the effect of that utterance, in Greek words.



## SQUARE WORDS, ETC.

By H. M. PAULL.

IN the Christmas Number of the B. O. P. I wrote a short paper on a few forms of amusement for winter evenings, amongst them that of squaring words. A good many correspondents have been fired with the ambition to accomplish the two feats there proposed, viz., to square BOYS without using a proper name, and to square a six-letter word.

BOYS is simple enough, the second word once obtained, OBOE. For instance:

BOYS	BOYS
OBOE	OBOE
YOUR	YORE
SERF	SEED

The only alternative second word is OGEE.

BOYS  
OGEE  
YELL  
SELF

A considerable number of solutions have been sent in.

To pass to the more difficult puzzle. Here the successful solutions are much fewer. Some boys have misconceived the conditions of the game, and have proudly remarked that there was not much difficulty in making the square, which has consisted of six words in the form of an acrostic. Others have extensive ideas as to what constitutes a fair English word, though I grant that the limit is not easy to define. Wherever the line be drawn, however, I think we may assume that the following words are outside it:

Lemurs, ensate, enesei, panada, erasen, esture, atacal, hecyte, erosit.

Of course some of these can be found in a dictionary, but I do not think many boys would know their meaning without its aid.

B. G. T. sends a tolerable square of FARMER.

FARMER  
AROUSE  
ROASTS  
MUSCAT  
ESTATE  
RESTED

Except muscat this is nnexceptional.  
W. H. W. sends

MATTER  
ARRIVE  
TROPES  
TIPPLE  
EVELYN  
RESENT

This also contains one proper name.  
H. B. Y. R. is successful to the same extent.

Humphrey Golding does better—

CASTLE  
ASTRAL  
STRAND  
TRANCE  
LANCES  
ELDEST

Very good.

Only two others have succeeded, but these have succeeded to perfection.

AMENDS  
MINION  
ENABLE  
NIBBLE  
DOLLAR  
SNEERS

MEAGRE  
EAGLES  
AGHAST  
GLANCE  
RESCUE  
ESTEEM

James Ferguson is the author of the first, and Gertrude Vivian of the second.

One boy announces his intention of squaring a seven-letter word. This would be a still more difficult feat, but I presume not impossible. I should like to see a successful attempt.

There is a word game which is all the rage just now; columns of the newspapers are devoted to advertisements of it. The object is to make as many words as possible out of a given word: e.g., *furnace*, from which can be obtained fern, fan, fun, ran, ace, care, carn, and many more. Until you try you have no idea how many can be made; out of longer words, like Constantinople, many hundreds can be formed. I do not, however, see much fun in plodding through a dictionary in games, and we never use one. The way we play is to see who can make the greatest number of words in five minutes. Here are those I extracted from *acronaut*, a list I am not very proud of. Aorta, aeon, era, ear, carn, eat, rat, rot, rut, rant, roe, roan, ran, run, oat, on, one, oar, ore, oaten, o, nature, not, note, noter, nut, a, at, an, are, ate, urn, turn, tun, tar, tan, tou, too, ten, toe, torn, tore, tear, tare, tone, tarn, tuner, tour, tune.

Of course there are dozens more, but when one is working against time one's faculties seem to get paralysed during the last minute, and such simple words as art escape notice.

A good variation is to try how many two-syllable words can be found in a word.

For example, in *clementary*. Amongst others are mental, lament, enter, many, neater, eater, metre, meter.

We became bolder, and tried to find three-syllable words. *Rudimentary* was the word given. Rudiment, dietary, diary, mediary, tardier. Still another variation is to take only words of five letters, e.g., out of *dictionary*. Diary, dairy, ratio, drain, train.

[This being Jubilee year, we shall be happy to give a prize of ONE GUINEA to the reader of the B. O. P. who sends us by June 21st the longest and best list of words formed from

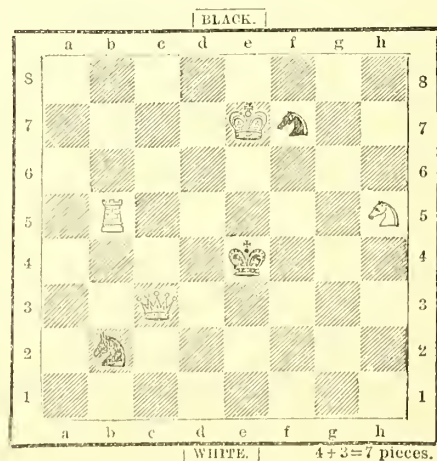
VICTORIA REGINA.]

## CHESS.

(Continued from page 495.)

### Problem No. 172.

By P. G. L. F.



White to play, and mate in two (2) moves.



## SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM No. 162.—1, R to B 6, Kt×B or to B 4 or Q 3. 2, R×Kt, Kt×P or to B 3. 2, B×Kt, Kt to Kt 4 or 6. 2, R to K Kt 6, Kt to B 7. 2, B to Q 4, K to Kt 2 mate.

PROBLEM No. 163.—1, P—Q 3, P×P (ch.) (or a, b). 2, K×P, any move. 3, B or Kt mates.—(a) P—B 6. 2, B—B 2, any. 3, P or Kt mates.—(b) K—Q 5. 2, B—B 2 (ch.), K—K 4. 3, P—Q 4 mate.

PROBLEM No. 164.—First the K against the three Pawns only. 1, K—Kt 2, P—Kt 4. 2, K—Kt 3, P—B 4. 3, K—B 3, P—R 4 (or a). 4, K—Kt 2, P—Kt 5 (or b). 5, K—Kt 3 and wins.—(b) P—B 5. 5, K—B 3, P—R 4. 6, K—Kt 4 and wins.—(a) P—Kt 5 (ch.). 4, K—Kt 3, P—R 4. 5, K—Kt 2, P—B 5. 6, K—B 2, P—B 6 (or c, d). 7, K—Kt 3, P—R 5 (ch.). 8, K—B 2, P—R 6. 9, K—Kt 3 and wins.—(c) P—R 5. 7, K—Kt sq., P—B 6. 8, K—B 2, P—R 6. 9, K—Kt 3 and wins.—(d) P—Kt 6 (ch.). 7, K—B 3, P—R 5. 8, K—Kt 2 and wins.

The diagram.—White plays 1, K—K 2, K—Q 2. 2, K—B 3, K—B 3. 3, P—R 4, P—R 4. 4, P—B 4, P—B 4. 5, K—Kt 3, K—Kt 3. 6, P—Kt 4, P—Kt 4. (If Black play 6, K—Kt 2, then 7, P—R 5.) 7, P—R 5 (ch.), K—R 3. 8, P—B 5 (Black must now move between the Pawns, else the B's P advances, or play) P—R 5 (ch.). 9, K—R 3, K—Kt 4 (or a). 10, K—R 2, P—B 5. 11, K—Kt 2, P—Kt 5. 12, K—Kt sq., P—B 6. 13, K—B 2, P—R 6. 14, K—Kt 3 and wins.—(a) P—B 5. 10, P—B 6, P—B 6. 11, P—Kt 5 (ch.), K—R 2. 12, P—B 7, P—Kt 5 (ch.). 13, K—R 2, K—Kt 2. 14, P—Kt 6, P—Kt 6 (ch.). 15, K—Kt sq. and wins (for if P checks, then 16, K—B sq., and if P—R 6, then 16, P checks and wins).

PROBLEM No. 165.—1, Q—Q 5 (ch.), K—Q 6. 2, Q—B 4 (ch.), K—K 5. 3, Q—Kt 5, any move. 4, Q mates at Q 5, K 2 or K B 5 accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 166.—1, Kt×P, and 2, B, Kt, or R mates.

## To Chess Correspondents.

H. A.—You think R. A. Brown ought to have been mentioned among the forty-three composers of page 176, and you say he is the first Englishman who published his collection. We were inclined to place him there, and referred to Miles's book and other miscellaneous collections, but could not find anything sufficiently good by him to justify us in doing so, and consequently mentioned him on page 320. We have since then written to J. A. Miles, and he agrees with us. It appears to us that W. Lewis can claim a higher place than R. A. Brown. The forty-three names have been copied in the "Deutsche Schachzeitung," which is the oldest monthly periodical on chess, for it is now in its forty-second year.

D. S. (London, N.)—Your three-mover contains several superfluous pieces. You might arrange it thus:—White, K—Q 6; Rs—K 8 and K R 8; Kts—K B 8 and K Kt 8; P—K 5. Black, K—Q B 2; B—K Kt 4; Ps—Q 2, K 2 and K Kt 2. (6+5=11 pieces.)

Problem No. 158 solved by F. H. G. F., and "Sanctus Andreas."

G. N. U. O. Y.—No. 159 cannot be solved by 1, Q—Q R sq., for K—B 2; 2, Q—K sq., B—B sq., and there is no mate.

O. A. B.—Your four-mover of 9×6 pieces will be examined.

T. H.—The Italian monthly periodical "Nuova Rivista degli Scacchi" is now in its thirteenth year, and published at Livorno (Toscana), Via dei Florida, 1.

F. M.—Ihre No. 42 muss noch ein schwarzes N el gegen 1, P e 2 haben.



## Correspondence.

J. C. (Lanes.)—1. You can obtain "Boston Monday Evening Lectures" from Dickinson, Farrington Street, London. 2. Whately's "Logic" and "Rhetoric" would probably suit you. They could be ordered, with the Boston Lectures, through any bookseller.

A. M.—"Some of our Fellows" appeared in Vol. II. of the B. O. P.

W. W. (Havre.)—The articles in our February numbers (March part) supply the latest information in regard to our merchant navy, and particularly as regards the transatlantic steamers. We cannot repeat.

FALCON.—It depends entirely on what you mean. "Two teaspoonsful" would refer correctly to the contents rather than the spoon; "two teaspoons full" would only be used when the reference was rather to the number of spoons than to the quantity of contents.

CLYDE.—The numbers containing the swimming articles are now out of print. Other papers will, however, be given in due course.

ALBATROSS.—It is entirely a matter of arrangement. When no premium is paid, the salary, if any, would in most cases be merely nominal.

SHORTHAND.—We have had no papers on shorthand, but have the subject under consideration. For parrots refer to our back volumes. We have given articles, with two coloured plates.

N. MICK.—We do not see that you can do anything with the bird. It has got a fright, and will hardly recover it. Hang the cage in a cheerful place, feed well, and keep quiet.

K. S.—1. Rabbits breed after six months old. 2. Certainly give water. 3. "The Practical Rabbit-Keeper" (Messrs. Cassell and Co.).

ROB ROY MCGREGOR.—No pigeons want harder food than broken biscuits.

W. C. C.—Age of rabbits? Young ones are bright and clear in eye, sharp and light in colour of claws, and active-looking in every way. Any large breed for the table, and say Himalayans for fancy, or Dutch, or silver-grey, or even Angora.

JUVENIS CHEMICUS.—Thanks, but they are not in the least like it. The elements and their symbols are—Aluminium Al, Antimony Sb, Arsenic As, Barium Ba, Bismuth Bi, Boron B, Bromine Br, Cadmium Cd, Calcium Ca, Carbon C, Cerium Ce, Chlorine Cl, Chromium Cr, Cobalt Co, Copper Cu, Didymium D, Erbium E, Fluorine F, Glucium Gl, Gold Au, Hydrogen H, Indium In, Iodine I, Iridium Ir, Iron Fe, Lanthanum La, Lead Pb, Lithium Li, Magnesium Mg, Mercury Hg, Molybdenum Mo, Nickel Ni, Niobium Nb, Nitrogen N, Osmium Os, Oxygen O, Palladium Pd, Phosphorus P, Platinum Pt, Potassium K, Rhodium Rh, Rubidium Rb, Ruthenium Ru, Selenium Se, Silicon Si, Silver Ag, Sodium Na, Strontium Sr, Sulphur S, Tantalum Ta, Tellurium Te, Thallium Tl, Thorium Th, Tin Sn, Titanium Ti, Tungsten W, Uranium U, Vanadium V, Yttrium Y, Zinc Zn, Zirconium Zr.

AMATEUR.—See our articles on Athletic Training in the second volume.

A. B. C. (Lee.)—If you will send your full name and address here a collecting-card for our "Boy's Own Home of Rest" shall be forwarded to you.

IN EARNEST.—Your best plan would be to apply at the Government Emigration Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster. It is a Government office in connection with the Colonial Office, and the officials have no interest in misrepresentation. You will there get the best information up to the hour you apply, and it will be quite independent of the desire of any colonial agents in London to encourage or discourage the emigration of any particular class. The cheapest way is by sailing-vessel, but the voyage takes three times as long.

F. GLASGOW.—One of the presentation plates in the second volume showed the various rigs now common in English waters; and in the first and third volumes we had plates of the national flags. Get some such book as Burney's "Young Seaman's Manual;" or call in at any nautical bookseller's.

G. G. J.—When a vessel "reaches" she is sailing with a side wind—that is, a wind at right angles to her length. When she "beats" she is sailing with a wind forming an acute angle with her bow—with more or less of a head wind, in fact. When she "ruus" the wind forms an acute angle with her stern—is more or less of a fair wind, in fact. The reach is exactly half-way between the beat and the run; the wind, being thus "a-beam," is called "a sodger's wind," from its giving the easiest of all sailing.

W. LOWE.—Apply to Messrs. Melhuish, of Fetter Lane. You would find their catalogue of tools, price one shilling, of great use to you.

W. G.—The specimen sent is a piece of carnelian, that is, flesh-coloured chalcedony, but it is not as clear as it might be. The colour is due to iron.

F. LATTER (Southsea).—The best way to take patterns of fretwork is to heelball them as if they were brasses. Get your heelball from a shoemaker's or a grinders shop, and use thinish tough paper.

SAWDUST.—You would find "Every Man his own Mechanic," published by Ward, Lock, and Co., the most useful book. Our articles were in each of the first three volumes.

HUSSARS.—Being under age you must obtain your parents' consent. You should go to the recruiting depot at St. George's Barracks and inquire of the officer in charge.

A. C. H. DIXON.—The word "waits" is said to come from "wayghtes," which was the old name of the hautboy; the performers getting the name of the instrument, much as we speak of "the drums," or "the fifes," or "the fiddles," or "the woods." The hautboy was a much commoner instrument a century or so ago.

BIBLIO.—There is a "Guide to Cambridge University," published by Messrs. Deighton, Bell, and Co., of Cambridge, which gives full particulars as to expenses and method of entrance, scholarships, etc.

SIRIUS.—1. The articles on "How to make an Astronomical Telescope" were in the June part for 1884. 2. To ascertain the solidity of a sphere multiply the surface by 0.133, the cube of the diameter by 0.5236, the cube of the radius by 4.1888, or the cube of the circumference by 0.016887. 3. Greenwich mean time is kept throughout England. Local time is not recognised. 4. During February Jupiter was between Virgo and Libra.

J. HARRIS.—See answer to SIRIUS. We never had an article on making an ordinary telescope. The heading was "An Astronomical Telescope."

NEVER SAY DIE.—You will have to be apprenticed for about four years to an engineering firm where marine engines are made; then you ship as assistant-engineer; then you become certificated, and go as second engineer; and after a year's service you are eligible for a berth as chief engineer. You can go as engine-room boy on board ship, and get moved up to be fourth or third engineer, in which capacity you must serve four years before you are eligible to pass your first examination. But the first way is the best. Your apprenticeship should begin when you are about fifteen.

A. CLUTTERBUCK.—Feed well, and wash once a week. Use a little compound sulphur ointment on bare places.

A NEW FANCIER.—You cannot expect to get pigeons of any value for 1s. 8d. a pair. Can you wonder at being taken in? We will consider your other suggestion.

J. HOLTON.—You do not feed correctly. The bantams should have a grass run and plenty of old lime and sand, a dust-bath, etc.

ROBER.—Rabbit has caught cold and probably the mange. Is your hutch clean? See to that. Feed regularly and well.

A. GREENHILL.—Ferret rats any time. Rabbits only in autumn and winter.

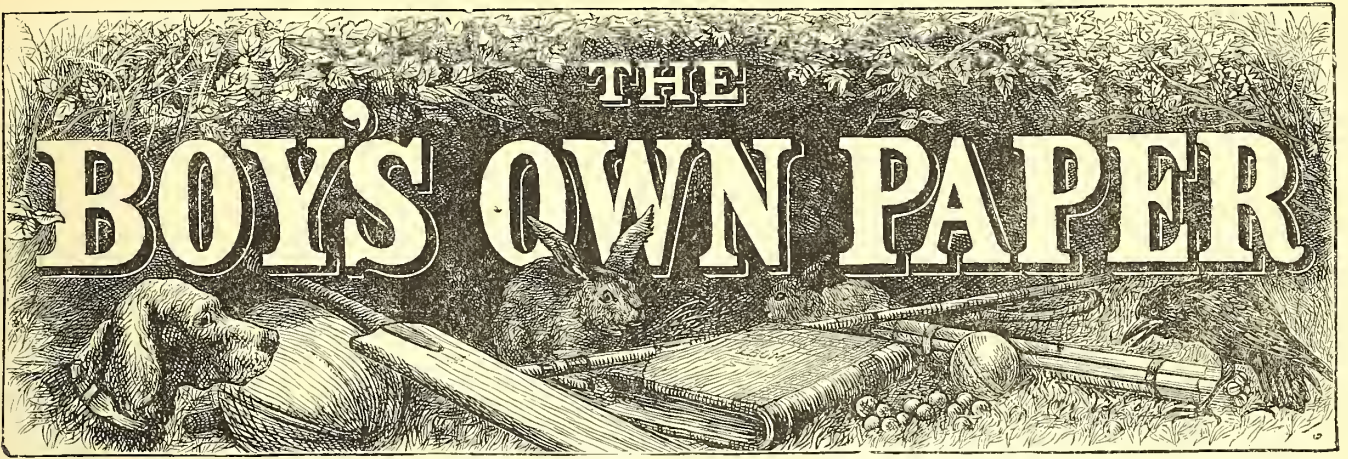
THRUX.—Ordinary perfumed olive oil. But nothing will make strong, stubby hair lie in the right direction.

E. THOMPSON.—Yes, the jumping killed the litter. Arrange your hutch differently.

W. A. FRENCH.—A mixture of old gravelly lime from walls, with a handful or two of salt mixed in a lump with a little water.

ELIZA.—Put enough saffron in the drinking-water to tinge it yellow, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of chlorate of potash. Afterwards put a rusty nail in the water as a tonic, and feed well; but avoid hemp and the butter you are giving.

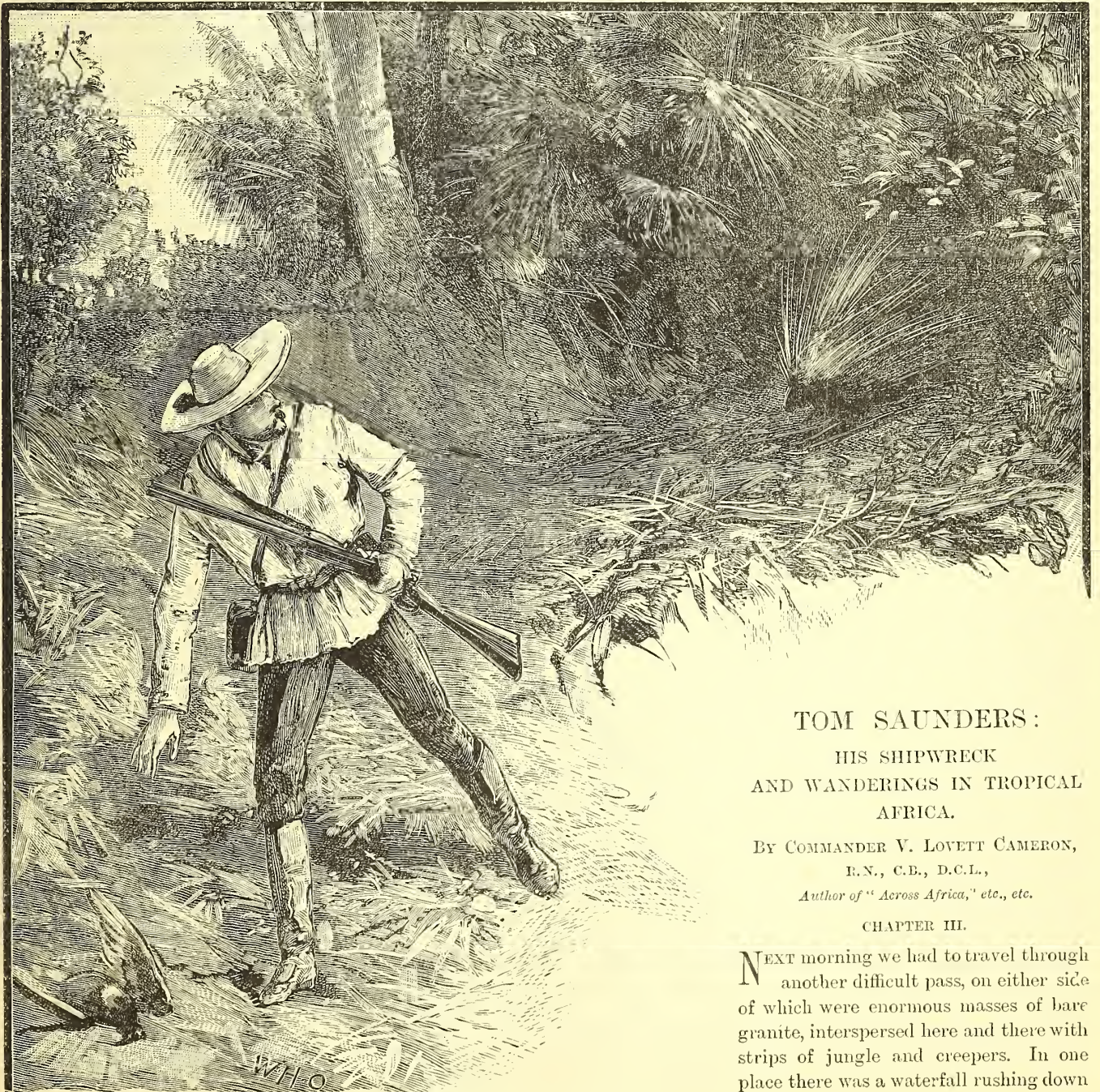




No. 436.—Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1887.

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## TOM SAUNDERS :

HIS SHIPWRECK  
AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL  
AFRICA.

BY COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON,  
R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,  
*Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER III.

NEXT morning we had to travel through another difficult pass, on either side of which were enormous masses of bare granite, interspersed here and there with strips of jungle and creepers. In one place there was a waterfall rushing down

"I heard a strange rattling noise."



the face of a precipice a hundred and fifty feet high, and, nourished by the vapour and spray, the rocks were covered with ferns, creepers, and air plants.

Close below this waterfall ran a stream, on the banks of which were a few trees, and here I saw a sight which will never fade from my memory as long as I live. To three of these trees three men had been secured by their slave-forks, and there left to die. At first, as the bodies were erect, I thought that they were alive, but a carrion crow seated on the head of one, and which only flew away when we drew near, undeceived me. The unfortunate wretches had been unable to march, and their inhuman owners, sooner than free them and give them a chance for their lives, had lashed them to stakes planted in the ground and had fastened the ends of the slave-forks to the trees, and left them to end their lives thus miserably. I spoke warmly to Pedro and Baptista about the inhuman barbarity of the men who could have acted thus, but they only replied, "What can you do? If every slave that says he can't march is set free, the whole body of slaves will lie down and protest that they cannot move, and the merchant will lose all the fruits of his labour and industry." Nor could I in any way persuade them that the men who fastened these poor wretches here to die had been guilty of the grossest cruelty.

Immediately after this we clambered up a rocky ravine, and soon were walking through a shady wood scented by jasmine and other creepers, hundreds of feet above the bottom of the gorge along which we had been travelling; and under foot was short grass, which formed a pleasant change after the alternate rocks and mud which had formed our path below. Here and there small rills crossed our road, and, plunging over the rocks on our right, fell down in waterfalls and cascades to join the river in the bottom of the pass.

I carried a very serviceable fowling-piece, which Senhor Ferreira had given me; and seeing that there was every probability of my finding some bird or beast which would afford a meal at our next camp, I kept my eyes well open, and I was fortunate enough soon to come upon some pigeons, of which, after some misses, I managed to shoot a couple, and running to pick them up, I heard a strange rattling noise, and, looking to where it proceeded from, I saw an animal about the size of a bull-terrier dog covered with enormous bristles, which it was shaking as if in rage. I did not know what the creature could be, and fired at once at its head, which I blew all to pieces. Calling to my men, they came to pick it up, and made me understand that it was very good, and on examining the quills I found that it was a porcupine, and it and the pigeons were carefully carried off.

We soon came out from our pleasant woods upon a rough and broken plain almost destitute of trees, with huge blocks of granite scattered about, and beyond we saw yet another range of mountains.

Midway across this plain, close to one of the largest of the granite masses, which my companions told me was called Kutwe ya Ombwa, or Dog's Head, we found a large camp, where we halted for the night.

I set my boys to pluck the pigeons, and

roasted them on a ramrod. I gave my boys the porcupine for themselves, as, though they said it was very good, I could not relish the idea of eating it. They were delighted with the prize, and not only made a meal of it themselves, but managed to dispose of a portion of the carcass to the pombeiros for some of the much loved aguardiente. I was fairly astonished by the way in which these men drank this evil-smelling and ardent spirit with apparent impunity. The whole of the porters seemed almost to live upon it. A handful or two of porridge, as far as I could see, formed their whole solid food for the day; but before starting in the morning and after arriving in camp in the evening, they drank as if drinking was the sole end of their being. I should have thought that, living like this, they would have been unable to do hard work, but they all carried heavy loads, and I was assured that some of the Bailunda spent more than half their lives on the road between Bihé and Benguella, and always carried on in a similar manner.

From Kutwe ya Ombwa our course led through the hills in front of us, and these were more pleasant than those we had already passed, for they were covered with vegetation; and villages surrounded by plantations of corn, sweet potatoes, and ground nuts were constantly passed, and when we arrived at their summit we saw stretched in front of us a scene of the finest beauty.

There were still many hills, but there were also wide valleys and spreading plains, in which were wooded knolls crowned by villages of thatched huts, whilst fields and plantations were full of busy labourers. Never in all my African travels did I see a more prosperous or peaceful scene. Far away to the north I could see a most extraordinary peak of rock which stood up alone like a giant obelisk, and which I was told was called *Temba Lui*, or the "devil's forefinger." This stood up as if held in warning against my proceeding any farther into the dim and vast interior, and if I had known all that I was to encounter before I again heard the music of the surf beating on the coast, I think I should have attended to the mute warning and retraced my steps then and there, but I suppressed the foreboding which I felt, and hastened on with my comrades to enjoy the smiling landscape which lay stretched before us.

Our Bailunda porters were now entering into their own land, and at every village they passed a halt was called for gossip and drinking, and I soon saw that the stock of aguardiente the porters had with them would be rapidly exhausted, and that as soon as they got to their homes they would want to start again to the coast to lay in a fresh supply.

Our camp in the evening was under a hill with a side like a cliff, on top of which was perched a village, which my hammock-men told me was notorious for the number of wizards or fetishmen who dwelt there. Into this village no strangers were allowed to enter, but soon after we had halted a party of four men came down into our camp to extort payment from us for protection against the evil spirits who were rumoured to infest the woods in front, and who, unless these people were propitiated, we were told, would work many evil deeds against us. I was curious to hear what these

"spirits" were and if ever they had been seen, and was told that they had often been seen by the inhabitants of Humbi, as the village was called, but that very few other people who had seen them had survived, and that they were most terrible to look upon. They were of the form of men, but of surprising stature; and some had horns like buffaloes and teeth like lions, and I was assured that one of them could put a hundred men to flight, and that guns, spears, and arrows were of no avail against them.

Thinks I to myself, these are a very corporeal sort, and I will even keep a look-out for them and try what the effect of a good charge of buckshot may have on one of them if they come playing any of their tomfoolery on me.

I asked Pedro and Baptista, whom I thought, having received some education, might be more trusted than the porters, to give me a true account of what their opinion was, but they seemed even more frightened than my hammock-men, whom I had spoken to before, and said that it would be sure to bring disaster on us if I did as I said. I was foiled here, but could not help thinking that there was something under the reluctance of the pombeiros to give me the information besides a terror of the demons.

Next day, soon after starting, I saw what looked like clouds low down, moving across above the trees, and these were so thick as almost, and in some cases quite, to hide the sun, and I could see that all the caravan were regarding them very seriously, and I tried hard to find out what they were fearing. The pombeiros, when I questioned them, said that it was bad luck, and that it had all come of my talking slightly of the evil spirits the evening before, and that they would tell me nothing, as I was a heretic.

As we went on these clouds became larger and more numerous, and in places that we passed every scrap of green had vanished as if the country had been burnt or scorched. As we passed these places my carriers pointed to the mysterious clouds which were puzzling me, and gave me to understand that this appearance had been caused by them. I got still and still more puzzled about this, and it was not till just before sunset, and some time after we had formed our camp, that the mystery was explained. I was lying down in my tent resting myself when I heard cries outside mingled with a sound as of rushing wind. I jumped up to see my tent properly secured, but on getting outside found that it was a dead calm, and that the noise was caused by the fluttering of the wings of myriads of locusts, and in a few minutes the ground was covered with them to the depth of two or three inches, and one could not move a step without crushing them. These locusts were what had formed the clouds that had been puzzling me all day long, and now I found that if they fell on any cultivated ground the wizards of Humbi would at once say that it was caused by our presence, and would incite the people to demand compensation from us.

In the meantime all hands were busy collecting the insects, which some of the men ate raw, merely tearing off the legs and wings, while others, more dainty, pre-



pared them by smoking them over small fires of damp and green wood. My ham-mock-bearers pressed me to eat some, but the idea of eating grasshoppers was too much for me, and I refused. Far into the night I could hear boughs of trees breaking down under the weight of locusts and the noise of people collecting them.

When I awoke in the morning the sight was a curious one, for not only was the ground covered with locusts, but the trees also, and every twig and branch seemed more than double its natural size, the insects having clustered on them in layers. Everywhere we could see people from the neighbouring villages collecting the harvest which had thus suddenly been granted them, and small trees were cut down and limbs lopped off larger ones in order that the locusts on them might be more easily collected. As soon as the rays of the sun fell on the locusts they seemed to commence to recover from the torpor in which the cold

of the night had plunged them, and a sound of the whirring of their wings as they worked them previous to taking flight sounded like the distant sough of the surf on a shingly beach. As soon as the outer layer moved off the next began their suppling gymnastics in order to regain the use of their wings, and in five-and-twenty minutes from the time the locusts had first commenced to stir their wings all were in full flight towards the westward.

All now seemed going as merry as a marriage bell; our men were shouldering their loads in preparation for the start, while the natives seemed delighted at having secured, with so little trouble, such a large supply of a favourite food. Suddenly, however, there was a complete change, and the natives gathered round us with threatening gestures and commanded us to stay where we were; and arms, which up to this had been invisible, began to appear in their hands in increasing numbers as parties kept hurry-

ing up from the villages. All round us we could hear the beating of the big war-drums in measured cadence, evidently replying to and carrying signals.

We returned into camp and stacked our loads. I asked the pombeiros what was the reason of the hostility so suddenly evinced towards us. They said they could not tell, but that all they knew was that the drums of Humbi had signalled that we should be detained, and that doubtless the reason was because I had spoken disrespectfully of the devils, who had complained to their friends the fetishmen of Humbi.

Soon after we had returned into our camp a chief, preceded by warriors bearing shields and spears, and people beating on drums and blowing horns, arrived in a litter on the shoulders of eight men, and said that no one was to leave the camp until a party of fetishmen from Humbi arrived to inquire into crimes of which we had been guilty.

(To be continued.)

## THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER;

OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chrums," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER VI.

To their surprise, Mrs. Owen made no objections whatever; their request was granted as soon as asked. The fact was that Bucknill had already been to Mrs. Owen to see if he could get Lee changed to another room, as he did not care to have him in his room for fear of Lee's reporting in his letters home the misdoings which were only too frequent. Mrs. Owen, too, seeing that he was young and inexperienced, wished to remove him from a dormitory where she knew he would be likely to learn little good.

"That's all right," said Glubb, in a satisfied tone, glad to have found a fresh auditor. "We have good times in our room, I can tell you, except that young Richards always goes to sleep and gets nightmares and wakes up yelling just at the crisis. But I know a way to keep him awake."

"How?"

"Never mind; you wait!"

Lee went through his afternoon school with more satisfaction; he did not feel so utterly lonely. Besides, though it was only his second appearance in class, he had already fallen into the ways of the school to a certain extent. He had found out that it was wise to efface himself as far as possible. If he asked questions or made himself conspicuous in any way he was sure to bring notice upon himself, which he was more comfortable without, for he discovered that almost all he knew went for nothing, the principles on which the teaching was conducted were so different from those to which he had been accustomed.

When tea-time came he sat at his allotted table, which was at some distance from that honoured by Glubb's presence. Tea was nearly over, when he thought he noticed his new friend making efforts to catch his eye.

It was difficult to be quite sure, for

Glubb's spectacles concealed his eyes. Whatever was the object of his gestures, Lee could not make head or tail of them.

Glubb recognised this fact before long, and resorted to more direct measures.

"Please, Anthony," he said to the monitor at his table, "may I speak to Lee?"

It was a known rule that no one was to leave his seat during a meal, nor talk to any one at another table.

"Wait till after tea," replied Anthony.

"But 'twill be too late then."

"Can't help it," said Anthony; "you should have thought of it before you came in. What is it about?"

"Something private," said Glubb.

"Bosh!" was the monitor's response, with which reply Glubb had to be content. He tried the desperate plan of writing a note to flip over to Lee in a pellet of bread, but Anthony told him to stop writing.

Just before grace Mr. Partridge called out, "New boys remain behind!" Glubb saw that it was too late to interfere, and left the room with the others, darting a final incomprehensible glance at Lee as he passed.

The new boys wondered why they had been detained. Mr. Partridge left the room, and no one remained except Anthony.

"Do you know what they're going to do with us, please?" asked the boldest of the juveniles.

"Nothing very awful," replied Anthony; "don't be afraid."

They did not feel very comfortable, however, when they saw a strange master enter the room, followed almost immediately by Miss Calcott, the Doctor's sister.

"How do you do, little boys?" inquired Miss Calcott, whose age certainly gave

her the right to address them in that way. "Can you sing?" she continued.

The reply was an embarrassed silence; they looked at each other sheepishly, but said nothing.

Meanwhile the stranger, who was Mr. Griffiths, the music-master, had opened a small harmonium which stood in a corner, and struck a few chords, which echoed through the empty room.

"You, little boy," said Miss Calcott to the smallest of the group, "what is your name?"

"Turner, ma'am."

"Well, Turner, you can sing, can't you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, sing something; I want to hear what sort of a voice you have."

Whether it was the only song he knew, or the only one he remembered, cannot be guessed. At any rate, the poor little chap struck up, "Way down de Swanee ribber."

"Stop, stop, that will do!" exclaimed Miss Calcott, seeing that her attempt to encourage the youngsters was not resulting quite as she intended. "Mr. Griffiths, will you try their voices?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Come here, Turner. Now sing this note."

Turner obeyed in a thin, frightened voice.

"Don't be afraid, open your mouth and look at me."

Mr. Griffiths must have been accustomed to this sort of experience, or he could never have watched Turner's prompt obedience without a smile. He opened his mouth to its fullest extent and fixed his eyes on his instructor, waiting for the note to be sounded.

"That's better, now run up the scale."

Turner obeyed as well as he could, and the rest of them were put through their paces in a similar manner. Lee was



one of the most successful, for he was fond of music, though his knowledge of it was rudimentary. Two of the boys showed an utter inability to sing the note that was given them, and wobbled up and down the scale in their endeavour to hit it as badly as an amateur on a French horn.

"How many do you want, Anthony?" asked Miss Calcott.

"We want three trebles and an alto, ma'am," was Anthony's reply.

"Won't Brewster do for alto for another half?"

"No, ma'am, his voice has cracked during the holidays."

"Very well, put down Lee and Turner for trebles and I'll let you know about the others."

Lee was delighted; he judged rightly that he was going to be taught to sing. He had not yet grown so accustomed to the daily graces that they had lost their charm; he was immensely pleased that he would soon be able to join in them.

Glubb was waiting for him at the schoolroom door in an agony of anxiety.

"You aren't chosen, are you?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, I am," replied Lee, delightedly.

"There! I knew you would be! What a fool I was! I wanted to warn you. I forgot that to-night was the night for choosing the choir. I tried to warn you at tea-time, but that brute Anthony wouldn't let me come over to your table unless I told him what I wanted to say, and it was likely I could do that when he's the choir monitor!"

"Why, what is there so awful about it?" asked Lee, his enthusiasm waning.

"Why, they have no end of services in the abbey, and you've got to go to them all and rehearse too, that's the worst of it; and on saints' days there's early service, and you've got to go in the dark, and the place is so jolly cold."

This was not a pleasant picture. Lee began to wish he had known all this a little earlier.

"I meant to tell you to sing out of tune or croak or anything, but it's too late now."

"Never mind," said Lee, "my voice will break some day."

"Yes, and then they'll make you sing tenor, I know 'em," predicted Glubb.

However, there was no help for it; Lee was to be a member of the choir, and he must make the best of it.

#### CHAPTER VII.

THERE was half an hour's free time before preparation; but as it was dark the school was confined indoors. Mr. Partridge sat at the Doctor's desk reading; order was supposed to be kept by the monitors, who appealed to him in case of necessity. But as the monitors had a classroom of their own to which they all resorted, it resulted that there was no discipline at all, Mr. Partridge taking no notice of anything less disturbing than a free fight.

Some of the boys played chess, others read, and others betook themselves to the classroom devoted to the Literary Club, where papers and magazines were provided. This room was a perfect harbour of refuge to those boys who preferred quiet to noise; the only drawback to it was that there were a

hundred members and only room for twenty boys. So that when the new magazines arrived there was a considerable crush.

Lee was seated at his desk, inscribing his name in his books in accordance with the advice he had received, when a boy whom he did not know came up to him.

"Got a stamp?" was the abrupt inquiry.

"What for?" asked Lee.

"You give it me and you'll see."

"I shan't."

"Don't be cheeky, or I'll give you what for. I'll show you a fine trick if you'll hand over a queen's head—a new one, mind."

Lee thought it was not worth while having a row over a stamp, so produced one.

"Now a penny," said the young cormorant.

"I haven't got one."

"Never mind, a two-bob piece will do."

But Lee declined to produce a coin, so the boy found a penny himself.

"Now, young'un, what'll you bet I don't stick this stamp on the ceiling?"

Lee looked up: the ceiling was a high one: he didn't see how the stamp could be possibly stuck up there: it was too high to be reached with a pointer, standing on a desk.

"I don't believe you can do it," said Lee.

"All right, bet a tanner?"

Lee refused to bet, he thought the sacrifice of his stamp was enough. His new acquaintance was disappointed at losing a chance of making money out of a green new boy, but could not resist the pleasure of exhibiting his skill.

"Look here," he said. He wetted the back of the stamp and laid it face downwards on the penny. Then with a dexterous jerk he sent them to the ceiling, taking care that the penny kept in a horizontal position.

There was a sharp tap on the ceiling, the penny descended rapidly but the stamp remained fixed.

"There, that's worth sacrificing a penny to learn," said the boy; "you can show 'em that when you get home."

Lee acknowledged that it was a good trick, but resolved to practise with used stamps; new ones were too valuable.

The hour and a half devoted to preparation of the lessons for next day were spent very much as each one's inclinations decided. Not altogether, perhaps, without reference to the particular master who would have to be reckoned with: those under the Doctor knew that shirking would bring about its natural consequence, whilst those under Mr. Partridge trusted a good deal to luck and to the assistance they might receive from their neighbours. Lee was very much at sea; he tried hard to master his geometry, going over and over again the problem he had to learn till he almost knew it by heart, finding then that he had but a short time left for the rest of his lessons. As the time for closing arrived the boys grew restless; notes were passed around and whispers grew louder. Precisely as the clock struck eight Mr. Partridge descended from his seat and books were put away. Five minutes later the Doctor entered and conducted prayers.

Half-past eight was the hour at which all but the monitors and sixth form were

sent to bed; the latter were allowed to sit up till nine. This was a very laudable arrangement, no doubt, but the drawback to it was that there was no one in the bedrooms to keep order till the monitors arrived. Mr. Partridge made a round of the dormitories when the bell rang for saying prayers, and he saw that all the gas was lowered at ten minutes to nine; beyond that there was no control and the boys made as much noise as they liked, or rather dared. If there was too much disturbance Mr. Partridge made a descent on the obstreperous room and inflicted punishment summarily.

Lee did not receive a warm welcome on entering his new room.

"Hullo! who's this?" cried one boy. "Where've you sprung from?" asked another.

"Ask its name," piped a third; whilst a fourth shied a pillow so deftly that Lee measured his length on the floor and was immediately sat on.

"Come out of that, you Hatch," cried Glubb, "or I'll make you."

"I'll tan you too if you don't look out," was Hatch's reply. Glubb, however, proved that he was an adept at those "little tricks" of which he had boasted, for, snatching up a counterpane, he threw it over Hatch's head, drawing it so tightly round it that he could scarcely breathe.

"Let go, you brute, you're choking me," cried Hatch, in a muffled voice.

"Will you leave Lee alone, then?"

"Yes," gasped Hatch, who was getting black in the face probably, though it could not be seen.

Glubb let him loose. He took a few long breaths to recover himself preparatory to wreaking his vengeance on his aggressor.

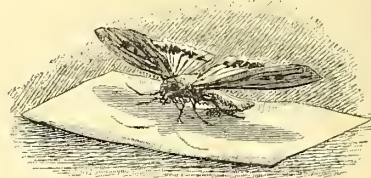
Glubb had retired to a coign of vantage in the distance. Before Hatch was ready to renew the attack he announced to the room that if they didn't keep Hatch quiet he would never tell them a word of the story he had promised.

This was sufficient to bring a chorus of warning ejaculations on Hatch's head.

"Lie down, Tommy!—Let Dickens and Thackeray alone!—Tie him up in a blanket!" and so on, till Hatch, seeing that the feeling of the room was in favour of peace, wisely postponed licking Glubb till he was able to have an uninterrupted interview with him.

Glubb had promised Harrison, the monitor of the room, that he would not begin his story till he came to bed, so that there was nothing to be done but wait for his arrival. When he came he wanted to know how it was Lee was there, and Glubb having satisfied him, he began to undress, telling the novelist that he might "fire away as hard as he liked." Glubb at once announced the title of his story, "The Vaults of the Viziers, or the Bloodstained Bride of the Bashaw of Bagdad!"

(To be continued.)





RED-FINGERED CYRIL;  
OR, THE RUSSIAN PRINCE AND THE TARTAR BOY.  
A STORY OF ANCIENT RUSSIA.

BY DAVID KER,

*Author of "Drowned Gold," "Ilderim the Afghan," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER III.—THE GREAT IDOL OF KIEF.

ON the day after the Tartar battle the whole town of Kief (which was then the capital of Russia) was astir to see the triumphal entry of Prince Vladimir and his men with their prisoners and their plunder. From the hovels of rough logs smeared with mud, and thatched with

reeds or dried grass, children, women, and old men swarmed out by hundreds to stare at the dwarfish, long-armed, wild-looking Tartar captives, who stared at them in return with the half-cowed, half-ferocious look of trapped wolves in their small, narrow, deep-set eyes.

But next morning there was a still greater bustle in the town, and an even larger crowd around the Prince's palace, which stood on the highest part of the hill upon which Kief was built. It was a long, low, flank building, which, though doubtless very grand in the eyes of the



simple Russians, would in our time be mistaken for a badly-built stable or a dockyard shed.

For all this excitement there was only too good a reason. Upon a kind of rude platform at the farther end of the broad open space in front of the palace—which served as a market on ordinary occasions—there stood a monstrous wooden image seven or eight feet high. A hideous thing it was, as ugly as bad carving and roughly-daubed paint could make it, and looking altogether very much like the figure-head of one of those grim pirate ships which in that stormy age haunted every coast of Europe.

This frightful scarecrow—which stood with its clumsy right arm outstretched as if hurling a spear or clutching

"'See!' shouted Silvester, 'the power of the mighty Peroon!'"



at the prey that the huge black tusks which gaped in the middle of its blood-red face seemed hungry to devour—was the image of Peroon the Thunder-god, whom the heathen Russians had hitherto worshipped, and before whose idol they used to slaughter the prisoners that they had taken in war. Silvester was well acquainted with this barbarous custom, and it was the recollection of it which had made him so eager to remind Vladimir of his vow to become a Christian if he overcame the Tartar invaders.

Scarcely had the first ray of sunrise streamed across the great plain below when the market-place was thronged with an eager crowd, who pressed and jostled each other up to the very edge of the space where the captive Tartars, with their hands tied behind them, were ranged in a circle upon their knees around the terrible idol.

But behind the doomed men, watching them with eyes of cruel and hungry expectation, stood a group of figures even wilder and more grisly than their own—dark, shaggy, hideous creatures, whose gaunt frames, naked to the waist, were seamed with fearful scars, and adorned with necklaces of dried toads, human teeth, etc., such as are now worn by the "witch-doctors" of Zululand. These were the priests of the Thunder-god, whose duty it was to sacrifice the victims slain in his honour.

And now a mighty blast of war-horns and a deafening shout told that the Prince himself was coming forth to begin the ceremonies of the day.

As he issued from the low doorway of the palace his guards clashed their spears and battle-axes as if wishing to please their leader's ear with the familiar music of ringing steel. They were all fine and stalwart men, picked from the very flower of Vladimir's army, but in strength and stature and gallant bearing the great ruler of Russia was himself the goodliest man of them all.

The Prince's towering figure and lion-like head seemed utterly to dwarf the slight form of the monk beside him, but from Silvester's firm lips and large, deep, thoughtful eyes there looked forth a spirit which Vladimir himself had long since learned to reverence and to obey. As they stood side by side, these two famous men, so strangely brought together, might have served to represent the barbarism of the present and the civilisation of the future—the warrior with his strength of body and the sage with his greater strength of mind.

Simple and impulsive as a boy, in spite of all his terrible renown, the great Russian leader looked forward to the coming discomfiture of the savage priests as a first-rate "lark," and the broad laugh of boyish glee that lighted up his bold brown face contrasted very strangely with the grim visages of the scarred and war-worn spearmen around him.

"Children," cried he, to the eager crowd, above the tallest of whom he towered by nearly half a head, "listen to me, for I've got something to tell you! You have heard of this new religion called Christianity, which the men of the South have learned? Well, this wise man from Tsargrad [Constantinople] has told me a great deal about it, and I've been thinking that any religion which makes men wise and strong and kind, and always learning something better, must be a good religion to have. So I

made a vow that if I won this last battle against the Tartars I would become a Christian myself; and now I'm going to do it."

Had an earthquake split asunder the ground beneath their feet it could scarcely have startled the crowd more than this unexpected announcement. There was a moment of stupefied silence, broken suddenly by a fierce cry as a grim figure came bounding into the circle tossing his bony arms wildly in the air. It was Yarko, the chief priest of the Thunder-god.

"Son of Sviatoslav," cried he, in a voice like the scream of a vulture, "beware what you do! Will you forsake the gods of your forefathers for those of the lying Greeks, who killed your father and the bravest of his warriors by treachery, and brought shame and sorrow upon all Russia?"

A growl of rage billowed through the vast throng at this pointed allusion to the destruction of Prince Sviatoslav and his army, not many years before, by the Greeks and Bulgarians under John Zimisce, the slightest reference to which never failed to sting into perfect fury the fierce soldiers of Vladimir, many of whom bore upon their own bodies the scars of that fatal battle, the "Flodden Field" of Russia.

The crafty priest saw his advantage, and instantly followed it up.

"We have prayed to Peroon for you, and he has given you the victory over your enemies, and will you now defraud him of the sacrifice which is his due? Be wise, O Prince; leave the Greeks and their false gods and turn again to Peroon, the lord of thunder, whom your fathers worshipped. Pour forth the blood of these Tartar wolves before him, and thank him for the victory which he has given. For if you do not" (and here Yarko's tone grew harsh and threatening as the hiss of a deadly snake) "your sword shall fail in battle, and your warriors shall fall like leaves, and the lightnings of the Thunder-god shall snite your city and burn up both it and you!"

Vladimir's sunburned cheek grew pale, for the terrible champion who had never feared the face of man was easily scared by the unseen terrors of superstition. The impression was equally strong upon the listening crowd, amid which angry voices began to be heard.

"The priest speaks well, brothers; our old customs must not be changed."

"Is this Greek dog to set himself above Russian warriors?"

"What was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us!"

Not a word of this escaped Yarko, who, seeing the excitement of the people, and the hesitation of the Prince, thought that the time was come for a decisive stroke.

"Behold!" he shouted in a voice of thunder, pointing to the vast black storm-cloud which was rising fast over the whole western sky. "The Thunder-god is preparing his lightnings to consume you, because you have forsaken him!"

A low growl of distant thunder seemed to echo his words, at which the general excitement rose to a height. Hands were clenched, teeth set, weapons brandished; and hoarse ominous muttering ran through the crowd, which was now heaving like a troubled sea.

"Look!" yelled the furious priest, stretching his gaunt hand towards the

Tartar boy whom Feodor had saved during the battle two days before; "here among us stands the wolf-cub whom our Prince spared at the bidding of that Greek dog. What wonder that Peroon is angry? Warriors of Kief! seize the Tartar whelp and the lying Greek, and slay them here before the god!"

Instantly the other priests darted forward to obey the savage order, and several of the people sprang forth to help them. One moment more and the whole throng would have broken loose like wild beasts; but just then Silvester made one stride to the front, and, lifting his calm fearless face above the howling rabble around him, shouted,

"Keep back!"

So grand and commanding was his look, so deep and thrilling his voice, that the yelling savages paused for an instant from sheer amazement; and that one instant was enough for Silvester.

"Let the Russian warriors listen to me," he cried; "they are too brave to condemn any man unheard. You say," he continued, turning to Yarko, "that the Thunder-god is angry with the Prince for wishing to turn Christian. With whom was he angry when yonder tree was blasted?"

The priest looked puzzled, as well he might; for the huge scathed oak to which Silvester pointed had been riven by lightning many years before, when the very name of Christianity was still unknown in Russia. He stood silent and confused, while the Russians, variable and impressible as children, began to grin openly at his discomfiture.

"You say," pursued Silvester, "that it was Peroon who made the Prince victorious over the Tartars; but the Prince had vowed to turn Christian if he *was* victorious. Didn't Peroon know that? and if he did, why did he let him win?"

Once again Yarko stood speechless, gnashing his teeth in baffled rage, while an audible laugh ran through the crowd.

"Say what you will, lads," cried a voice, "this Greek is a wise man."

"Ay, that he is; he cured my wound when every one thought I'd die."

"And he's taught us to build strong walls, and to make boats that are far better than our own."

Yarko saw that the tide was turning against him, and made a final effort.

"If your god is stronger than ours," cried he, tauntingly, "how is it that we always beat you in war?"

In asking this question the wily priest calculated upon stinging the Greek monk into retorting with some reference to Sviatoslav's defeat and death while invading the Grecian Empire—an allusion which, made before such an audience, would probably cost him his life. But Silvester was not to be entrapped so easily.

"Some of our wars have been unjust," he answered. "How could He whom we call 'the Just and Holy' favour *them*? Sometimes we have fought because we were proud of our strength, and our Holy Book says that 'God resisteth the proud.' But answer me this. Russia once had a great king, strong and wise and brave, who worshiped Peroon, and made rich offerings to him. How did it end? The king went forth to battle, and perished with all his army. If Peroon be indeed grateful to his friends, and powerful to protect them, why did he not save Prince Sviatoslav?"



Yarko, thus caught in his own trap, looked extremely foolish, while an approving shout from the multitude showed that Silvester's words had told.

The daring monk gave them no time to cool. Quick as lightning he seized an axe, darted through the ring of Tartar captives, and with one blow split open the breast of the hideous idol. And then, instead of the avenging thunder which the terrified bystanders expected, the stroke was answered by a loud squeal from within, and out through the hole came scampering and squeaking half a dozen big brown rats!

"See!" shouted Silvester, in a voice like the blast of a trumpet, "the power of the mighty Peroon! Will Russian warriors be afraid of a god who cannot keep the rats from gnawing holes in him?"

With a roar of laughter that seemed to shake the very earth, the people (headed by Vladimir himself) tore the idol from its place, battered it with clubs and axes, and ended by dragging it down the hill and throwing it into the Dnieper. The heathen priests slunk away like beaten dogs, the doomed prisoners were unbound, and before that day's sun had set the savage idolatry was at an end in Russia.

#### CHAPTER IV.—A MIDNIGHT STRUGGLE.

"KEEP up a little longer, father. We'll get through yet. The snow's not driving so thickly now, and the wind seems to be slackening."

"But my limbs are growing numbed, my son; they are not young, like yours," said the taller of the two figures that were fighting their way against the terrible Russian snowstorm through the darkness of midnight. "Why should you perish untimely, for the sake of an old man who has already lived long enough? Push on and save yourself while you can, and may God bless you!"

"What! and leave you behind?" cried the Tartar lad beside him. "That would be a brave deed, truly! A fine figure I should make coming before the great Prince and his warriors, and saying to them, 'I've left Father Silvester, whom you sent me to guide, out yonder in the snow, because I wanted to save my own skin.' No, no, father, whatever happens, we'll stick together. I vowed to be true to you in life and in death, and I'll keep my word. And see! here's the moon coming out at last, to give us a chance of seeing what we're about."

Three years had passed since Silvester's axe struck down the great idol of Kief, and they had brought many changes along with them. The Tartar boy (baptized "Cyril" as having been captured on St. Cyril's Day) had grown into a strong and active lad of fifteen. Vladimir had made a league of friendship with the Greek Emperor, who had given him, among other presents, a complete suit of Greek armour, of which the Russian Prince was very proud, although he seldom wore it in battle. The city of Kief had been greatly enlarged, and fortified anew by skilful engineers from Constantinople; while the Tartars and other hostile tribes were so cowed by repeated defeats that for more than a year past they had been perfectly quiet.

As for Silvester himself, he was as active and untiring as ever, though his

thin hair was now plentifully streaked with grey. Wherever any one was in trouble or sorrow—wherever a district was ravaged by pestilence or famine, a village destroyed by flood or fire, a quarrel threatening between two chiefs—there was Silvester, always doing the right thing at the right time, counselling, helping, encouraging, and, when need required it, working stoutly with his own hands.

From one of these missions—undertaken in the depth of winter, with no companion but his trusty Cyril—he was returning, when, overtaken by a terrific snowstorm, amid which the travellers had completely lost their way, the moon broke forth and showed them why the force of the storm had lessened so suddenly.

Behind them rose a high steep bank, along the top of which the drifted snow hung over like the curling crest of a wave. Before them lay a wide, bare, almost level space, beyond which they could see another bank or ridge like that which they had thus descended.

Cyril cast one quick glance around him, and then laughed aloud.

"We've got down on to the river, father, and it's very lucky we have. This bank will shelter us from the wind, and so long as we keep on the ice we can't lose our way again. Sit down and rest a bit, and you'll soon be ready to go on."

A few minutes of vigorous rubbing warmed the brave monk's half-frozen limbs, and after a short rest he declared himself quite ready to proceed. But scarcely had they gone a hundred yards down the frozen river, when Cyril stopped short suddenly, and laid his ear close to the snow, holding his breath to listen.

Even by the fitful moonlight Silvester could see the grey chillness of horror that fell over his dark face as he rose again, while from his dry lips came in a hoarse whisper one word:

"Wolves!"

Nothing more was needed to spur the two wanderers into a speed that would have seemed impossible to them a moment before. But their hearts sank within them as they hurried on, for they knew only too well how little hope of escape they had if the wolves were really on their trail. Silvester was utterly unarmed, Cyril had only a short Russian sword, and there was no village, not even a single hut, within many miles of them.

By this time the storm had begun to abate. The snow was falling less thickly, and the roar of the wind had lulled to a dreary moan. But it was suddenly answered from the cold, white, silent waste behind them by another sound tenfold more hideous and appalling—not the long quivering howl which is the Russian wolf's natural cry, but the sharp hungry yell which tells that he has scented his prey and is fast running it down.

Just then Cyril's eyes, roving despairingly over the frozen Dnieper and the snow-heaped bank beyond it, caught sight of a dark mass midway across the ice, which looked like a hut. A very small one, it was true; but with a pack of hungry wolves behind them they had no time to be particular.

It was a terrible struggle to reach this new shelter, for the snow, though not quite so deep on the frozen river as on the plain above it, was deep enough to

bury them almost to the knee at every step. Each time they looked at their distant refuge it seemed farther and farther away. Would they *never* come up to it?

Silvester's scanty strength, overtaken for days past, now began to give way altogether; and Cyril bit his lips till they bled as he noted his companion's flagging step and labouring breath, and heard the pursuing yell coming closer and closer behind him.

At last they came up to the long-wished-for shelter, which proved to be the upright forepart of one of those huge clumsy boats wherein the Russians were wont to carry their families and household goods up and down the river. This wreck, which was now firmly fixed in the ice, had evidently served as a refuge for some passing hunter, for the ashes of a fire were still visible in its most sheltered nook, and a rude palisade of saplings and reeds across its open face had turned it into a very tolerable hut. But the stakes of the door had come unbound and fallen away, leaving a gap, which our adventurers hastened to block with a few mouldering logs that lay within.

They were not a moment too soon. Before the hole was half stopped, the darkness all around them (for the moon had plunged behind a black cloud) suddenly became alive with whisking tails, and gaping jaws, and long gaunt bodies, and fiery greenish-yellow eyes, and unearthly yells.

In another instant the wolves were swarming up around the opening, and struggling to force their way through it, while Cyril hacked at them with his sword like a woodman felling timber, and Silvester made thrust after thrust with a sharp-pointed stake into the whirl of lolling tongues, and grinning teeth, and glaring eyes.

But such a struggle was too exhausting to last; and all would soon have been over with the hard-pressed defenders, had not a fortunate accident suddenly turned the scale in their favour. A heavy plank just above the top of the palisade came crashing down upon the three or four wolves that were squeezing themselves through the breach, catching them in a trap, and thus making their struggling bodies a complete barrier against their comrades outside.

Silvester promptly availed himself of this unlooked-for respite. Feeling about the inner side of the hovel, he found and broke off a perfectly dry piece of pine-wood; and while Cyril dispatched the entrapped wolves with his sword, the monk succeeded in kindling the dry wood with his flint and steel, and stood armed with a blazing torch.

The wolves—whose furious efforts had at length shaken down the plank, and dislodged the bodies of their comrades from the opening—now pressed into it as fiercely as ever. But they instantly recoiled again, howling and terrified, as the torch whirled among them like a flaming sword, singeing their shaggy coats and scorching their eyes.

Several of the beasts turned tail outright, the rest drew back, and it seemed for a moment as if their instinctive dread of fire would overpower their ferocity and scare them into flight.

"Hurrah!" cried Cyril; "neither man nor beast can stand against Father Silvester!"

But he was exulting too soon. Their



first panic once over, the ravenous hunger of the wolves overcame even their natural cowardice. They returned to the charge more savagely than before; and alas! the friendly torch, burning faster and faster as it was brandished to and fro, melted away in shower after shower of red ashes, and at length expired altogether.

"We are lost, father," muttered Cyril, clenching his teeth in desperation as he saw the guardian fire die out.

"Fear nothing, my son," replied Silvester, without a tremor in his calm clear

voice; "God is able to save us even now, if He will."

Scarcely were the fearless words spoken, when a low, sullen, rumbling noise swept across the frozen river from bank to bank; and as it passed they felt the ice heave and tremble beneath their feet.

The savage beasts felt it too, and their fierce howls changed to a terrified whine as they scattered and fled in all directions, their tails drooping and their hair bristling with terror. The next moment the ice split asunder with a deafening

crash, and a torrent of foaming water came rushing through it!

The ice on the Lower Dnieper had already broken up, and they had unconsciously come close to the edge of the open water, within range of the fast-spreading thaw. In another instant the two castaways, clinging for their lives to the frail planks of their ark of refuge, went whirling down the furious river, upon an ice-block which crashed at every turn against the other masses that were rushing downward along with it.

(To be continued.)

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(NINTH SERIES.)

### Music Competition.

IN announcing this competition (see page 47) we wrote, it will be remembered, as follows:—"We offer, as before, Two PRIZES, of *Two Guineas* and *One Guinea* respectively, for the best musical setting, with organ or pianoforte accompaniment, of any of the verses appearing in our last volume (Vol. VIII.), or in the Summer and Christmas Parts of 1886. There will be two classes—Junior, all ages up to 18; Senior, from 18 to 24."

We have now much pleasure in publishing the result of the adjudication. *The numerals affixed to the names indicate the order of merit in which the competitors stand irrespective of age.* The Junior class, it will be seen, carries off the higher prize; and as the second place is also occupied by a junior, we have awarded an extra prize in the Junior Division. Our Award is as follows:—

#### JUNIOR DIVISION (all ages up to 18).

##### First Prize—Two Guineas.

1. CHARLES MACPHERSON (aged 16½), St. Paul's Choir School, Dean's Court, E.C.

##### Extra Prize—One Guinea.

2. J. MCCALLUM (aged 17½), 18, Emorville Avenue, South Circular Road, Dublin.

#### SENIOR DIVISION (ages 18 to 24).

##### Prize—One Guinea.

3. A. J. PERMAN (aged 23), Pine House, Wincanton, Somerset.

#### CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

4. A. L. SALMON (aged 21), 112, York Road, Montpellier, Bristol.
5. S. H. THOMSON (aged 19½), 28, Blautyré Street, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.
6. R. R. TERRY (aged 22), Newton Hall, Stocksfield-on-Tyne, Northumberland.
7. F. W. ATTWOOD (aged 17½), Burlington Villa, Underhill Road, Lordship Lane, S.E.
8. D. MCCALL, jun. (aged 17), 6, Braco Street, Glasgow.

9. G. H. H. TOWNSEND (aged 16), 47A, New Cross Road.
10. F. NICHOLSON (aged 15), 23, Vernon Road, Bow.
11. F. G. LAMB (aged 17), 11, Bower Street, Maidstone.
12. A. WADSWORTH (aged 19), Hartington Street, Cotton Tree, near Colne, Lancashire.
13. H. STANBROOK (aged 19), Cambria Villa, Adelaide Road, Windsor, Berks.
14. F. LLOYD (aged 15), 46, Chatham Street, Liverpool.
15. E. F. HUNT (aged 17), 55, Great James Street, Marylebone, N.W.
16. F. W. MORETON (aged 18½), 6, Portland Road, Stoke, Devonport.
17. F. H. BALL (aged 15), Sandiacre, near Nottingham.
18. J. MARTIN (aged 18), 5, Tennent Street, Leith.
19. H. GREEN (aged 15), 1, Cambridge Villas, Wiverton Road, Sydenham, S.E.
20. E. G. WEST (aged 17), 15, Norfolk Street, Leamington Spa.
21. J. H. McMILLAN (aged 15½), Tower Street, Cumnock, N.B.
22. P. R. ROWE (aged 18), 22, Cheltenham Place, Muttley, Plymouth.
23. H. F. SIMPSON (aged 17½), The Vineyard, Abingdon, Berks.
24. W. A. SPENCE (aged 18), 13, Hyde Park Terrace, Harrogate, Yorks.
25. J. D. TUCKEY (aged 23), 4, Clifton Terrace, Summer Hill, Cork.
26. ADA C. DIXON (aged 22), Kensington House, 77, Houghton Street, Southport.
27. C. E. GRAVELL (aged 14), 25, Buckingham Road, Brighton, Sussex.
28. E. JAMES (aged 20), 15, Thomas Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E.
29. A. STILING (aged 17), The Cloisters, Wantage, Berks.
30. A. D. REEVES (aged 13), 108, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.
31. H. E. FRY (aged 20½), Westbrook, Enfield, N.

32. A. HUSSELL (aged 17), 27, High Street, Ilfracombe.
33. J. A. AGER (aged 21), 23, Baker Street, Small Heath, Birmingham.
34. C. H. A. BOND (aged 17), "The Chesnuts," Walmer Road, Toronto, Canada.
35. H. W. HARPUR (aged 16), Clifton Vicarage, Newark, Notts.
36. F. S. WORTLEY (aged 17), 420, Mile End Road, E.
37. W. A. MONTGOMERY (aged 14), 16, South Street, Scarborough.
38. W. PICKELS (aged 20½), 28, John Street, Denholme, Bradford, Yorks.
39. H. J. HICKLENTON (aged 18), 14, Penshurst Road, South Hackney, London, E.
40. F. J. TREANOR (aged 16½), Roserea, co. Tipperary, Ireland.
41. W. H. BELL (aged 13), 20, Market Place, St. Albans.
42. J. F. LOVE (aged 19), 82, Welbourne Road, High Cross, Tottenham.
43. F. S. YOUNG (aged 15½), The Green, Harlow, Essex.
44. A. W. FITZSIMMONS (aged 15), 10, Hilton Road, N.
45. E. H. MELLING (aged 17), School House, Singleton, Chichester.

As in previous years, a very large number took part in this competition, all parts of Great Britain and Ireland being represented, as well as that Greater Britain beyond sea. There was no difficulty this time in determining who should have the first place, but the next five competitors came very close indeed together, and no little care and consideration were needful in apportioning them their order of merit. The first place is won by a capital arrangement of the words "A Merry Christmas," taken from our last Christmas Number. The second, by an effective setting of the words "My Valentine." The third, by a setting as a part-song, for S. A. T. B., of Paul Blake's verses on "Spring." For the rest, nearly all the songs appearing in the eighth volume, as well as in the special Summer and Winter Parts of the year, have been laid under tribute. We are much gratified at the growing musical talent exhibited by our readers.

## OUR OPEN COLUMN.

### DUMB-BELLS AND CLUBS.

MR. FRANK SMITH writes from Wickwar, Gloucestershire:—"The frequent queries received by the Editor of the B. O. P. on the use of dumb-bells and clubs have induced me to write the following remarks. I am always pleased when I read the replies to these queries, the burden of which would seem to be 'moderation in all things.' The writer of these lines has used both dumb-bells and clubs almost daily since the year 1867, and, for a time, not wisely but too much. Thanks, however, to a strong constitution, no permanent harm has been done. When, at the age of seventeen, I commenced regular gymnastic work, the weight of the bells I first bought was ten pounds each, which was about twice the weight they ought to have been; the consequence was that the undue strain upon the yet imperfectly developed frame obliged me to leave off all work for a while. When I began again I had bells of five pounds each. Those who don't know how to use bells properly may smile when they read of such toys, but the experienced athlete who knows 'how it is done' will tell you that plenty of work can be got out of a pair of five-pound bells even by a strong man. By dint of steady practice heavier bells took the place of the first pair, until good work could

be neatly done with a pair weighing twenty-eight pounds each. I do not advise you boys to try anything near this. On the contrary, unless you work with a view to professional engagements, you had better be content with the daily use of bells rather *under* than *up* to your strength. There are certain *jours de force* sometimes witnessed in gymnasia, which, though clever, are not to be recommended. The spectator who applauds the man who 'puts up' the 112lb. bell little knows what this abnormal exertion may cost the performer in after days. With but few exceptions, the 'strong men' of our gymnasia and circens troupes become prematurely old and infirm. I must plead guilty to having put up the big weights and clubs now and then, but rather in the way of business than from any pleasure such tasks gave me, therefore I had some excuse; but as for you, youngsters, do as I tell you, not as I did! The remarks I have made about dumb-bells apply equally to the use of clubs. In the March number of the B. O. P. I see that the Editor puts in a good word for the Indian club. I heartily agree with the opinion he expresses, and in every instance where there is space enough clubs are to be preferred to bells. A single glance at the beautiful illustrations of

club exercises which appeared in the B. O. P. for 1882 ought to convince any one as to the truth of the Editor's remarks: the only wonder is that clubs are not more popular *outside* the gymnasium, because they are vastly more interesting than bells for private exercise. Bells are well enough in class 'done to music,' but bells in the back yard, *solus*, never again if I can help it! I consider that the use of the clubs develops the frame more evenly, so to speak, than any other gymnastic exercise, besides being an excellent preparation for the more exacting feats on the ever-popular horizontal bar. I think that the standard weight for clubs (for adults) is eleven pounds. These are much too heavy for the beginner, who can hardly have too light a pair. I have worked up to a pair weighing twenty-five pounds each, and to single clubs of much greater weight, but many professionals and some amateurs have done much more in the shape of mere physical strength. Our friend Dr. Gordon Stables will tell you that not unfrequently an abnormal development of muscle is coincident with valvular disease of the heart. In this, 'those who go softly go safely, and those who go safely go far.'"





STUDIES FROM NATURE - The Gorilla.



## TOSHIE'S WOODEN LEGS.

A TRUE STORY OF THE ARCTIC SEAS.

IN the month of February, 1884, the whaler Chieftain, 150 tons register, classed A1, left Dundee for the Arctic Seas, equipped for the usual six months' voyage. She met her first ice off Cape Farewell, made her cruising ground about a month out from Dundee, and got her first whale to the tune of—

"We lashed her fins together, and we towed her along-side:

She seemed a handsome creature all swimming in her pride.

She is a fish of ten feet bone, some fifteen tons or more:

But that'll all be certified when boiling day is o'er."

About six o'clock on the evening of the 26th of May, a whale having been sighted from the crow's-nest, the four boats of the Chieftain, which were swinging at the falls, were manned, all hands put off, and in a few minutes were pulling steadily to the quarry. By eight o'clock the whale was fastened and killed, and the boats prepared to return, when suddenly a dense white exhalation began to rise from the sea, and the Chieftain was hidden as effectually as if a heavy curtain had been let down from the skies. Here was a nice state of affairs. Four open boats, carrying five men apiece, without a morsel of food or a drop of water among them, a rising sea, and the home which seemed close at hand a few minutes ago gone as if by magic. The twenty men roared and shouted, they fired off their harpoon guns, but without avail. The eye trained by many a vigil at the crow's-nest could not see a foot in front of it, and the crews were as much alone as if there had been an ocean between them. So the five men in each boat shouted and roared till they were hoarse, and the harpooners fired off the guns at the bows until the ammunition failed. So long as it lasted, the firing and shouting gave a pleasant sense of companionship to each of the boats. But at last this was denied, and the stifling silence was only broken by the beating of the seas against the boats' sides.

One of these boats contained five Dundee men, who consulted as to their prospects. They were Alick Bain, Willie Christie, Jim Cairns, Wully McGregor, and Tossie McIntosh. "Ai doot it's gain to be thick for awhile," said the last one, called Toshie. Some twenty-four leaden hours had dragged along, without meat, drink, or rest. They had worked round a circle, but the ship was gone, and their comrades might have been food for the sharks. What was to be done? There was "nae doot" that the weather was going to be thick. (As a matter of fact the fog never lifted for seventeen days.) Toshie was asked his opinion, being a tried man, and he put matters thus: "We are about two hundred miles from Iceland. Shall we try to make the land?" But two hundred miles is a stiff pull in a dense fog, a heavy sea on, and only sea boots for meat and drink, so Toshie proposed the alternative. The sky to the west seemed to clear for a minute, and casting his eyes aloft he read the signs, and "thocht they were nae mair than forty miles fra the ice." Ice meant two things. A chance of picking up a seal or a bit of carcass; a chance of finding a pool of fresh water or a fresh-water icicle. That was chance number one. Whalers often steam gently along the fringe of it. Chance number two might mean being picked up.

Once more this luckless crew took to the oars, and after severe exertions made an ice island a quarter of a mile broad by a third of a mile long. This was on the 28th of May, or forty-eight hours after the loss of the ship: forty-eight hours of hard work without

bite or snip. They made fast the boat and explored the island. There were no seals and no carcasses, but they found a lump of fresh water frozen, which was invaluable. In the early morning of the 29th they woke up and saw a barque within a couple of miles of their refuge. They shrieked and shouted, but the barque kept her course. Let us suppose she did not see the signal. The five men wept and submitted to fate.

Then another council was called on the ice, the line manager, named Toshie, again taking the lead. His advice was to make for Iceland, and his advice was accepted by the starving assembly. The poor fellows bent a sail on a boat-hook, the sail being improvised out of some scraps of canvas that happened to be in the boat. They had a compass; and Toshie gave the course as near as he could guess it. Thus they bade the ice "good-bye," and set sail on that fog-swept sea for the more hospitable shores of Iceland—if they could find them. Let us follow them on their journey. Remember that the men were sodden with wet, half frozen with cold, yet parched with thirst, and also faint with hunger. Presently Toshie, who was steering, caught sight of Wully McGregor swallowing handfuls of salt water.

"Dinna do that, mon," he said; "the drink wull kill ye."

"A' canna help it, Toshie, lad. A' mon

scoop it."

Then Wully caught sight of the compass. He thought it was a *bouilli* tin, used it for a dipper, and drank the more. How could Toshie interfere? He was steering in a cross sea. Then Wully threw the compass overboard, and Iceland became problematical. The three others were roused by the noise, but they only grinned. The next day Wully went mad, and bit the leg of one of his comrades. The effort was too much for him. He stretched himself out and fell down dead at the bottom of the boat. Poor Wully was gently pushed overboard, and his troubles were over; but his example set the rest (excepting Toshie, who refrained from the poison) at the same game. The next day Toshie, from the stern, noticed Jim Cairns lying with his head on his arms. "Get up, mon," he cried, but the man never moved. Then he stepped over the two sleepers and touched him. He was cold and dead. Him too he pushed gently overboard. Two gone now.

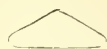
"Toshie, where are ye takin' us to?" murmured Christie.

"I'm takin' ye hame, laddie," replied Toshie.

"Oh! do gi' ns a drink o' water."

"There's nae but a wee buttie of ice i' the boat, an' ye'll get it," putting it in his hands. The man sat up for a minute, sucked it furiously, then sank down on his back.

"Feel his pulse, mon," whispered Toshie to the other. "Feel his airt, and see what's up wi' him." But Willie Christie was as dead as a seal club, and his body was committed to the deep. Then a heavy gale sprang up, to make matters worse. Toshie felt himself failing fast; his legs had swollen to double their right size with frostbite, but he had just strength enough left to throw 150 fathoms of line overboard to lighten the boat, and he also took in the sail. But the boat was making bad weather of it, and he turned to and constructed an anchor out of an oar and fifty fathoms of line, which looked something like this:



The anchor kept the nose of the boat to the

seas. This effort exhausted him, and he fell down and dozed. The gale lasted three or four days. One morning he woke up and noticed Alick Bain.

"Alick, Alick, mon, what's the matter wi' ye?" he moaned. But Alick never answered. He, too, was dead.

Toshie's legs were bigger and hurt more than ever, but he crawled on his hands and knees to Alick's body, and nearly sank the boat in burying him. The fittest had survived out of the boat's crew. But how long could it last? How did the man live? He tore his bonnet up and ate it; he found an old signal flag covered with icicles and ate that. He filled the harpoon gun with salt water, put nails, sticks, and all manner of rubbish into the barrel, plugging up the touch-hole, and shaking the gun as smartly as he could, hoping to take some of the salt out of the water. When he tried it it was black with the powder, and seemed saltier than the sea. Then the mollies would hover over the drifting boat, sometimes perching on the bows. He devoured them—with his eyes—feathers and all. It was a Barmecide feast, for they flew off at the slightest movement. The poor man had been ready for death a long time. He prayed for it, and sang hymns *sotto voce* to the mournful music of the wind and the waves. At last he fell asleep and dreamed a dream. A voice sounded in his ear, "One, two, three, four," and he woke up. About four hours, as near as he could guess, after that, he sighted a small vessel bearing down on him, and in an hour more was lying in the fore-castle of a Danish fisherman after sharks for cod-liver oil.

They gave him some coffee and water, cut off his boots and breeks, and the next day but one put him into a small port on the Iceland coast. Toshie was so badly frost-bitten that the doctor could not help him, so he was once more sent to sea and taken to Aquereray, along the coast. There the hospital doctor thrust a long steel dagger into the sole of his foot, upwards, and asked him if he felt any pain. "Nae pain at a', sir," answered Toshie. "Then, my man, you must have your legs amputated," said the surgeon. Three surgeons—one from a Danish man-o'-war's-man—performed the operation. Even then Toshie showed his physical strength. The chloroform had no effect on him, and he saw his two legs carried away.

In a couple of months he was back in Dundee, hearty enough, but shortened considerably. His case was briefly mentioned in the papers, and Lord Derby sent him £5 to buy the pair of wooden legs which he now uses. A warm-hearted parson gave him a tricycle, which he works with his hands. He has a wife and two children. A month ago (says the *Pull Mall Gazette* of March 11th, from which we condense this strange story) he made up his mind to take a journey to London on his tricycle. He did the trip in twenty days, called at our contemporary's office, and the above is compiled from his statement. Poor Toshie went to the whaling at fourteen; he is now thirty-two. He was to be seen working his machine along the streets, but he was a little scared to see the cabs and 'buses "fleein' about sae."





## SQUIRRELS, AND ALL ABOUT THEM.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.



KNOW that squirrels so love their freedom, so love to roam and play and romp in the woods in the sweet summer sunshine, that it is not without a feeling akin to doubt whether I am doing right or wrong that I sit down to write about them at all.

But—and upon this but I hang my conscience, and save, I trust, my reputation for humanity—squirrels will be kept in cages whether I like it or not, and if any written

words of mine tend to ameliorate their condition while in a state of servitude to the

Well, to begin with, let me get in a little of their family history. Natural history may seem dry to some boys—not to many, I hope, and to me it is life. You can skip it if you do not like it, and if you think Latin names hard to pronounce, just jump over them.

The *Sciuridae*, then, or great squirrel family, are really rodents, and the most nimble, beautiful, and sprightly of all that great order. The toes are long, and finished off with sharp claws, four on anterior, five on the hind feet; the tail bushy or tufted. Some have cheek-pouches, and some, like the flying foxes of Johanna, etc., have a membrane between the fore and hind limbs.

The common squirrels of our woodlands are too well known to need description, but their beauty and gambols among the branches of oaks or elms are delightful to behold.

I may state here that the only way to witness such a sight, or to feast your eyes on

morning or evening and lie down on the grass. You must remain perfectly still and watch, and if after a while what you see does not amuse and astonish you, then you can have no soul in unison with Nature.

Many years ago a certain noble lord introduced squirrels into his woods in the neighbourhood of Inverness. But, alas! they multiplied so fast, and were so destructive to the game eggs and trees in spring, that they became a plague, and I believe he afterwards paid sixpence for every squirrel-tail brought to him. So there are two sides to every question.

Well, the common red squirrel (*Sciurus vulgaris*) is the representative of the family. In their wild state squirrels proper are of arboreal and diurnal habits, and feed on acorns, nuts, beech mast, and on buds and branches or bark. But in early spring they also indulge in insects, and have a partiality



The Flying Squirrel.

pleasure of their little owners, I will do good and not harm by this article. | birds and all creatures in a wild state, is to go to their haunts on a beautiful summer's | for birds' eggs, and even young birds. In autumn they lay up some stores for winter



and spring use, for although during severe weather they pass much of their time sleeping, I do not think they actually hibernate. Indeed, they may at times be seen when the snow is on the ground. The store of nuts is placed in a hollow tree, or hidden in the

Our home squirrels breed twice or thrice during the season, and have three or four young ones at a time. I am told that in England they often build in hollow trees. I do not know this as a fact from personal experience. But in the Highlands of Scot-



The Common Red Squirrel.

ground, or in both places. Rats sometimes find these, but boys should be careful not to touch them. Indeed, it would be kinder far to buy a pint of nuts and add to the store which mother nature has taught the little creature to lay up.

These animals are found on all continents except Australia, and are characterised everywhere for the largeness and brightness of their eyes, for their great agility, beautiful shape, bushy tails, and hand-like fore feet. Many have tufted ears. They are easily tamed.

#### THE TAMAR, OR GROUND SQUIRREL.

This species is not easy to tame; they are, like the former, diurnal in their habits, but burrow in the ground instead of building in trees. They are provided with cheek-pouches, in which they collect the food which they store for winter use.

#### THE FLYING SQUIRREL, OR PTEROMYS.

It is the membrane stretched between the fore and hind legs that enables them to "fly," but it is really not flight, for they spring from a height, and the farther they go the more they descend, so that the membrane is more nearly allied to a parachute than a wing.

The squirrels most commonly imported into England are the following:

1. The Plantain Squirrel from Java.
2. The Palm Squirrel from India.
3. The Three-striped Squirrel from Ceylon.
4. The Grey Squirrel from N. America.
5. The Vulpine Squirrel from N. America.
6. The Dorsal Squirrel from Central America.
7. The Chipping or Chip-musk Squirrel from N. America.
8. The Flying Squirrel from N. America.

The best kind of those imported to keep would probably be the Grey and the Palm Squirrels, and the Three-striped Ceylon Squirrel for sake of its curious markings.

land, they prefer the highest branches of middling-sized Scotch firs, or even spruce-trees. The nest from the ground might be mistaken for that of a tree-sparrow, being a roundish bundle of twigs and weeds, etc. But it is warmly lined, and to make their young all the more comfortable, the parents will even denude themselves of a portion of their own fur.

Now I do not profess to know the reason of it, but the little creatures, one pair I mean, build several nests in the same tree. Whether this is because nest-building is to them the greatest of pleasures, or because they imagine they may fill them all, or be able to change the young to a different nest if a naughty boy finds one, a wiser man than I must determine. But there they are.

As already hinted, they are no favourites with sporting lairds in the north; for even if they do not destroy birds' eggs, they undoubtedly destroy the young firs by peeling off the bark to get at the sap in spring-time.

The breeding time is from April to September, and a merry time it is.

I have got at the nests to secure the young, and I have had my fingers severely bitten for my meddlesomeness.

The younger the squirrels are when caught the more easily will they be tamed and trained. But they should not be babies altogether.

You must at first tempt them with morsels of sweet biscuits and broken kernels of nice nuts, etc. When you have got them to eat they soon grow tame enough, and by no means shy.

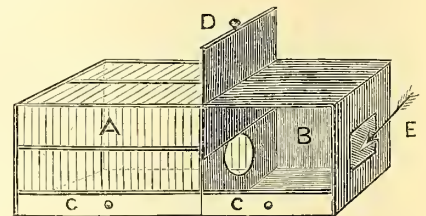
I believe if baby squirrels were got from the nest and put to a cat that had had kittens just taken from her, pussy would suckle and rear them. In fact, I mention cases of this sort in one of my books on cats—in "Friends in Fur" I think. It would certainly be a pretty sight to see a demure grimalkin playing foster-mother to a litter of lively squirrels. But cats are very accom-

modating when giving milk, and will even suckle hedgehogs. I knew of a cat that, being deprived of her kittens—and it is a cruel thing to drown all—caught and brought in a good-sized chicken; but the chicken—much to pussy's disgust—could not see its way to perform the operation of sucking, so the matter was dropped, and the chicken was permitted to wander away out of doors again, to seek for sustenance more congenial to its nature.

In their natural state squirrels are about the liveliest, funniest little imps I know of. In performing antics and deft wild gambols I believe they beat the monkey hollow, if only for this reason: monkeys are, when caged, always to some degree sad and peevish; besides, their playfulness has a good deal of mischief in it. But squirrels in trees throw their whole life and soul into their games of hide-and-seek and mimic warfare. It is with them a midsummer madness.

Now some people may tell you that they will not gambol in cages. I happen to know the reverse. But I do not advise less than two to be kept together. One alone will mope; you cannot expect it to be funny if it never sees one of its own species to exchange ideas of life with.

Another *sine qua non* of a happy existence with squirrels is a big cage. The bigger the better. It should, if possible, be as large as an aviary, and have a tree in it. Of course it is to be built on the general plan of the cage I roughly figure below.



Squirrels' Ordinary Cage.

*Squirrels' Cages.*—I am often asked if I approve of wheels in cages. If you attach a wheeled compartment to a cage like what I here give a sketch of, well and good. The squirrel can go and have a run round if he chooses; but to turn the compartment A into a wheeler barrel, in which the poor creature cannot have a bit of solid comfort, is sinful, cruel, and idiotic.

Whenever, therefore, it can be managed, let perches and swings be put up for them in a very large roomy cage, and do away with the ridiculous wheel.

If you will now glance one moment at the figure I will explain it briefly. You see it consists of two apartments, A being the sitting and playing-room, B the bedroom. There is a drawer C beneath each for cleanliness. The bedroom is of wood all round, with a door at E. The parlour may be wood above and at the back, and wire at front and sides. It also has a door, and should have perches placed on the back. There is a wooden partition between the two compartments, with a hole in it and a sliding door to shut it up when required.

*Bedding.*—This is only placed in the B apartment, and may consist of dry soft hay and a handful or two of cotton wool in winter; I do not think the wool is needed in summer-time. The bedding should be changed three times a week, for fleas become very troublesome at times, and the coats get spoiled; other insects, too, will swarm if the cage and bed be not kept clean.

*Cleanliness.*—If you wish to have your squirrels happy and healthy this is of the first importance. See to them every morning. When the squirrel is in the parlour end of its cage, shut up the round door and clean out the bedroom, then turn it in here while you tidy the sitting-room and place fresh food,



and water, and sand on the floor. Then let the squirrel come in again.

**Taming, etc.**—You must just try to get the little creature to trust you thoroughly, then it will love you, and that means you can do almost anything with it. Do not after it is tame let it be in the cage all day. Let it come out. You will find it very amusing and very audacious, especially if you give it tit-bits from the dinner-table, potatoes for instance, or any little thing the pet may fancy.

In taming, the slide-door comes in handy. Of course being naturally timid it would at first want to skulk and hide in the bedroom. Shut it out and open the door only in the evening.

**Buying Squirrels.**—You can get one for 2s. 6d. or a pair about 5s. in the markets, or you may purchase through the columns of

"Exchange and Mart." Only see them before you buy them. They ought to be plump and full in eye, with good glittering coat, and with teeth that are not yellow—a sign of age. They ought to be tame also. But anyhow they will be timid for a few days. Therefore what you have to do when they come home is to keep them very quiet and tempt the appetite with dainties.

**Food.**—There is a little pan for bread and milk, which you are to keep scrupulously clean, and give them an allowance sufficient for the day fresh and fresh every morning.

The bread and milk may be considered the staple of diet, but it must be remembered that they want change, so boiled rice should be given now and then instead of the bread.

The other foods which they must constantly have are morsels of dry toast, biscuit, maize, oats, wheat or barley, and the smaller kinds

of nuts, acorns, beech mast, fruits, and now and then a morsel of cooked meat.

In all this we but study the feeding they are used to in nature.

**Water.**—This must be given every morning in a sweet clean dish.

**Ailments.**—If treated well in the matter of food, if they have plenty of exercise, clean water and an occasional brushing, with clean bed and cage, they will seldom ail. But they die suddenly sometimes, probably from over-excitement of brain or heart.



## OUT WITH A BEATING-STICK.

By THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," "Our Bird Allies," etc., etc.



WHAT shall we do to-day? The entomological ardour burns fiercely within us, and insect-hunting of some kind we must have. But it is too dull and cloudy for Butterflies to be about, and we want something more than a mere stroll round the palings or a look at the tree-trunks. Let us set out for a turn with the beating-stick.

No sooner said than done. Down comes the net from its peg and the killing-bottle from its shelf. A couple of zinc collecting-boxes are stocked with pins, and their cork lining slightly damped in order to prevent their future inmates from "stiffening" before they can be set. Then a capacious pocket is filled with pill-boxes, and a biscuit or two slipped into another; and, thus equipped, we start for a neighbouring wood.

And a delightful wood it is. Not of much use for butterflies, or for sugaring, for it is merely a dense mass of bushes and young trees, traversed here and there by grassy paths and glades. But for our present purpose it is almost perfection, the undergrowth being varied and the foliage thick and close, while if a moth should break away we have a clear run of hundreds of yards before us. So, as the air is warm and fresh, and the time of year the best that could be chosen, we reach our hunting-grounds very sanguine of success.

Before setting to work, however, we must cut the all-important beating-stick; and this, by the way, is not really a beating-stick at all. Long ago we found that by thrashing the bushes in the orthodox fashion we tired our muscles, blistered our hands, drew upon ourselves the wrath of those entrusted with the care of the wood, and thus injured our own cause. So now, instead of beating, we shake, and find our captures increased in number, and our exertions at the same time diminished.

The stick, therefore, for which we are looking out must be not merely a straight rod, but one forked at the extremity, something like a catapult frame with a very long handle. By means of this a bush may be shaken as violently as we please by a mere jerk or two of the wrist. Then it must not be too short, for the path is a wide one; nor too long, for it would be unmanageable. And it must be of sufficient strength to withstand a little hard

usage. So we cut a stout hazel stem, with a fork beyond criticism, and trim it up until it is about four feet in total length, and then, net in right hand and stick in left, we set to work.

Moths are not long in making their appearance. From the very first bush that we shake a couple fly forth, rather slowly and heavily, as becomes beings which have just been rudely aroused from slumber. One we catch, to find that it is only a common White Wave (*Cabera pusaria*), which is generally a good deal of a nuisance at this season of the year; the other makes its way into the foliage a little farther on, whence no doubt we shall presently dislodge it.

Next, flying low, comes a specimen of the pretty little Spotted Yellow (*Venilia maculata*), one of our special favourites, and quite unmistakable as it flits slowly along. We net it, however, not because we want it, but on the off chance that it may be a good variety. For is there not a form with only four black spots upon each of the upper wings? And does not every collector trust and hope that he may some day capture it?

No such luck for us this time, however, so we release our little prisoner, and set to work again with the stick. And now the moths, like the confiding but foolish oysters immortalised in song, begin to come "thick and fast, and more, and more, and more." There seems no end to them as they stream out from the bushes, every application of the stick turning out some half a dozen at least, and often as many again. White moths, green moths, yellow moths, brown moths, large and small, swift and slow, all are fluttering round us. We are almost bewildered in the midst of so much plenty. We scarcely know which to capture. If we net a small white thing that seems out of the common way, a brown or grey fellow is sure to fly hurriedly past just at that moment and dive deeply into the foliage; and then we have a sort of uneasy feeling that we have caught a common moth and allowed a rarity to escape. A minute or two afterwards, perhaps, matters are exactly reversed, and then we feel quite sure that the white moth is the one which we ought to have followed up, and that we have let another opportunity slip. But at last we make up our minds that regrets are vain and speculation useless, and set ourselves to capture as many specimens as we can, without bestowing a second thought upon those which elude the net.

Even then, however, we have enough to do. One soon learns to recognise such common things as the before-mentioned White Wave, or the Silver Ground Carpet (*Melanippe mon-*

*tauta*), which fly out in twos and threes from almost every bush, but there are others, almost equally common, which have to be netted and carefully examined upon the chance of meeting with good varieties. Thus, in this very wood a fortunate friend once captured a Brimstone Moth (*Rumia crataegata*) without any markings at all; and so we are obliged to capture every brimstone moth that we see in the hope of being equally successful. Then there is the pretty little Clouded Border (*Lomaspilis marginata*), of which, upon an average, one specimen turns up in every ten yards of ground, and which is

"—as variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made."

Every now and then one of these is really worth having, and several very nice specimens adorn our collecting-boxes before the close of the day. But for each one thus retained, some thirty or forty have to be examined. Thus our task, even where the common things are concerned, is by no means a light one, while there are multitudes of specimens which cannot be recognised upon the wing, and which of course have to be separately netted and inspected.

Some of the exquisite Emeralds we get, those most delicate and elegant of moths. Several specimens of the Little Emerald (*Idia lactearia*), of the palest possible green, fading to actual white after a very few hours of sunlight. Several of the Dark Emerald (*Hemiteles thymiaris*), looking for all the world like a bit of oak-leaf. One or two of the Pale Emerald (*Metrocampta margaritata*), with wings like mother-of-pearl flushed with green; and, best of all, a solitary Large Emerald (*Geometra papilionaria*), about as big as all the others put together. A noble fellow he is, and as we pin him in perfect condition into our collecting-box, we congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune.

Then there are several of that pretty little creature the Maiden's Blush (*Epiphyra punctaria*), whose appearance is well described by its somewhat romantic title, but which so soon gets sadly chipped and worn. Out of some ten or twelve examples which we capture, there are but three worthy of a place in the cabinet, the remainder being released to rejoin their fellows and congratulate themselves upon their fortunate escape. But one of the three is a real beauty, just out of the pupa, and suffused with the most glowing pink; and such specimens as this one does not often meet with.

We take a Lilae Beauty (*Pericallia syringaria*), too, a curious and not very common



moth, with which we have only met once or twice before. Why it should be out now, however, is rather a mystery, for it ought by rights to be still a caterpillar, or at most a pupa, and there is no possible justification for its appearance for at least three weeks yet to come. Perhaps it is a kind of lepidopterous "early bird," striving to set an example to its more slothful kindred. Or perhaps it pupated in a warm corner, received more than its share of the sunshine, and so was forced into premature development.

There is a Pebble Hooktip (*Platypteryx fulcra*), also, or rather two, one of which we are obliged to reject on account of its battered and generally disreputable condition. There seem to be other hooktips in the wood, too, for we presently meet a brother entomologist, armed with a huge green net, and carrying a collecting-box about as big as a packing-case. Then ensues the following short dialogue:—

Wc. "What have you got?"

Hc. "'Amula!"

Wc. "What's 'amula?"

Hc. "'Ooktip."

And then it dawns upon us that our laconic and cockney friend is short of the letter H, and that he is referring to the Oak Hooktip (*Platypteryx hamula*), which is not as yet included in our list of captures.

Wending our way onwards, we come to a clump of alders, and from these we shake out quite a number of that queer little moth the Dingy Shell (*Eupistervia heparata*), an insect which one does not meet with everywhere, and which is a welcome addition to our boxes. Well does it deserve its popular title, for its sober tints of dull yellow and brown not only lack all delicacy and brightness, but run so confusedly into each other that it is difficult

to tell where one ends and the next begins. The moth, indeed, gives one the impression of having been rather carelessly washed just after it emerged from the pupa.

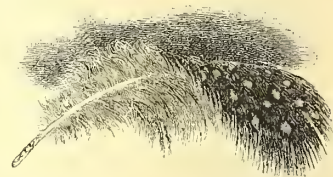
Not so a specimen or two of the Spotted Pinion Wave (*Corycia taminata*) which we turn out of some shallows a little farther on, for this is one of the whitest and purest of moths, its wings, with their few black spots, looking like the driven snow with a smut or two lying upon it. But the real gem of the day's collecting, as far as beauty is concerned, we meet with presently, in an example of the Beautiful Carpet (*Melanthia albicollata*), one of the very loveliest of all the British moths. As a well-known collector observed, it is "almost without a rival for purity and exquisite delicacy of design," and is one of those creatures which cause us to wonder whether their marvellous beauty is appreciated by other eyes than our own, and whether they can be at all aware of it themselves.

Then, making for a small clump of Scotch firs across a heather-covered knoll, we turn up half a dozen Latticed Heaths (*Strenia clathrata*), and a Grass Wave (*Aspilates strigillaria*), and net a couple of beautiful Yellow Underwings (*Anarta mytili*), as they are buzzing busily to and fro. Exquisite little creatures are these, with the rich gold of their lower wings, and all the varied hues of the upper, which harmonise so wonderfully well with those of the heather that when the moth is at rest even the sharpest eye can scarcely detect it. Swift they are, too, and timid, rising as the collector approaches and dashing hastily on for eight or ten yards, only to rise again a few seconds later for another short flight. We have quite a long spin after our second specimen, which three

several times contrives to elude the stroke of the net; but at last we run him down just on the borders of the pines.

Then we turn to the trees, to shake out the Bordered Whites (*Fidonia pinivaria*) from the branches literally by dozens. Battered they are and not of much use, for they have probably been knocking about in the world for at least three weeks past, and show many signs of the ill-usage which they have received; but we nevertheless manage to secure four or five in very fair condition, including a couple of females, which are always harder to get than their more brightly-coloured spouses.

Not much else do we find here, however, with the exception of a Shaded Broad Bar or two (*Thela obeliscata*), which fly off from the trunks as we pass by, so we make our way to a cluster of dwarf maples, in the hope of getting a few specimens of that remarkably pretty insect, the Small Yellow Wave (*Asthena luteata*). Nor are we disappointed, for the exquisite little creature is there in some numbers, and in perfect condition; and so we spend our last ten minutes in netting a nice series, and one or two over for exchange. Then the beating-stick is hidden away, to serve upon another occasion, and the net shouldered, and we set off upon our return journey, very well satisfied with the results of the afternoon's walk.

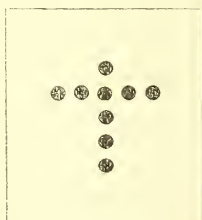
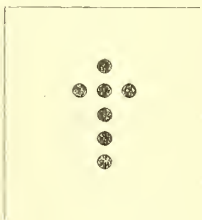


## OUR NOTE BOOK.

### A NEW GUESSING GAME.

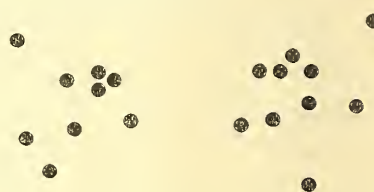
THERE was an ingenious article some time ago on "unconscious counting" in the "Gartenlaube," in which the writer, Herr W. Preyer, points out that the ability possessed by any one of ordinary intelligence to distinguish three, four, or even five objects at a glance, and without being conscious of counting them, may by practice be perfected to such a degree that it becomes quite as easy to count ten objects as it is to count three, and that it is possible to give the exact number up to thirty objects at a single glance. As an example of the latter attainment, the writer points to the well-known arithmetician Dase, who died in 1861, and who declared that he could count thirty objects of the same kind as quickly and easily as other people could count three or four. The truth of the assertion was often proved when Dase, with lightning rapidity, gave the correct number of a herd of sheep, of the books in a library, or the window-panes in a large house. The test of how far any one can count at a glance is easily made by putting several small objects, such as coins, pins, or matches, under a sheet of paper, then lifting the paper for a second and looking at the objects, and, after covering them again, give an estimate as to the number. At first it will be found difficult to fix the number if there are more than from three to five objects, but the eye becomes very soon accustomed to distinguish between larger numbers, so that after a short time eight or nine objects will be counted by the eye with the same facility. Care should, however, be taken that the counting is not done consciously, for that would take far too much time; the number of objects should only be valued. The mistakes which are at first frequently made in this guessing game will become rarer and rarer, and almost any-

body can become an expert in rapid counting up to ten objects; after that it becomes more difficult. The sensation, says Herr Preyer, of a person practised in unconscious counting, when looking attentively at larger numbers of objects, is that their number shoots rapidly through the head. To acquire this method of counting black spots should be made on white square pieces of cardboard, first symmetrically and in small numbers, as, for instance, the following:



Afterwards their number may be increased and their position altered. It will also be good practice to open a book, cover part of the page, rapidly look at the lines left uncovered, and to guess at their number. It is astonishing how soon the eye gets accustomed to the numbers. The more advanced

"unconscious counter" should practise on spots not regularly arranged:



which is much more difficult at first. Herr Preyer concludes his interesting article with the remark that unconscious counting, like all other oft-repeated processes, such as lifting the hat as a token of salutation, becomes at last an entirely mechanical process.

### A LION CHLOROFORMED TO DEATH.

The noble African lion Kennedy, aged twenty years, and valued at £1,000, who has delighted the children all over the country as he rode perched on one of the large chariots in the street pageants of Barnum's circus, was killed in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on January 22, in the presence of fifty spectators. The beast had been suffering for the last year with spinal meningitis, and the case was pronounced incurable. Kennedy's keeper securely bound the lion's feet to opposite sides of the cage. The wire basket was lined with rubber cloth, and into this was placed about three-quarters of a pound of chloroform. The cloth was then tied over Kennedy's neck and inhalation began. For about two minutes the lion struggled frantically to release his head, and then he gradually succumbed to the anæsthetic. In six minutes he was pronounced dead. The skin and skeleton of the beast were to be mounted.



## THE ART OF BEING EXAMINED.

Mr. A. C. Dixon, Senior Wrangler, contributes the following hints to the "Jurist" on the art of being examined:—

"Everybody knows that the passing of examinations is nowadays of the greatest importance in certain walks of life—that, in fact, some walks are shut to those who fail to pass. Many people grumble at this system; others, who thrive under it, do not; but all will agree that, while things are as they are, it is worth while to cultivate the art of doing well in examinations. The first thing needful in order to pass any examination is a knowledge of the subject-matter; but as the art of getting through without that knowledge, though it gives scope for many fine qualities, and may perhaps be called a fine art, has yet a smack of dishonesty about it, and as the object of the examination is to test this knowledge, we will take a moderate amount of it for granted, and ask how it is to be turned to the best account. The first principle, then, is that one should be in the best of "form" at the time of examination. Care should be taken that all colds, bilious attacks, and other interruptions fall after the examination. Hunger is not a help to work, as the school boards are finding out, and the examinee should be careful to have a good breakfast and a good lunch, if, as generally happens, there are three hours or so in the morning and the same in the afternoon.

"The second principle to be remembered is that examiners are human, and that it is better to please them than to displease them. They much prefer writing that can be read to writing that cannot, and like a neat page better than one which is beautilified with blots and crossings-out. It is often better, on finding out a mistake, to take a new sheet and begin again than to patch up the old. It is also wise to remember anything they may have said as to the folding of papers, leaving margins, and the like. If a candidate finds that a question is wrong the best thing he can do is to say so and give his reasons, at the same time doing his best to keep the examiner's dignity unruffled. Nothing is gained by scoring off an examiner. If the examiners are known it will be well to read any books they may have written on the subjects of examination, and also any papers they may have set before, in order to find out the grooves in which their minds run. It also follows from the humanity of the examiners that candidates will not get marks for what they knew, but had no time to write down; for the examiners will have no means of finding out what they knew except by what they have written down. It is therefore important that they should write down all they know. To this end they would do well to begin with what they are sure about, and leave more doubtful matters till after. Other things being equal, the faster one can write the more one can get done in a given time. In fact it is said that one of the most famous of modern English mathematicians was beaten in the Tripos by a rival who had practised fast writing for some weeks beforehand. It is well to use the same kind of pen in an examination that one generally uses outside, and not to use quills simply because they happen to be on the table."

Finally, Mr. Dixon reminds candidates, where there is a *viva voce* as well as a writing examination, that examiners are fond of posing candidates on the points which their papers show to be weak, and that therefore it would be folly in the candidate not to look up the weak points that he showed in his papers, even at the loss of some peace of mind.

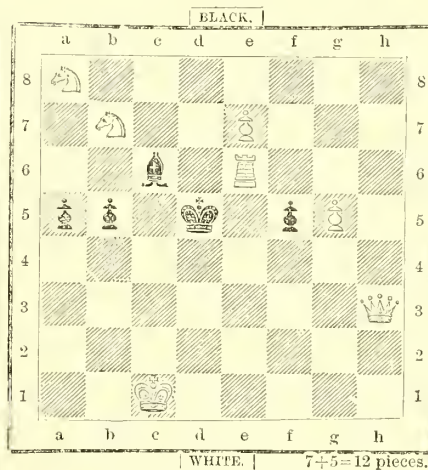
SCATTER, boys, your seeds of kindness,  
All enriching as you go;  
Leave them—trust the Harvest Giver,  
He will make each seed to grow;  
So, until its happy end,  
Your life shall never lack a friend.

## CHESS.

(Continued from page 528.)

## Problem No. 173.

By F. MÖLLER and H. F. L. MEYER.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

## MUZIO GAMBIT.

Played at Brighton, between F. Edmonds (White) and F. W. Comber (Black).

- | WHITE.              | BLACK.     |
|---------------------|------------|
| 1. P—K 4            | P—K 4      |
| 2. P—K B 4          | P×P        |
| 3. Kt—K B 3         | P—K Kt 4   |
| 4. B—B 4            | P—Kt 5     |
| 5. Castles          | P×Kt (a)   |
| 6. Q×P              | Q—B 3      |
| 7. P—Q B 3 (b)      | Kt—Q B 3   |
| 8. P—Q 4 (c)        | Kt×P       |
| 9. P×Kt             | Q×P (ch.)  |
| 10. K—R sq.         | Q×B        |
| 11. B×P             | P—Q 3      |
| 12. Kt—B 3          | P—Q B 3    |
| 13. Kt—Q 5 (d)      | P×Kt       |
| 14. P×P             | Kt—B 3 (c) |
| 15. Q R—K sq. (ch.) | B—K 2      |

16. R×B (ch.) K×R  
17. B—Kt 5 K R—Kt sq. (f)  
18. Q×Kt (ch.) K—Q 2  
19. Q—K 7 mate.

## NOTES.

(a) These five moves constitute the Muzio, also called Polerio Gambit, which is a lost game for White.

(b) This move prevents the Q from checking at Q 5 and winning the B. If 7, P—Q 3, B—R 3.

(c) If the P had gone one step only, there would have followed Kt—K 4.

(d) A daring move, which gives a strong attack to White.

(e) Better would have been B—K 2.

(f) B—K 3 ought to have followed.

## To Chess Correspondents.

R. C. G.—"Gambit" is derived from the French *gambit*, from old French *gambier*, *gambier*, to march, walk; *gambier*, to trip. It means the sacrificing of a Pawn gratuitously at an early stage of the game in order to gain a particular advantage thereby.—The moves of the Vienna opening are 1, P—K 4, P—K 4. 2, Kt—Q B 3.—Your game against P. H. C. is played only fairly well.

To our statement about the oldest writer on chess, the well-known problem composer, Henry J. C. Andrews, must now be added the sad news of his death on the 26th of last February.

## HOMERIC PUZZLE.—(See p. 527.)

## SOLUTION.

Log ostrich a potato

Λογ οστρίχ α ποτάτο

Λογος τριχα ποτατο: the word flew in three parts.

## HOME-MADE HUMMING-TOP.

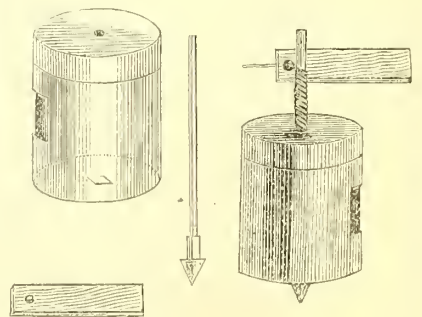
THE humming-top is a familiar toy that does not cost much to buy. At the same time there is always a satisfaction in making a thing for oneself—particularly when it costs nothing.

As it happens that a good loud humming-top can be made for nothing, we feel sure that some of our readers will not be above trying their hands at it.

The materials are an empty baking-powder canister, or any wooden box, and two pieces of firewood. The plan of operations is to cut a slit in the side of the box answering to the hole in the toy, making it half an inch square or round, as the case may be, and making a hole in the lid and bottom of the box for the spindle to come through. To make a good job of it the bottom hole should be square and the top hole round, and the spindle should be bent to fit, pushing it in, of course, from the bottom. When the holes and spindle are cut, put a little glue round the lid to make the box tight, and insert the spindle with a little glue at each hole. For the usual fork or handle with which the top is spun, a plain slip of wood with a hole at the end will be found to answer.

Very simple preparations all these, and yet everything is ready except the string.

When the top is dry, wind round the string,



passing it through the hole in the handle as shown, and spin.

That is all we need say about the home-made humming-top.



## Correspondence.

H. H.—You can do nothing for so tiny a bird except rubbing on a little pure olive oil, but feed naturally, and it may come round.

T. SMITH.—You can either sow the watercress-seed in a box, or better plant the roots. Keep always moist.

INQUIRER.—1. Yes, a Scotch deerhound makes an excellent companionable dog. 2. A puppy about £5. 3. Yes, they are much used in deerstalking, but it would be difficult to get one from Scotland's hills unless you knew a keeper. Get the prize list of a dog-show—Warwick, for instance—and write to best breeders.

WOLF.—There are white Leghorn fowls and brown, and the combs of both should be upright and bright red.

GOLDFISH.—Feed on gentles scoured in bran, small garden worms, sometimes a few brewer's grains, and soaked millet seed. Fresh water once a week, but it is better to purify the water by growing plants in it.

A. J. T.—There are no free passages granted to Canada. Assisted passages are granted to agricultural labourers and female domestic servants, at a cost to the emigrant of about three pounds. Children are charged half price. The emigrant has to find or hire a kit; if he hires it it will cost him three shillings and sixpence. For forms and all information apply to the Canadian High Commissioner, 9, Victoria Street, London, S.W. If you go from Liverpool apply to Mr. John Dyke, 15, Water Street; if from Bristol to Mr. J. W. Down, Bath Bridge. The voyage takes ten days. Emigrants on arrival are lodged at the emigration depot, and receive information as to vacancies from the Government emigration agent. Go by all means. For one chance in England there are ten in the colonies; but success depends on the man.

CUTTER.—Put the mast two-fifths of the water-line from the bow. Let it be the same height as the boat is long, make the bowsprit three times the beam, the gaff half the length of the keel, the boom half again as long as the gaff, and the topmast the same length as the hoist of the mainsail. The gaff should be at such an angle as to point to the stem-head.

B. S.—If you will get our first Christmas number you will find a full description, with plans, of how a model ice-yacht was built, together with particulars of her performances.

GERALD.—For the hundredth time we tell you and other boys—please to imagine us talking through a speaking-trumpet—that we go to press six weeks before date of issue, and that therefore answers can hardly be expected before the seventh week. What good, then, can accrue from asking advice about a dying dog or canary, or the weather next Sunday, or anything else that needs immediate reply?

J. BASSENDEN.—We cannot answer your query in print. Ask some old fancier, and use your eyes and common sense.

A. CHOTZNER (Harrow).—For model engines try Bate-man, of Cheapside; or Stevens, of Aldgate Model Dockyard. For crests, the best plan is to make friends with some fashionable stationer; most of the crests on sale are merely made to sell, and are not in actual use.

J. A. M.—As a first book try Neison's "Astronomy," published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co.

C. P.—Sir John Lubbock's final list of the best hundred books was:—The Bible, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Confucius, Le Bonddha et sa Religion (St. Hilaire), Aristotle's Ethics, The Koran, Wake's Apostolic Fathers, St. Augustine's Confessions, Imitatio Christi, Pascal's Pensées, Spinoza's Theologico Politicus, Comte's Catechism, Butler's Analogy, Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, Pilgrim's Progress, Christian Year, Aristotle's Politics, Plato's Dialogues, Demosthenes' De Corona, Lucretius, Plutarch, Horace, Cicero, Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, Niebelungenlied, Morte d'Arthur, Talboys Wheeler's Mahabharata and Ramayana, Firdusi's Shahnameh, She King (Chinese Odes), The Prometheus, Atrous or Perses of Æschylus, The Œdipus of Sophocles, The Medea of Euripides, The Knights of Aristophanes, Herodotus, Xenophon's Anabasis, Thucydides, Tacitus (Germania), Livy, Gibbon's Decline and Fall, Hume's England, Grote's Greece, Carlyle's French Revolution, Green's Short History of England, Bacon's Novum Organum, Mill's Logic and Political Economy, Darwin's Origin of Species, Smith's Wealth of Nations, Berkeley's Human Knowledge, Descartes sur la Methode, Locke's Understanding, Lewes's History of Philosophy, Cook's Voyages, Darwin's Voyage, Humboldt's Travels, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Spenser, Dryden, Chancer, Gray, Burns, Scott, Wordsworth, Heine, Pope, Southey, Vicar of Wakefield, Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Nights, Don Quixote, Boswell's Johnson, Burke, Bacon's Essays, Addison's, Hume's, Montaigne's, Macaulay's, Emerson's, Moliere, Sheridan, Voltaire's Zadig, Carlyle's Past and Present, Goethe's Faust and Meister, Natural History of Selborne, Smiles' Self-Help, Miss Austen's Emma or Pride and Prejudice, Thackeray's Vanity Fair and Pendennis, Dickens's Pickwick and David Copperfield, George Eliot's Adam Bede, Kingsley's Westward Ho! Lytton's Last Days of Pompeii, and all the Waverley novels.

A. L. B.—Yes; but the parts of Vol. v. may be had. The price for back numbers and parts is precisely the same as when published.

AN OLD BOY.—Your only course is to employ a respectable solicitor. Avoid all next-of-kin offices.

COIN GATHERER.—The copper coin with the harp and crown is an Irish halfpenny. The other is probably an anna of the East India Company's time.

FUNNY BOY.—For almond hardbake see No. 304. For solitaire see our second volume, in which we gave six articles on the game.

DOLORIS.—The shields are Australian. You can see some like them by visiting the new Anthropological Gallery in the British Museum.

BOY CAPTAIN.—There are now no boy writerships in the Navy open to public competition.

NAVY.—Get a quarterly Navy List, and read the latest regulations. Commissioners in the Navy are not to be bought. You have to obtain a nomination.

A. PRUSSIAN.—1. Get a "Bijou Gazetteer," price eightpence, of any bookseller. 2. In the August part for 1881 we had a coloured plate of all the medal ribbons of the British Empire; and in the fourth volume we had two coloured plates of the ribbons of the orders of knighthood, home and foreign.

J. W.—You should get a diagram of a ship's standing and running rigging. We gave two in the second volume.

RALPH (otherwise ALLY).—Use what is called a vowel index—that is, an index the space for every letter of which is divided into five parts, one for each of the vowels. Take B for example, and let the space devoted to it be forty pages. To BA you devote eight pages, to BE ten pages, to BI eight pages, to BO six pages, to BU four pages, to BY four pages. When you enter a subject in the index you take its first vowel as your guide. For instance, Beauty would come under BE, Brightness under BI, Brasswork under BA, Blythe under BY. If the index requires further subdivision, you split the vowels into A to K, and L to Z. Thus BA to K, BA to Z, etc., so on. Some indexes go so far as two letters, and even three letters in the main running, and then go off again into vowelings.

NAPKINSON.—The instrument is a lute, apparently of a pattern now only obtainable second-hand. There are no books published on the subject of acrobaticism, but there is one on dancing obtainable at nearly all music shops.

AN OLD READER.—The book alluded to in "The Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp" is an old and scarce one long out of print. There is a copy in the British Museum. It is simply the official report from Captain Prenties, under whose name it is indexed.

QUERY.—Get a copy of the "British Journal of Photography," and choose from the advertisements.

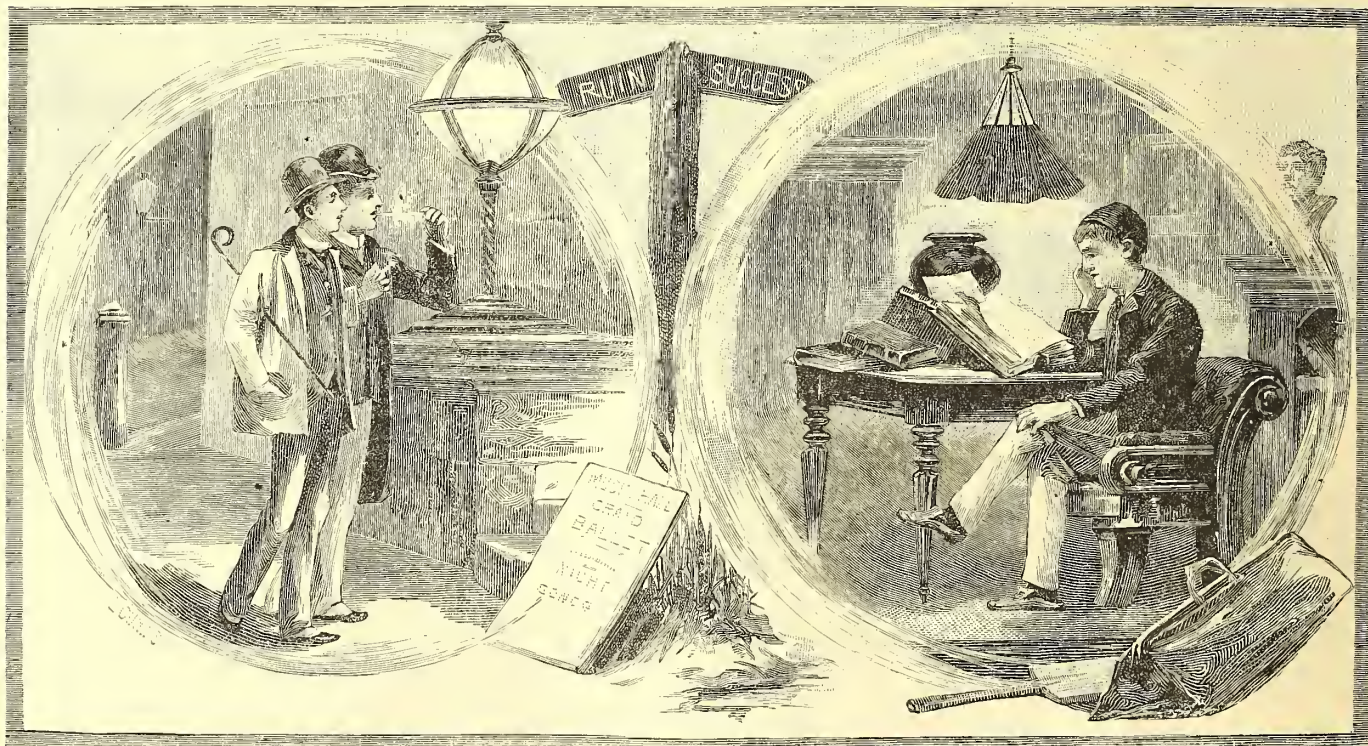
PLOUGH MONDAY.—It was so called from being the first Monday after the Christmas holidays, after which the men returned to work. Before doing so they used to draw a plough from door to door through the parish, and ask for aims towards a final carouse.

VOX.—1. When your voice has cracked you ought not to sing till it has settled again. 2. About three guineas.

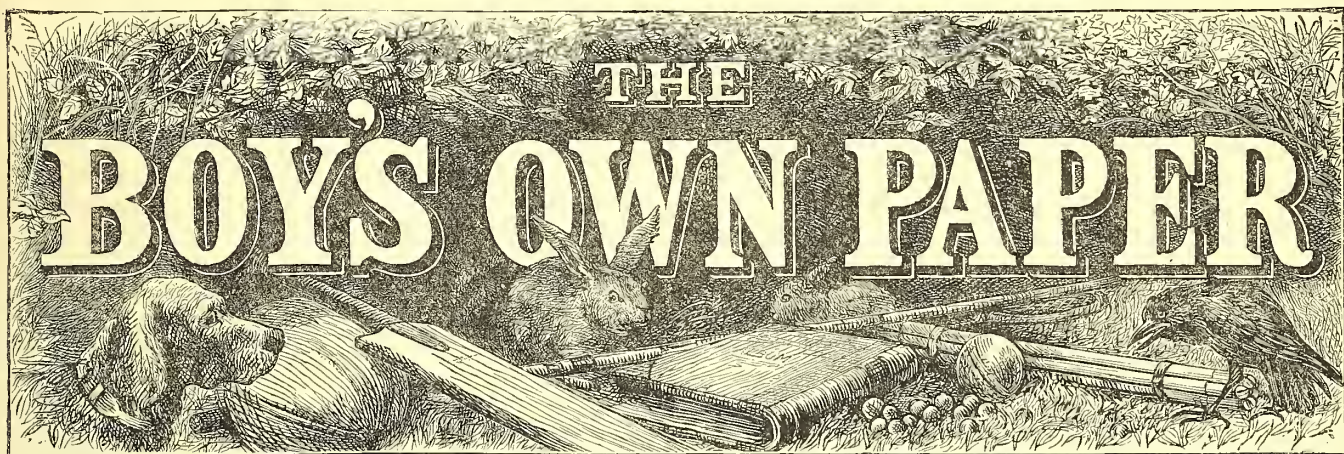
SECRETARY TO C. H.—1. You should have painted on the glass with a medium or varnish. As it is you must try to varnish with artist's copal. 2. Damp the paper and pin it down. When it dries the creases will dry out of it.

BILL RAYNER.—1. Write to the magazine direct. 2. Use Indian clubs, but do not have them too heavy.

A. F. HALL.—You can get silkworm eggs from Slaymaker's in Covent Garden Market. Dealers advertise in "Exchange and Mart."



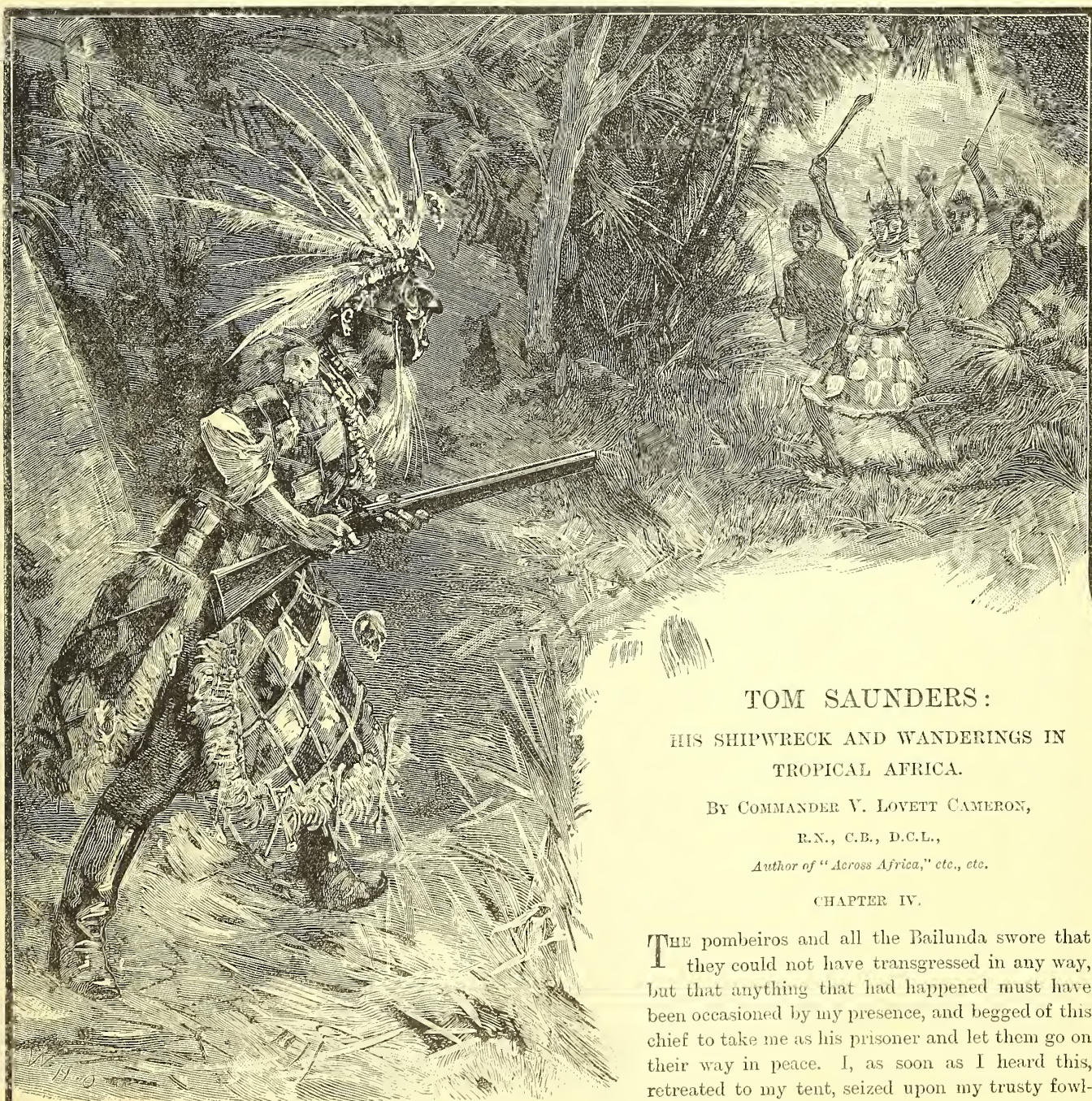




No. 437.—Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1887.

Price One Penny.  
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## TOM SAUNDERS:

HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN  
TROPICAL AFRICA.

By COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON,

R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,

*Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER IV.

THE pombeiros and all the Bailunda swore that they could not have transgressed in any way, but that anything that had happened must have been occasioned by my presence, and begged of this chief to take me as his prisoner and let them go on their way in peace. I, as soon as I heard this, retreated to my tent, seized upon my trusty fowling-piece, and, putting my back against a tree, said

"Began to advance slowly towards them."



I would shoot the first man that laid a hand on me. This determined attitude on my part had a good effect, for the pombeiros ceased to talk about giving me up, and made a show of consulting me as to what goods we could best spare in order to bribe the wizards to let us continue on our way without hurt or hindrance. A selection was made, which they said would be ample, and though I was not satisfied that they intended to act fairly by me, still I thought that they would be afraid of getting into trouble with Senhor Ferreira if they gave me up to the people from Humbi; so in the afternoon I lay down in my tent for a snooze.

I had hardly got off to sleep when I was awoke again by a hand being placed on my mouth. I sprang up and was about to shout out, expecting some treachery, especially as the tent door, which had been open when I lay down, was now closed, when I recognised one of my hammock-bearers, who kept his finger on his lips in token that I was to remain perfectly still and silent. I asked him what was the matter, and he said that he had been listening outside the pombeiros' hut and had heard them agreeing that when the people from Humbi arrived, as it was sure to be a charge of magic or fetish on which we were detained, that they would send to them a private message that I should be given up, but that when the formal demand was made it should be refused, and that then the people from Humbi and the neighbouring villages should make a sham attack on us, in which I should be left to my fate. He told me that the other men who had been carrying my hammock would, with him, stick to me, because I had treated them kindly, and that the others were now trying to find out what the details of the plot would be. He told me to keep quiet and do nothing until he or one of his mates returned, and then crawled out of the tent again.

I lay quiet for some time, but, hearing a great drumming and shouting, was about to leave my tent, when this man came back again and said that the fetishmen from Humbi were arriving, and that the pombeiros wished me to be with them to receive them in due form. I went out and found the pombeiros seated under a large tree, while squatted all round were all the Bailunda porters and many natives from the neighbouring villages. Soon we saw the procession from Humbi approaching. It was a tumultuous and noisy crowd, composed of men and women dancing, howling, and beating drums, whilst borne aloft in the midst were three wizards with huge head-dresses of feathers and strings of skulls of birds and reptiles and human bones round their necks, whilst their own faces and bodies were painted in hideous patterns in white, red, and yellow. Many of those accompanying them were armed, and I could also see that most of the villagers were likewise armed. Our men were mostly without arms, it not being the custom of the Bailunda to carry them on the march.

As this noisy mob drew near, Pedro and Baptista told me we must go and meet the magicians, which we accordingly did, and after a great deal of fantastic ceremony they were conducted to seats near us under the tree, and the pulaver was opened. The magicians claimed that owing to our passing the flight of locusts had occurred out of season, and that a portion of them

had settled on the plantations of Humbi and destroyed them, and that in consequence we ought to pay for the damage done. A long discussion took place, which I could not understand, but Pedro and Baptista told me that it was arranged that we should pay four loads of cloth, two of beads, one of powder, two kegs of aguardiente, and five guns, and said that this was a very small amount to be extorted on such an occasion. I told them I thought that this would be robbing Senhor Ferreira, and that I did not see how we were to carry out his intentions if thus early in our journey we allowed such a large proportion of our goods to be taken from us on such a frivolous pretext. They insisted that, though it might be unfortunate, still we were lucky to have made such a good bargain, and that they had agreed to it for my benefit, for the people from Humbi had at first insisted that I should be given up to them, for they said that I by magic had caused the locusts to destroy their crops. Knowing from my hammock-bearer that they intended treachery, I told them that in that case I was obliged to consent to the agreement that we had made, and would write and tell Senhor Ferreira all the circumstances of this most unlucky occurrence.

Shortly after this our unwelcome visitors left us, and I was told they would return in the morning for the goods, and that when they were delivered over we would be free to resume our march. I returned to my tent, and as soon as it was dark the same man that had visited me before returned, and said that the story about the goods was all false, but that the pombeiros had agreed to deliver me up in the morning, and that if I remained in camp and let myself fall into their hands I should doubtless be tortured to death, and that he had little doubt the pombeiros had arranged the whole business, as they were jealous of my presence in the caravan.

On my asking him what I could possibly do to avoid the horrible fate that threatened me, he said that the only chance was to make my escape at once, and, with him and the other three carriers, make our way to the dominions of the next Soba, or chief, who lived at a place called Kambala, about thirty miles distant, and who would not permit the pretensions of the Humbi people to be asserted in his country. I agreed, but asked how I could get out of the camp without being seen, when he proposed that I should take off my European clothes, and, after blacking myself all over, put on a cloth like a native and go out quietly with him and wait for his companions, who would soon join us with my gun, clothes, and some food.

I at once agreed to his proposition, and he brought a mixture of grease and dirt, with which he smeared me over, and then, wrapping a dirty cloth round my waist, I followed him out of camp. We made our way to a big tree standing by a stream, which he told me was the appointed trysting-place, and here we waited for what seemed an interminable time, and in my naked condition I suffered intensely from the cold. I was indeed so cold and felt so wretched that I was debating within myself whether it would not be better for me to return to the camp and run the risk of being given up than die, as I thought I should, from

exposure. I was on the point of proposing this to my companion when we heard footsteps approaching, and soon the three men whom we were expecting arrived. I hurried on my clothes and took my gun, and then they urged that we should at once make the best of our way onwards, as my absence might be discovered at any moment, when people would be sent to search for me. No advice could be more palatable to me, and we pushed on as fast as we could, although in the dark it was hard to keep to the track, and we stumbled over roots and stones, and sometimes were frightened by hearing wild beasts in the jungle close to us.

At daylight we found that we had accomplished only about a quarter of the distance that separated us from Kambala, and it was necessary, notwithstanding our being wearied and footsore, to continue our flight as fast as we could, as we knew that by this time our absence would be discovered, and that men would be sent in pursuit of us. The road was pretty good, and many of the streams we came across were bridged, so that we lost no time in crossing them.

About eleven o'clock my men told me we were getting close to King Kongo's (as the chief of Kambala was called) territory, and pointed out a village on a small hill about two miles in front of us, and said that it was one of his villages, and that there we should be in safety from all pursuit. Scarcely had they told me this when they cried out "The devils!" and took to their heels as hard as they could.

Looking to see what they were frightened at, I saw three men, dressed up in complete suits of black-and-white network, with grotesque masks covering their faces, who were coming towards me with threatening gestures and cries. As they were armed only with clubs I stood my ground, heedless of the cries of my companions, and looking to the priming of my fowling-piece, which I had loaded with buckshot, I levelled it at the foremost of the new-comers and shouted to them to stop. Seeing me resolute, the foremost of them threw his club at me with such force and dexterity that if I had not jumped nimbly to one side he would have knocked me over and rendered me an easy prey to himself and his companions. He being now unarmed, I discharged both barrels at his friends, one of whom fell forward on his face, dead, and the other, uttering a loud scream, turned tail and fled away with blood streaming from his wounds, and the one who had hurled his club at me lost no time in following his example. I at once reloaded my gun, and my men, who had halted on hearing me fire, coming back, we went to where the fallen man was. We stripped him of his disguise, and found that he was one of the people whom we had seen in the camp at Humbi, and who had been loudest in his description of the power of the evil ones. I asked my men what they thought of these devils now, when they said that though these fellows might be shams, there was no doubt that devils did infest the woods and murder and rob people. One of my fellows said that it would be a good thing to take the trappings of the dead man with us, for the fact of our having killed one of the Humbi fetishmen would be a sure passport to the heart and affections of King Kongo, as they were always trying to tamper with his people.



We had lost some little time over this encounter, and soon after we had resumed our road we heard the cries of people behind us, and as they drew closer, notwithstanding our pushing on at our utmost speed, it became evident that we should be again overtaken before we could possibly reach the village where we should be in safety. In this moment of peril a bright idea came into my head, and, again stripping off my clothes, I hastily dressed myself in the grotesque garb of the defunct man, and retaining my fowling-piece instead of his club, I determined to face my pursuers and see whether my appearance would not strike as much terror into them as the original wearer and his companions had into the hearts of my men.

My fellows fell in with the idea, and the change was soon made, though not an instant too early, for as soon as it was finished I saw a body of about twenty men, headed by one of the Humbi fetishmen, about four hundred yards off. They caught sight of me at the same moment and came on at a run, shouting and yelling. I dodged behind some trees, and when they came within about a hundred yards, jumped out into the path and began to advance slowly towards them. As soon

as they distinguished my dress all except the fetishman commenced to run away, but he shouted something to them, and came on towards me. I supposed that he might think me to be his friend whom the dress had originally belonged to, and in order to prevent his coming too close I let fly at him at about sixty yards' distance. I could see that he was hit, and he turned tail, and now both he and all his following crowded all sail back along the way they had come. I fired my other barrel after them to freshen their way, and then made the best of my road to rejoin my faithful hammock-men, who had been watching the effect of my ruse with intense interest.

They were rejoiced at its good success, and about half an hour afterwards we reached the village which we had seen, where, when my men told the story of what had happened, we became popular heroes; and when we exhibited the spoils of the man whom I had defeated, and told how his companions and the fetishman had run away, their delight knew no bounds; for, believing in these people being really evil spirits, they had always when they sent a trading party to Benguella paid large quantities of goods both on the way up and down to the people of

Humbi for protection, and notwithstanding this had been often plundered, and of late had had their trade almost stopped by the conduct of these people.

The best hut in the village was cleared out for me, and fowls, milk, eggs, and plantains in abundance were provided, and after I had been in the hut about a quarter of an hour and had succeeded in washing off most of the colour with which I had been besmeared, the elders came, bringing with them an enormous earthen pot full of a sort of beer made of honey and corn, and which they insisted upon my sharing with them. We drank it out of gourds and baskets, which latter were made so neatly that they held the liquor without a drop escaping. I did not at first think it was strong, and drank draught for draught with my visitors, but soon begged them to excuse me on the plea of fatigue. They, after trying for a short time to persuade me to continue drinking, left me, and after a few mouthfuls of food I threw myself on a bed which had been prepared for me with mats and blankets, and was soon asleep.

(To be continued.)

## THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER:

OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER VIII.

It is perhaps time that the gentle reader had a clearer idea of The College, Torchester, the school at which the events of this story took place. The college, then, was a private school of larger dimensions than the majority of such institutions, both as regards numbers and premises. It had grown under the Doctor's care from ninety to a hundred and thirty-one boys, at which point the increase ceased from want of accommodation.

Torchester was an old town of eleven thousand inhabitants, boasting a manufacture of linen and an old abbey, used as the parish church. This abbey was close to the college, in fact the latter stood on what were once the abbey grounds; an old arch of Norman architecture still spanned the gate which led from the college yard to the cloisters. The vicar was the Rev. Arthur Calcott, rural dean, and brother of Dr. Calcott, the head master. From this relationship it resulted that the abbey choir was chiefly composed of college boys.

The year before Lee's advent to the college the zenith of the school's prosperity was reached. The house was so crowded that it became necessary to use the masters' rooms for dormitories for the boys; consequently the masters were now located in a house a short distance from the college. This in its turn necessitated fresh arrangements as regards the maintenance of discipline, and the Doctor evolved an elaborate scheme, which he believed would work admirably.

Hitherto monitors had been unknown; the sixth form exercised an informal authority with undefined limits, the presence of two or three masters at all hours rendering any further supervision unnecessary. The Doctor now appointed ten monitors, with power to deal summarily with small offences, and instructions to report important ones. Mr. Partridge was made permanent house-master, whilst the Doctor himself remained invisible except during school hours and prayers.

In this way Dr. Calcott hoped to be able to secure for himself a larger amount of leisure than had hitherto been within his power, not with a view of obtaining selfish ease, but in order to be able to devote himself to a new edition of Euripides, on whose works he considered himself competent to throw various fresh lights. What with monitors and house-master, he thought the discipline of the school would be amply secured.

So perhaps it would have been had the monitors and house-master been perfect, but they were not. To begin with, it is always difficult to establish a new authority in a school, and the boys felt it a grievance that they were put under the authority of their fellows. The monitors, on their side, were by no means too pleased to be invested with this authority; it prevented the disorderly inclined from joining in the irregularities to which they were prone, and made it their duty to spoil the sport of those with whom they thoroughly sympathised. The few who tried to do their

duty found that it interfered with their pleasures a great deal, and the privileges attached to the post did not compensate for the inconveniences it entailed.

Just before the Christmas holidays matters almost came to a climax: the boys of the fifth form felt the authority of the monitors was becoming unbearable. However, the ringleader in the budding rebellion left at Christmas, and the new half began without anything more disquieting than a feeling of discontent, which contained the seeds of a stronger feeling should occasion call it forth.

It is not to be wondered at if discipline had gradually become relaxed with boys resisting the monitors' authority, and monitors unwilling to exercise it. Add to this the fact that Mr. Partridge was a poor disciplinarian, and a far from good master in any respect, and it can be easily surmised that those who could read the signs foresaw that it was not probable that the half would pass without trouble.

Lee was of course ignorant at present of the state of affairs; he was quite willing to acknowledge the authority of any one who might claim deference, whether entitled to it or not, supposing he were big and strong. It was not long, however, before he learnt that there were limits to the authority of even the monitors.

He was going into the playground after dinner, when Ingram shouted after him,

"Come here, you Lee!"



Lee trotted up, hoping he had not been doing anything wrong, for Ingram was a monitor.

"You go down to the field and stand in touch on the abbey side; we're going to play football."

"Please, Ingram, must I?" asked Lee, who had made out quite a different programme for himself.

"Must you? Of course you must. Don't you know that everybody's got to play football?"

Lee had heard something about it, so considered his fate sealed for the next hour, though it was a tremendous nuisance. He wandered towards the field, slowly, wishing football at the bottom of the sea. It wasn't as if he was going to play; all he had to do was to run after the ball when it went in touch, and toss it out over the line.

He had not gone many yards when he heard a sharp whistle. He looked up, and saw standing near him the boy who had rescued him from Smythe on the night of his arrival.

"What's that chap been saying to you?"

Lee told him.

"Do you want to go?"

"No, I don't."

"Then don't go."

"But Ingram says I must," said Lee.

"Ingram be shot; you needn't go."

"Here he comes!" cried Lee.

"Well, you stay by me; he won't do you any harm."

Lee stayed, in fear and trembling. Ingram came walking rapidly up, carrying the ball.

"Now then, Lee, off you go."

"What have you been telling this youngster about his having to fag for you?" inquired Lee's protector, in a very measured style.

"What's it matter to you?" was Ingram's retort.

"I am the born protector of small boys from the tyranny of monitors," replied the other, without a smile. "When I see a youngster being sat upon, it touches my heart, and I say to myself, 'Macintosh, my lad, you were ten years old once; how would you like it?'"

Lee listened in astonishment to this extraordinary speech. Ingram flushed, and said, angrily,

"You're a fool, and you know it too."

"So are you, and you don't know it," was the retort.

Ingram muttered some angry answer which was inaudible; nor would he repeat it although requested, but walked swiftly away.

"There you are," said Macintosh, indulging in a wide smile that atoned for his previous seriousness; "you must learn to put your foot down, little 'un, unless you mean to be imposed on by chaps like that."

"Thank you very much," said Lee.

"Won't he lick me, though?"

"What if he does?"

Lee thought it would certainly make a difference.

"Don't be afraid, though," said the Markiss, "he won't touch you. He's a monitor, and monitors have got to behave themselves, you know. Mind you don't get into his black books, though, or he'll report you, sure as eggs."

With this parting piece of advice the Markiss betook himself to the fives court, where he played a couple of games with an extra hard ball without a glove on,

and as the day was frosty his hand was soon tingling as badly as if it had been feruled. There is all the difference, though, between voluntary and involuntary pain!

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE next day, somewhat to his surprise, Lee found that Bucknill was inclined to take more notice of him than he had hitherto done. Possibly the remembrance of the luscious apples which had been given him the day before had something to do with it, for Bucknill had the misfortune to have no mother, and was on bad terms with his father's house-keeper, so that he seldom brought back to school the much-valued hamper.

Lee was very glad to find him in kinder mood, and plucked up courage to show him his Latin exercise, which he was painfully conscious was far from perfect.

Bucknill looked it over with him, and entirely agreed with Lee's low estimate of its correctness.

"This'll never do," he said, as he scored out several words of the second declension, which had their plural formed according to the rules of the third; "you'll have to get a crib, young'un, unless you can make better shots at it than this."

"Yes, I'm afraid it's rather bad," said Lee; "I shall have to work very hard, and Partridge doesn't seem to take into consideration that it's all fresh to me."

"No, I don't suppose he does," replied Bucknill; "consideration is not one of his strong points. Why don't you make friends with some chap in your own form who's got a translation?"

Lee scarcely liked to do this. He had not yet grown sufficiently accustomed to the ways of the school to consider himself justified in sending up as his own work that with which really he had had nothing to do.

Unfortunately at this college "cribbing" was far from uncommon just now, and carried with it no immoral imputation.

Glubb made no secret whatever of his copying his exercise from a crib which had been bequeathed to him by a predecessor. As he explained, "it saved a lot of time and trouble, and was so much pleasanter for all parties."

This explanation he gave to Lee on the latter asking him how he managed to keep such a good place in class, notwithstanding that he gave up the whole of his leisure hours to his favourite story.

Glubb seemed to see no harm in devoting himself to the literature which he loved in preference to that in which he saw no beauties.

"It's all very well," said Glubb, "to make us grind out histories of kings and emperors that no one cares a pin about. Why don't they give us Walter Scott or Mayne Reid to learn? That would teach us a good deal more, and I fancy we should get on a great deal faster."

Lee interrupted him to ask who that fellow was—pointing in the direction of Macintosh, who had just come into the schoolroom.

"Why you don't mean to say you don't know who he is?" said Glubb. "He's the 'Markiss.'"

"The 'Markiss'?" said Lee, looking puzzled.

"Yes, his name is Marcus Macintosh, but everybody calls him 'the Markiss.' He's the rummiest chap in the school, but a very jolly one. Hasn't he spoken to you yet?"

Lee described what had taken place between them, and how he owed to him his escape from the quarrel with Smythe and the most unwelcome piece of football fagging which Ingram wished to impose upon him.

"Yes," said Glubb, "he's a very jolly chap, but he's a long way behind in all his lessons. He's the son of some Scotch swell, I believe, so he'll never want to know very much. He's very good-natured, though, and he's simply down on Ingram and those fellows who are so fond of bullying. If you can keep in his good books so much the better for you, but he'll pitch you over directly he finds you get into lots of rows."

Lee watched the "Markiss" with some curiosity. He certainly was a strange specimen of a schoolboy—unfortunately; for it would have been a good thing for the college had there been more like him. In spite of his unprepossessing appearance, he was one of the best boys of the school, both as regards moral character and energy in all sports.

Needless to say he was particularly disliked by Ingram and those who took the latter for their model.

The school generally had got to hear of the marvellous story with which Glubb was entertaining the occupants of his dormitory. Glubb was not sorry that the news had gone round, for he had all an author's vanity. At the same time it was rather a nuisance to have fellows coming up and demanding to know what the story was, expecting him to begin it again for their delectation, in the limited time between dinner and afternoon school. Glubb required all the spare time which he had on hand to make due preparation for the coming night.

Lee had been immensely struck with the story, so far as it had progressed on the first night, and looked forward anxiously for its renewal in the evening.

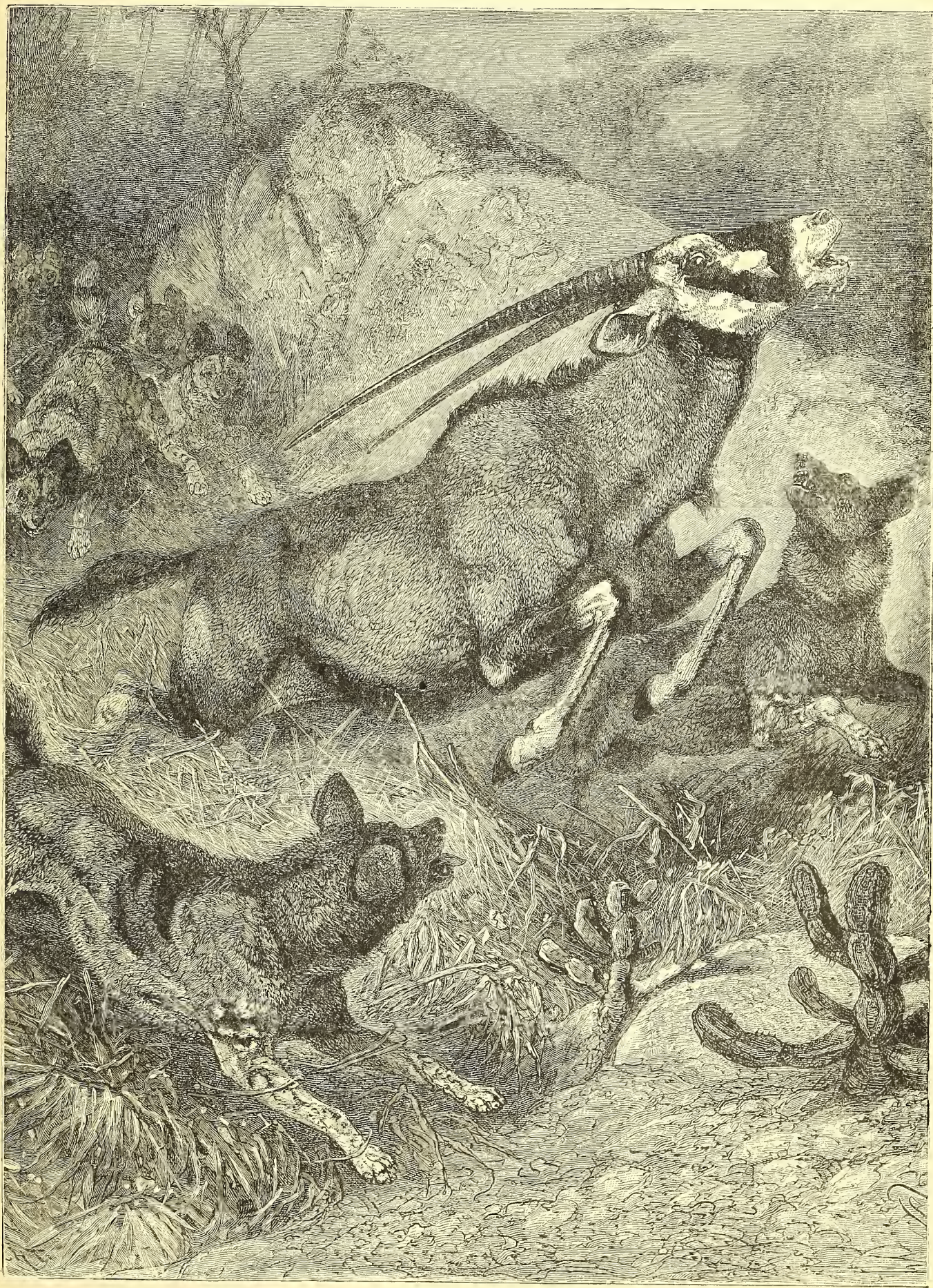
It was not fated, however, that the adventures of the Bride of the Bashaw should be continued uninterruptedly.

Richards, the boy of whom Glubb complained as being too sleepy to enjoy his stories, found on the second night that the exciting adventures, which Glubb depicted with such enjoyment, only had a soporific effect on him. He began to snore soon after the story had commenced. This would never do, Glubb said, and abruptly declared he would not tell another sentence unless Richards's snoring was stopped.

Harrison, the monitor of the room, promptly pulled Richards out of bed and whacked him over the head with a pillow. This, however, was only good as a temporary measure, for it was certain that Richards would fall asleep again two minutes later if he were allowed to get into bed again. It was too cold to make him sit up on his stool; but it would be a sad interruption to the story for a boy to have to get out of bed and use a pillow to remonstrate with him every five minutes.

Glubb, however, hit upon an expedient which bid fair to answer the purpose. He suggested to Harrison to tie a piece of string to the toe of the sleeper and at the first sign of a snore to pull it sharply. This answered very well. It is true that





STUDIES FROM NATURE.—Gemsbok and Jackals.



Richards gave some smothered screams when the string was pulled, but the interruption was not of a serious nature, and Glubb reached one of the thrilling incidents of his story—namely, the discovery of the hidden vault—without further mishap.

Lee had been lying awake listening with all his ears. He fancied, however, that he occasionally heard slight noises, which certainly did not proceed from within the room. He did not like to interrupt the story by calling attention to them. The noise was only occasional, and he soon gave up all thought of it.

The story grew more and more exciting. In his eagerness Glubb had risen to a sitting posture, and was wildly gesticulating with appropriate action, heedless of the fact that his gestures were perfectly invisible.

"The princess swooned at full length on the floor, thus escaping from the hated embrace of the Bashaw.

"Ah!" he cried, as he waved his scimitar around his head; 'you thought to escape me, but in vain! You will find in my palace the bolts are strong and the bars impregnable. My servants are faithful, and never shall you escape from my power again. Ho, without there!'

"At this moment the door was burst open, the prince rushed in with his sabre drawn. He waved it about his head.

"Ah, monster!" he cried, 'have I found you at last?'

Every one in the dormitory was listening intently, but the story suddenly ceased. There was a yell of dismay from Glubb's direction, and the sound of a heavy fall.

"What on earth's up?" exclaimed Harrison, leaping from his bed, whilst others threw their bedclothes off in wonder at what had happened, and waited in the darkness.

They had not long to wait. Pillows were flying about wildly; each boy found himself prostrated by some invisible foe, and could only throw back wildly in return, in the hope of "fetching" something.

What had happened was evident to them all. An attacking party had come from another room, and, taking advantage of the excitement with which they listened to Glubb's narrative, had stolen in quietly in the dark, and made this sudden attack at the very crisis of events.

At first there was not much noise, for they were aware that Mr. Partridge's room was a very short distance away, and the fear of disturbing him made them careful. The various single encounters took place in almost dead silence, except the thudding of a soft pillow. The combatants did not even know with whom they were fighting, and doubtless in several cases fought with their own friends. Harrison, however, managed to pin one boy to the ground, and when at last the leader of the incursion sounded the retreat, still managed to hold him down.

"Strike a light, one of you!" said Harrison. "Let's see who these beggars are."

A match was found, and the gas lit. In Harrison's hands was little Ashbee, looking far from comfortable.

"Oh, then, it's your room, is it?" said Harrison. "All right, I'll teach you to come and disturb us here at this time of night!"

He used his slipper with some effect on the youngster, and then kicked him out of the room, whilst the rest of the boys put their beds as straight as they could, one or two bewailing split pillow-cases, which they feared would lead to trouble on the morrow.

"I say, Harrison," said one of the boys, "are you going to report us for this? It wasn't our fault, you know; we couldn't help their coming here."

"No, no, don't be afraid; I shall not report you," said Harrison. "It's none of my business; I'm only responsible for the behaviour of this room, and if any fellow comes in here making a disturbance he must look to his own monitor if he wants to get reported."

Harrison was a monitor who by no means gloried in his post, or was inclined to magnify his office. He knew very well that Ingram, who was the monitor of the room from which the attacking party came, would not dream of reporting the disturbance even if he knew of it. The fact was that Ingram had had a hint given him that something was up that night, and, in order to render it unnecessary for him to report it, had purposely stayed downstairs, telling Bucknill that he must be careful to have the whole thing over before ten o'clock, when he would be coming up.

"It's an awful nuisance," he said to his friend, "that I can't be in the fun my-

self; but as I am monitor I've got to be a bit careful. I should get it hot from the Doctor if by any chance he was to hear of it."

Before the struggle had ended the boys had, to a great extent, lost all consideration of the noise they were making. It is all very well to commence a fight with the idea that you will conduct it on silent principles, but when a slipper catches you unexpectedly on an unprotected part of your anatomy, or a pillow is held down over your face until you can scarcely breathe, all considerations of necessity for silence are forgotten.

The consequence was that in the heat of the conflict there was a good deal more row made than was expected, and Bucknill's fear of disturbing Mr. Partridge had caused him to beat an earlier retreat than he had intended.

"Now then, quick into bed with you," he cried, as he led his followers back to their room. "If this hasn't stirred up Partridge, it's very strange."

However, there was no sound of an opening door. They knew it was Mr. Partridge's custom to go to his room about half-past nine, and there read until he retired to rest. They listened attentively; still no sound.

"I tell you what I'll do," said Ashbee; "if you like I'll creep to his door and listen at the keyhole. Perhaps he isn't there."

"Oh yes, he is," said a small boy, "for I saw a light under his door just now."

Ashbee crept out of bed and silently made his way to the master's door. He peeped through the keyhole, but could see nothing. He listened again, and then heard distinctly a heavy breathing. He retreated to his room with less care than he had exercised in leaving it.

"He's fast asleep," he exclaimed. "Fancy that!—a grown-up man going to sleep before ten!"

"So much the better," said Bucknill. "I wish, though, we had all gone for Glubb instead of spreading about the room. We might have lugged him into our room, and made him tell us a story before we let him go again. Never mind, we must think of that another night."

Soon after, Ingram came up to bed. He made no remark, although when he turned the gas up it was not difficult to see that things were not exactly as they should be.

(To be continued.)

## INCUBATORS AND CHICKEN-REARERS.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

**N**O attempt to give anything like a complete description of the many useful incubators in the market in the space at my command would be trying too much, and those of my readers who wish to make artificial hatching a study must be referred to the fifth chapter of my friend Mr. Lewis Wright's well-known and clever Book of Poultry.

I very often think it is a pity boys do not save up their spare coins, and go in for buying a really good text-book upon whatever member of the live-stock world happens to be their fancy.

A young friend of mine has quite a small library, which his economy has enabled him to purchase, for, instead of spending his pence on pastry, he saves to buy a book.

He saves himself many an attack of dyspepsia at the same time.

But to our text.

It was no doubt from the lower animals that mankind first took the idea that the artificial hatching of fowls was possible. The snake buries her eggs in a dung-heap if she can, or in some warm place in the sunshine.

The turtle places her eggs in the sand, and the ostrich depends to a great extent on the sun's heat for the hatching of her eggs.

For many hundreds of years before we in this country attempted artificial hatching the Egyptians and Chinese were quite adepts at the business. This may seem strange, but I rather think it was the rigidity and uncertainty of our climate that kept us back.

However, within the last twelve or fifteen

years we have made very rapid progress in the art, and there are really so many machines now in the market that one hardly knows which to choose.

I may state, once for all, however, that I see no advantage in possessing an incubator at all, where good sitting hens can be procured. But in the early part of the season in particular these are apt to be scarce, and then the machines come in handy.

Now, although I do not wish to discourage the inventive or mechanical faculty in my readers, still I fear that only very clever boys indeed would be able to make a machine. And I should also remind them that the price of patent ones (which I will presently give) is high—so high as to be beyond the reach of many. Yet if an active and energetic lad of,



say, fifteen years or over, did purchase one of these, I see no reason why, with care and study, he should not make it pay in even a single year.

It is the older edition of Wright's Book of Poultry which graces my library, and he mentions many incubators, which it may be well if I just take a glance at. M. Vellée, of the Paris Jardins des Plantes, gets the credit of being first to the fore with a good incubator (date, 1845), with which he hatched fowls' eggs, and even those of partridges, pheasants, and reptiles. It had a self-regulating temperature-valve.

I only mention this in order to remind you that if you take up artificial hatching as a fancy there is no end to the kinds of feather pets you might bring forth. Silver pheasants, perhaps, or what say you to OSTRICHES? (Pray put the word in capitals, Mr. Printer.)

Fancy hatching ostriches! Wouldn't one's friends stare? And wouldn't one's lady acquaintances crowd around to have a look, and perhaps a feather? But there is nothing impossible to a good incubator.

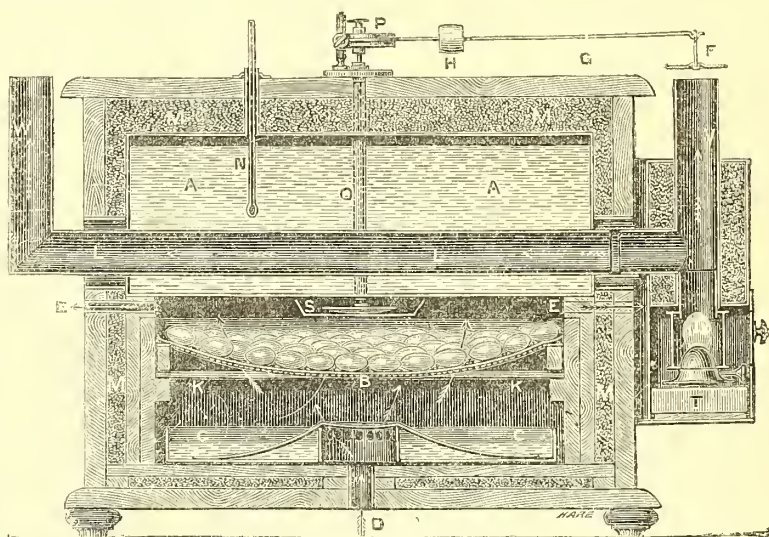
The following table is worth cutting out and pasting up in your notes to remind you of times of incubation required for different sorts of eggs:—

Pheasants' require about 24 days.	
Heus'           "       "       21   "	
Ducks'         "       "       28   "	
Geese's        "       "       30   "	
Turkeys'       "       "       28   "	
Peahens'       "       "       28   "	
Partridges'    "       "       24   "	
Swans'          "       "       40   "	
Ostriches'      "       "       40   "	

Mr. F. Schroder's incubator is circular, and has a hot-water tank, the eggs being under in drawers with perforated zinc bottoms. The eggs lie on chaff, and an ingenious plan for keeping them moist is adopted.

U.S., with a good but intricate and expensive machine. Mr. Helsted's American incubator is probably better.

I have on my desk both Hillier's and Hearson's pamphlets. Theirs are incubators built on different principles, one being



Hearson's Incubators.

Then we have Mr. L. Wren, of Lowestoft, coming forward with an excellent incubator, which gives very good results. The vital motor here is the heat obtained from gas very ingeniously regulated.

Now, without the slightest wish to extol one machine in the market above the other, I may be allowed to say that I believe the following are the best:—

1. Thomas Christy's, whose pamphlet I

atmospheric and the other having water tanks. Both are good, and Hearson's particularly ingenious. But the choice of these, or of any other, the reader must make for himself.

As they are different in principle of action, however, I need make no apology for saying a few words about the merits that each inventor lays claim to.

Says the Hillier's pamphlet:—

"In our opinion, as with most of those who have experimented with all kinds of apparatus for hatching eggs, an incubator without a regulator, unless watched continuously night and day, is a useless toy; and although there are several forms of so-called thermostatic incubators, the only instantaneous and certain way of regulating an incubator is by automatically controlling the supply of heated air direct to the hatching-chamber, by means of a sensitive regulator, which method has been introduced into the atmospheric incubator, and which is distinct from most others by the absence of the huge, cumbersome, ever-leaking hot-water tank, which so quickly wears out, giving endless trouble and anxiety."

Now there may be a good deal in this reference to water tanks wearing out. For we all know that water does create rust.

The press has reviewed this incubator very favourable too, it must be allowed, and among other advantages in its favour may be mentioned the following:—

There is no heavy drawer full of eggs, liable to be damaged by rolling and shaking, to be removed.

The hatching-chamber is opened by simply raising the lid; this enables any person to work a large-sized machine without difficulty or trouble.

It maintains an even temperature without attention.

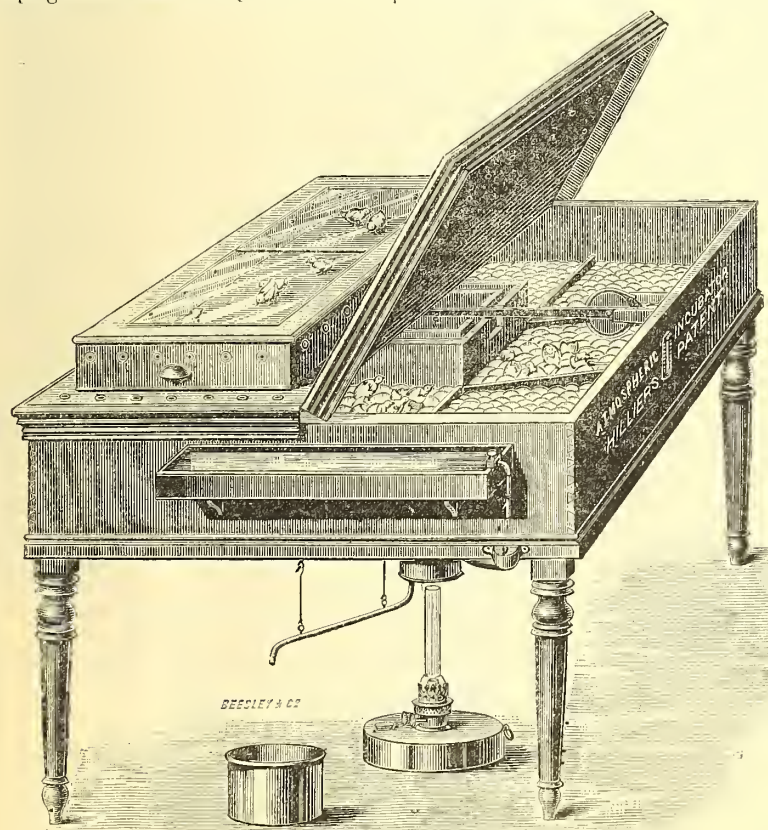
It can be started in five minutes by simply lighting the lamp.

The regulator is simple and perfect, and is guaranteed to work for years (with fair use) without any repair whatever, and maintain an even temperature.

It can be worked easily by any one; it being only necessary to turn the eggs and trim the lamp once a day.

When the eggs have been turned, the hatching-chamber quickly regains its normal temperature.

The apparatus, which is constructed upon scientific principles, has every improvement



Hillier's Incubators.

In 1863 Colonel Stuart Wortley's incubator was described in the "Field." This was or is also a hot-water machine. Then came Messrs. Frost, Graves, and Co., of Boston,

have not at hand, but which any boy can himself write for.

2. Hillier's Patent.

3. Hearson's Patent.



at present known, and many improvements which have quite recently been discovered.

It is light and portable; and as it is fitted with legs it is unnecessary to have a special table for it to stand upon.

Every incubator is fitted with a drying-box, with glass top, in which chicks may be reared and fed for the first few days.

The hatching-chamber is so arranged that it may be divided into compartments, and in addition to the spacious drying-box on the lid of the incubator, a portion may be set apart for drying chicks when first hatched.

It must be confessed then that these are very solid advantages indeed.

There is in this incubator a capitally arranged regulator, but for a description of this I must refer you to the pamphlet itself.

The Hillier foster-mother is likewise very ingenious; it has a little run and a retiring room, and is about as perfect as need be.

Young chicks when moved from the incubator into the rearing-mother, require a temperature from 75° to 90°, and the second day 75° to 85° is a good temperature.

In three or four weeks' time, in warm mild weather, the chicks will do well without artificial heat.

A thermometer should be hung on a nail in the foster-mother about three inches from the stove, the bulb being three inches from the floor to show the temperature.

The amount of flame required to keep up the temperature will greatly depend on the number of chicks, a large number requiring

considerably less heat than a few. One lamp will usually be found sufficient after the first few days if there are many chicks.

When young chicks are kept shut in for the first day or so, the lid may be left partly off during the daytime to allow sufficient light for them to feed. The floor of the rearing-chamber should be kept well-cleaned and a little hay littered about.

Now, Hearson's Patent Incubator maintains a regular temperature by getting rid of whatever heat the flame may produce, in excess of that required for the purpose of incubation, and a little consideration will also render apparent the fact that any incubator working with a paraffin lamp must either directly or indirectly waste a portion of the heat supplied by the fuel whenever the flame is in excess of the required height.

It is, therefore, merely a question of expediency whether we raise a damper from a chimney, and allow the heated products of combustion to escape at that outlet, or open a ventilator and cause a flow of cold air to carry away the surplus heat imparted to the eggs by the over-heated water tank.

Reasoning on the ill-effects produced by sitting in a draught, the reader will not be slow to comprehend what would be likely to happen to the delicate organisation of an egg placed in a similar situation, and the failure of previous incubators, in which the temperature was fairly regular, was no doubt due in a great measure to the pernicious effects of cold air currents on the heated eggs."

I have nothing but the highest praise to bestow on either of these incubators, which, though differing in principle, have proved themselves just the things to do the work required of them.

As to the prices, they are as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Hillier's, for 25 hen's eggs, with all necessary fittings, etc.	4	0	0
Ditto, for 50	6	0	0
Hearson's Champion Incubator is made for even 12 eggs, and this costs	2	10	0
For 25 eggs	4	0	0
For 50 eggs	6	10	0

From answers to correspondents regarding Hearson's incubator—and correspondents *do* often ask telling questions—the following hints may be of interest and use to the reader:

1. Do not place the incubator in a conservatory, but in a well-ventilated out-house.
2. No draughts blowing on one side.
3. The incubator is started with hot water, but it may be started with cold.
4. Any mineral oil will do, but benzoline is dangerous.
5. Great care is needed in the management of the lamp, and cleanliness as well.
6. In collecting eggs for incubation, keep the large end uppermost.
7. Do not place dirty eggs in the machine. Wash them in warm water.
8. The eggs should be turned while incubation is going on.

## LAYS OF SCHOOL LIFE.

### VI.—OUR DORMITORY SUPPER.

A TALE I have to tell you of a dormitory "feed" In an antiquated sort of school at "Taughton-by-the-Tweed"

(Of course that isn't quite the name, but near enough, you know.

'Tis an interesting relie of some centuries ago).

Our bedroom was a beauty if you reckon by the size, And it wasn't very difficult to snuggle in the pies. We meant to have the finest celebration of the kind That fancy in delirium could picture to the mind.

The victualling was carried out with energy and care, Though the catalogue of everything would make the many stare,

However, e'en an anchorite, arrayed in shabby skins, Would have taken very kindly to our fruit preserved in tins.

There were pickles and polonies, not to mention pigeon-pie, Potatoes cut in slices, with some sausages to fry, The jam was "at discretion," and as for "Sally Lunns," They simply added to the pile of penny puffs and buns.

The holidays were near upon that memorable night, And we spread a sheet for table-cloth with rapturous delight; The plates were made of paper, and for cooking we'd a can Of methylated spirits, with a lamp and frying-pan.

The meeting was as festive as we fancied it would prove, When "Hush!" said Billy Barker, "there is some one on the move."

Along the lengthy corridor a stealthy step was heard, It might be Mr. Osborne or it might be Mr. Bird.

In the fraction of a second we had tumbled into bed, And every light was out when Mr. O. put in his head; He went away with one remark which frightened us a bit, "Who is it that is snoring like a porpoise in a fit?"

Now it took a little time to feel entirely at our ease, And somebody in trepidation trod upon the cheese; We were startled by a melancholy speech from "Nigger" Sam, "That horrid little Jackson has been sitting in the jam!"

However, Raynall voted any lamentation "bosh," And introduced a liquor which he said was "lemon squash." With, "Here's a health, good comrades all, our very noble selves, And soon may all our lesson-books be left upon their shelves!"

Young Fooks continued, calmly, "Here's the toast of which I'm fond, Confusion to all tyrants, and the Doctor to respond." He only meant it as a joke, not being very steady, But it thrilled him through with horror when a voice cried "I am ready!"

All eyes were on the doorway where a figure stood confessed, The form of one we'd fondly hoped was blissfully at rest; Our mystified head master, who was gazing on the scene With dignity and majesty depicted in his mien!

I have brought you to the climax, and have little more to tell, The Doctor wasn't merciless, and acted very well; But still, although we did not meet with terrible mishaps, We sadly owned the whole affair a pitiful collapse!

FRED EDMONDS.



RED-FINGERED CYRIL;  
OR, THE RUSSIAN PRINCE AND THE TARTAR BOY.

A STORY OF ANCIENT RUSSIA.

By DAVID KER,

*Author of "The Lost City," "Into Unknown Seas," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER V.



A Moment of Grave Peril.

**D**URING Silvester's absence Prince Vladimir (whose two great amusements were fighting and hunting) thought that, as there did not seem to be any chance of another war just then, he might as well have a hunt to fill up the time. His principal chiefs—who

were quite as fond of sport as himself—came eagerly to join him, and away they all went up the right bank of the Dnieper, which in those days was thickly wooded, and abounded in every kind of game.

Their time had been as well chosen as

their place, for it was now near the end of the six months' frost, when the bears were awaking from their winter nap, hungry and savage; while the wolves, after all these long months of cold and famine, were even more ferocious than usual. In fact, they were scarcely half way through their first day's march when they heard some news which made Vladimir's eyes sparkle and his chiefs rub their brawny hands gleefully.

A wild-looking man, armed with a short spear, and clad in a tattered sheepskin coat, came hurriedly into the camp just as they were beginning their midday meal, and asked to see "the Great Prince." He was at once brought to Vladimir, for in that simple age any man might speak to the king who wished to do so; and the Warrior-Prince of Russia (who hated all ceremony and formality) was even more approachable than other sovereigns of his time.

The new-comer hastily swallowed the food that was offered him (for it would have been considered the worst possible breach

of good manners to let any stranger tell his business without first giving him something to eat), and then, turning to Vladimir, spoke as follows:

"Be happy and prosperous, Vladimir Sviatoslavovitch (son of Sviatoslav), sunshine of Russia! Your children in the



village of Volkovo have sent me to tell you that they are greatly troubled by a huge black bear."

"A bear!" echoed all the chiefs, with radiant faces. "We are in luck!"

"He is larger by far than any bear ever seen in our district," continued the messenger, "and we know him by a white star on his forehead and another on his breast. Often have we tried to kill him, but he is not to be harmed either by weapon, or trap, or pitfall; and we all think that he must be *enchanted*!"

At that terrible word the joyous faces of the hunters clouded over at once; for, although the Russians were now nominally Christians, they still retained many of their old heathen superstitions, among which the belief in magic was the most deeply-rooted of all.

"That's bad!" cried one, "and just at the very time, too, when the great Christian enchanter, Silvester, is away from us. If he were here he might bless our weapons and pray over them, and *then* we should be a match for anything; but what can we do without him?"

"What, indeed?" said another, shaking his head. "Many a time have I heard my father tell that when Prince Igor warred against the Petcheneygans there was a man in their host from whose bare skin spear and arrow rebounded as hail rebounds from a roof; and the only way to get rid of him was to overwhelm him with huge stones."

Then spoke a handsome light-haired young man, who, although a mere boy compared with the veteran warriors around him, was seated at the right hand of Vladimir himself. And well did he deserve the honour, for he was no other than Feodor, the slayer of the Tartar giant, Mamai.

"I have often heard our father Silvester say," cried he, boldly, "that no enchantment is proof against a weapon wielded in a good cause. Let us not talk of charms and magic while the homes of our Russian brothers are being laid waste; let us go and face this monster, and I believe that we shall overcome him."

"Well said!" cried Vladimir, heartily. "We *will* go, enchantment or no enchantment; and before I sleep this night I'll try whether that bear's magic is stronger than my spear-point. Here, brother," he added, giving the messenger a gold bracelet from his own arm, "take this for your good news; and all that you have to do now is to show us where the bear's to be found."

A few minutes later they were on the march once more, and, in spite of the deep snow and tangled thickets, their untiring limbs brought them to Volkovo (which stood upon a slope overlooking the river) not long after nightfall.

The villagers, right glad to see help coming to them in their trouble, thronged out to welcome the Prince and offer food to him and his men; but Vladimir took barely time enough to swallow a few hasty mouthfuls, so eager was he to get to work at once.

He lost no time in stationing his followers here and there among the thickets all around the village, wherever the bear was most likely to pass; and he gave orders that whichever of them caught sight of the brute first should instantly blow his horn to summon the rest of the band.

For his own post the Prince had chosen,

as usual, the most dangerous place of all—a deep, narrow, gloomy hollow, between two steep banks thickly overgrown with bushes. Most men would have avoided such a place as giving them no chance of escaping the bear; but Vladimir, on the other hand, chose it just because it gave the bear no chance of escaping *him*.

As he stood there in the darkness with his trusty spear clutched in both hands, awaiting the coming of his terrible enemy, one might well have expected that such a born sportsman as Vladimir would have no thought for anything except his game. But so far from that, he seemed unable to think of anything save the absent Silvester. The more he tried to fix his thoughts upon other matters the more obstinately they flew back to the monk, till at length he began to feel strangely uneasy, and to wonder whether any harm had really happened to his friend during the long lonesome journey through storm and snow.

Hark! What was that faint rustle far away in the shadowy depths of the thicket?

The moment Vladimir's quick ear caught the sound every other thought vanished from his mind as if it had never been. The bear was coming at last! He planted his feet firmly, and stood ready to strike.

The rustle was heard again, and then came the sharp snapping of frozen twigs, and the crisp dry crackle of withered leaves, showing that some heavy body was forcing its way through the undergrowth. Nearer and nearer came the sound, till at length a huge dark mass broke from the bushes only a few yards in front of him.

The Prince put his horn to his mouth and blew with might and main; for, as the beast reared up on its hind legs to attack him, he saw by the light of the moon—which was just peering above the tops of the black shadowy pines—a star-shaped white patch on the low broad forehead, and another on the shaggy breast. It was the Enchanted Bear!

The thrust which Vladimir dealt at his enemy would almost have gone through an oaken gate; but every one who has encountered a Russian bear knows to his cost that Michael (as the peasants call the animal) is as hard to kill as a shark or an octopus. The wound only made the monster doubly ferocious, and down came its huge fore paw with a stroke that would have ended the battle at once, had not Vladimir leaped nimbly aside, while another mighty thrust buried his broad-bladed spear-head in the great black body.

"His enchantment's not proof against steel, anyhow," said the Prince, with a grim laugh.

But even as he spoke the bear, furious with pain, seized the strong spear-shaft in his terrible jaws, and with one fierce snap broke it like a reed!

Disarmed, but still undaunted as ever, the Russian champion drew warily back from the cruel claws that were almost touching him, and with the heavy shaft dealt the bear so tremendous a blow on the head that the strong wood flew crashing into the air in countless splinters, and the stunned monster was for one moment completely at his opponent's mercy.

Now was the time to end the fight at one stroke. The Prince darted forward

with a shout of triumph and put his hand to his belt for his trusty hunting-knife. *The knife was gone!*

As he stood motionless with the horror of this fatal discovery, the savage beast, still unsubdued, shambled to its feet once more, and made at him open-mouthed.

Another instant would have ended the great Prince's life, and perhaps changed the whole future history of Russia, when suddenly there came a crash amid the thickets behind him. There was a rush of hurrying feet, a hoarse clamour of many voices, half a dozen spears flashed in the moonlight, and the Enchanted Bear lay gasping on the earth, pierced through and through to the very heart.

"We've put an end to *his* enchantment," said young Feodor, who had been foremost among the Prince's rescuers. "He'll never trouble the Volkovo people any more."

"And as he's eaten so many of their pigs and sheep it's only fair that they should eat *him* in return," laughed Vladimir. "Carry him up to the village and tell them to portion out the flesh among them till every one has had a share."

But they were scarcely half way up the slope with their burden (for even *their* iron muscles felt the weight of a bear almost as big as a horse) when they were suddenly startled by a dull, hollow, unearthly sound, which, although evidently coming from a vast distance, was plainly audible to every one of them.

"What's that?" cried one of the chiefs, pausing to listen.

"The ice must be breaking up on the higher river," said Vladimir, "and if any wolves have been trying to cross over upon it they'll be finely caught."

Far up the dark stream—which was already clear of ice to a considerable distance—a broad glittering band, which appeared to fill up the whole breadth of the channel, was seen flying downward with amazing speed. As it came rushing on it flashed and sparkled in the moonbeams like a thousand tossing spear-points, while ever and anon a dull grinding crash came up to the ears of the listeners.

"Ha!" cried Feodor, suddenly, "what's that thing yonder upon the ice? It looks like a hut."

"It *is* a hut," said another of the hunters, who was famous for his keen sight, "and there's a man clinging to it; I saw him move just this moment."

Instantly the whole party (for the remaining hunters had been drawn to the spot by the merry blasts that announced the bear's death) were hurrying down to the river, though with only a faint hope of saving the forlorn man who seemed already doomed to destruction.

But scarcely had they reached the bank when Vladimir uttered a cry like the roar of a wounded lion. The floating wreck was by this time near enough to be plainly seen, and in the two figures that were clinging to it the Prince recognised Cyril and Silvester!

Before any one had time to speak or move, the end came. Just at the bend of the sharp curve which the river made at this point it was narrowed by two projecting sandbanks, between which the foremost ice-fields were suddenly jammed into a solid and immovable mass, while those behind, driven on by the furious current, came surging up over them in



one great wave of crashing, grinding, splintering ice, burying beneath it the two clinging figures and the planks to which they clung.

#### CHAPTER VI.—CLUTCHED BY THE ICE.

**E**VEN Vladimir's bold heart died within him as he saw his two friends disappear beneath that avalanche of crashing ice-blocks, but he was not the man to stand looking on helplessly at any disaster.

"Follow me, if you are men!" he roared, at the full pitch of his mighty voice, and, brandishing in one hand a heavy pole which few ordinary men could have handled with both, he leaped from the bank upon the heaving, rocking ice below.

Feodor was beside him in a moment, and the rest of the band sprang after them without an instant's hesitation, although they all knew well that the jammed-up ice must soon break loose again and go whirling down the river; and that if it did so before they could get back to the shore they would all be drowned or crushed to pieces. But the risk of a sudden and violent death was a mere every-day matter to these wild men, and there was not one among them who would not gladly have perilled his own life to save that of "the great Christian enchanter."

Vladimir plunged headlong toward the spot where he had last seen Cyril and Silvester, sliding, scrambling, leaping, climbing, as if he had the lives of twenty men in addition to his own.

But the peril grew more deadly every moment, for now the great sheets of ice that had been piled one over the other by the first rush were coming thundering down again, cracking and splitting like exploding bombshells, and threatening certain death to any one who should come within the range of their destroying sweep. One man was struck down by a heavy fragment of flying ice, another received a bad hurt in the shoulder, and Prince Vladimir himself twice over escaped destruction only by a desperate spring to one side just as the sharp edge of a vast ice-block twelve feet long came sweeping like a scythe across the very spot where he had been standing a moment before.

It was a strange sight to see that handful of men creeping like a line of ants over the broken, trembling surface of the great white ice-hill, and winning their way foot by foot where most men would have thought it impossible to venture at all. But so little did these simple heroes imagine themselves to be doing anything great, that they laughed and joked like

boys at every slip or stumble, greeted with rough jests the crashing masses that came charging among them with death in their train, and answered the thunder of the falling blocks with snatches of native hunting-songs and shouts of boyish glee.

At length the Prince, bruised and bleeding, but still fearless as ever, reached the foot of the great mound of splintered ice beneath which Silvester and Cyril had disappeared, and shouted in a voice which rose high above all the maddening din around him, "Father Silvester, are you there?"

All held their breath to listen for the reply, for, in spite of the magical powers which their superstition ascribed to the Greek monk, they had little hope that he could have escaped where escape seemed absolutely impossible. But the clear, musical voice which they all knew so well came floating up from the depths of that cold white tomb, calm and unwavering as ever.

"I am here, my son, and, God be praised, we are both unhurt."

The shout that answered his words rolled along the frozen waste like a peal of thunder, and every man sprang to the spot as eagerly as if his life depended upon it.

"Hurrah!" roared Vladimir; "I might have known that *he* couldn't be killed so easily! To work, lads; we'll have him out of that in a trice, if we have to tear it down with our hands!"

But just as they were about to attack the ice-mound, Silvester's voice was heard again, "Be careful, my children, lest you bring down upon our heads the ice that is hanging over us. Strike on this side, where you hear my voice, and we will help you from within."

The next moment there was heard beneath the ice the dull thud of measured strokes, which Vladimir and his men seconded from without with all their might and main. Before the sturdy blows of the strong spears and ironshod poles the frozen wall slowly but surely crumbled away, till at length Vladimir, with a shout of triumph, caught a sudden glimpse, through the narrow gap which he had made, of the two familiar faces looming shadowy and spectral amid the cold blue dimness within.

But at that moment the rescuers felt a movement under their feet which made even *their* stout hearts stand still for an instant, for they knew its meaning only too well. The barrier of ice jammed between the two sandbands was beginning to give way, and a few moments more would send the whole mass whirling down the swollen river, and themselves along with it.

The brave men, however, gave not a

thought to their own safety. With the ice giving way beneath their feet, and death in its worst form staring them in the face, they continued their work undimly until the monk's icy prison was completely laid open.

Then it was seen by what a marvellous Providence he and Cyril had escaped destruction. Two great slabs of ice several yards in length, forced up against each other by the pressure from behind, had formed a kind of arch over the imprisoned pair, sheltering them completely from the falling blocks around them.

"No time to lose, father," said Vladimir, dragging out the monk, while Feodor (now the inseparable friend of the lad whose father he had conquered) helped out Cyril after him. "If we don't get ashore pretty quick, every fish between this and Kief will have his share of us."

There was indeed no time to be lost. As they struggled back toward the shore, the ice cracked and split beneath them in every direction, and the water came rushing through. Worse still, the moon was now setting, and in the deepening darkness they could hardly see where to set their feet, just at the very time when a single false step would be death.

Had the active Russians had only themselves to think of, they could have bounded across the intervening space as nimbly as the wolves of their native forests. But Silvester, unused to such rough work, and utterly worn out by the multiplied hardships of the night, was hardly able to stand now that the excitement had passed; and the necessity of helping him along perilously delayed the whole party.

And now a huge sheet of ice broke away just behind them, all but engulfing the rearmost men; a second crashed away the next moment, and then another and another. The whole mass was beginning to give way. True, the bank was now close in front of them, and *there* lay safety; but would they ever reach it?

"Jump ashore, Kirsha" (Cyril), said the Prince, in a tone which admitted of no reply.

The command was a very unwelcome one to the brave Tartar lad, but he had long since learned to obey orders without demur. He sprang ashore at once, while the men formed a line, and passed Silvester from one to the other till he was drawn safely to land. The last to leap on to the bank was Vladimir himself, and he had hardly reached it when the whole ice-field gave way with a deafening crash and went whirling down the river.

(To be continued.)

## BASEBALL, AND HOW TO PLAY IT.

### PART I.

**B**ASEBALL is almost as popular in the United States as cricket in England. Like it, it has its annuals and manuals, with their totals and averages, and, like it, it has its amateur and professional players, and every year its patrons and practisers seem to increase.

It has been suggested that it would be an excellent game in this country during March and April, when the football season is dying

and the cricket season is feebly struggling into existence. A similar fate was suggested for lacrosse, which was to fill up the break in September and October. Lacrosse has, however become acclimated, but baseball, although given a fair start thirteen years ago, betrays no sign of taking root. The reason of this is probably that it is too like rounders. It has been described as "rounders made wearisome," and the description, though

unjust, hits off its weak point fairly well, as its laws are certainly not easy for a beginner to grasp all at once. Another point in which it differs unfavourably from other games is the immense amount of work it throws on the umpire, with whom rests the interpretation of its voluminous code of rules. In No. 90 we gave an article on Rounders, to which we would suggest that our readers refer. The comparison between the highly



scientific American game, and the rough and ready popular pastime from which it sprung, is most suggestive. Never was there a clearer example of how a game can be made.

Baseball requires a ground at least four hundred feet long by three hundred and fifty feet in width. In this the field is arranged as will be shown in our plan. First of all, from the centre of the boundary at one end a line ninety feet long is drawn at right angles. This line is continued for a length of one hundred and twenty-seven feet four inches. It is important to notice this measurement, as the use of which it is made forms an excellent lesson in mensuration. A line one hundred and eighty feet long is then fixed to each end of the line as produced, and this, stretched out from the centre, forms, with the produced line, an isosceles triangle, whose sides measure just ninety feet. The line is then stretched out on the opposite side, and a diamond, with sides of ninety feet,

pleases, and he can practise that curious art of putting a screw, or horizontal break, on to a ball when it is in the air. This is done by bowling with plenty of spin. As the ball spins and advances the resistance of the air on one of its sides is less than on the other, and consequently its path becomes a curve. The ball is held by the thumb and two first fingers, and the spin is given just as it leaves the hand.

From the pitcher to the batsman and beyond extends a path eight feet wide. On that path stands the "catcher" (9), or, as we should call him, the "scorer," his distance behind the bat depending on the character of the bowling. For slows he stands close up; for swifts—and the swifts are quite express in speed—he stands fifty feet away. He is wicket-keeper and longstop in one, and he must never fail to stop a ball that has passed the bat; and if he is wise he wears gloves.

striker getting home without a stop and clearing in all in front of him.

The scorer has to register not only the runs, but the points in the play of the batsmen and fielders. And the umpire has to see that the rules are adhered to. These rules would occupy more than a page of our paper, and we cannot well spare the space just at present. We will, however, take the chief points in order, and note as we go.

The ball should weigh between five and five and a quarter ounces, and be between nine inches and nine inches and a quarter in circumference. The balls are all stamped with the particulars of their weight and size, and pass current from good makers as cricket-balls do. One of the peculiarities of the game is that the visiting club has to provide the ball, which, however dirtied and battered it may be, always becomes the property of the winning side. Should the ball be so knocked about as to be unplayable, a new



A Baseball Match.

is formed as will be shown on our plan. At each corner of the diamond a base is made. The one nearest the fence is the "home base," the others being known, as shown, as first, second, and third. On each side of the home base a space is chalked three feet by six feet, the spaces being the batsman's "ground." Forty-five feet from the apex of the home base is drawn the nearest side of the pitcher's square, which is six feet on a side. The line from the home base to the first base is prolonged in chalk for a hundred feet or more, to a flag-post, and the line from the home base to the third base is similarly prolonged. These lines are the "fouls," or bounds between which the ball must fall to be fair; the field of play is the triangle between them; the space in the diamond being the "in-field," the space beyond being the "out-field." The diamond itself is marked by a path from base to base, and there is generally another path from the pitcher's square up to the fence.

The placing of the field is shown on the plan (to be given next week). The most important man is the "pitcher" (10), who is our old friend "feeder." He has to feed the ball so as to deceive the batsman, if possible, but there is a limit to his artful dodges, as will appear later on. He can feed swift or slow as he

A few years ago a baseball team consisted of nine players; it now consists of ten. The extra place then found in the field was "right-short," and this place (5) is now taken by the captain. Every base has its guard. The first baseman (1) may be a left-hander, but he must be a quick, sure catch; the second baseman (2) has a more onerous post, and must not only be an excellent catch but a smart all-round fieldsman. The third baseman (3) has a most important position; it is to him that the side looks to save the last chance, as from his base the run in is completed. Between (2) and (3) stands shortstop, an active youth, skilled in all the mystery of backing-up. The three men in the out-field—right, centre, and left—make up the ten of the team.

Speaking generally, the ball is fed to the striker, who swipes it away between the foul lines and runs to the first base. The next man follows, and while he runs to the first base his predecessor makes for the second. The third man strikes, and another step is made round the bases; and when the fourth man strikes the first man starts for home, and if he gets in scores a run. By a lucky stroke, or other incident of the game, more than one base may be run at a time; sometimes even a rounder may be taken, the

one can be called for at the close of the even innings—that is, when each side has been in the same number of times.

The bat is round, in shape not unlike a policeman's truncheon, two and a half inches in diameter at its thickest, and forty-two inches long at its longest. Bats range down to twenty-six inches long, which is the size used by small boys. The most convenient size is thirty-eight inches, and it is better for the wood to be light in order that greater quickness may be obtained to meet swift pitching.

We have already seen how the four bases are fixed. The first, second, and third bases are canvas bags, painted white, and filled with sand or sawdust; the home base is of white marble or stone, so placed as to be even with the ground, and having one of its corners facing the pitcher's position. By this means the pitcher has the greatest width of the base to pitch the ball over. With the corner thus to the front, he has seventeen inches; with the base placed square he would have only twelve inches. If any of the bags marking the other bases happen to get moved the player must follow it. It is the bag, and not the place where the bag ought to be, that then constitutes the base.

(To be concluded.)



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

**TALKING BIRDS.**—Parrots, starlings, and jackdaws are not the only birds that "talk." Birds not possessed of native powers of melody are usually gifted with very varied abilities of articulation. A hooded crow, for instance, can produce an astonishing variety of complex noises from his throat, and his talents only lack cultivation to enable him to give utterance to words; but his natural language is the very reverse of melodious, and cannot in any sense be considered as a "song." The starling talks very roughly, indeed, to his fellows, but he is one of the best mimics we have, imitating the notes of other birds, and even the human voice, with

great accuracy. Magpies also can be taught to articulate with a tolerable degree of accuracy. But it is a little surprising to find that the canary, so superbly endowed by nature with musical taste and skill, will condescend on occasion to imitate the unmelodious tones of the human voice, although the fact that he does so is beyond dispute.

It is wholly incorrect to suppose that no meaning is ever attached by talking birds to such words or short sentences as they may be able to pronounce. The well-known case of the Edinburgh parrot, whose singular accomplishments have been already noticed in more than one periodical, has settled this

question once and for ever. So far was this clever bird above "mere parrot-talk" that he rarely spoke a word which had not direct relation to surrounding objects or events. A strange dog introduced into the room was greeted with loud cries of "Put him out! Put him out! I'm so frightened!" Clergymen attending his numerous levées were politely requested to "Gie oot the Psalm!" and, as this by itself would savour somewhat of habitual irreverence on Poll's part, it is only fair to add that he was very particular at meal-times in telling the assembled family to "Say grace first!"



Key to Coloured Plate.

1. Edward II.	7. Edward IV.	13. William IV.	19. George II.	25. William II.	31. Henry V.
2. William I.	8. James I.	14. Charles II.	20. Edward VI.	26. Henry VIII.	32. Henry IV.
3. Stephen.	9. Henry III.	15. Mary.	21. Charles I.	27. Richard II.	33. George III.
4. Edward I.	10. George I.	16. Henry VI.	22. Anne.	28. George IV.	34. Richard III.
5. Mary.	11. John.	17. Edward III.	23. Edward V.	29. Henry I.	35. Henry VII.
6. William.	12. James II.	18. Henry II.	24. Elizabeth.	30. Richard I.	36. Victoria.

## OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

(See Coloured Frontispiece to Monthly Part.)

WITH this month's Part, as a Jubilee offering, we give a plate of the familiar faces of the Monarchs of England since the Conquest. Of the fortune of our Sovereigns in life the school histories give sufficient account, and such of our readers as have not yet familiarised themselves with their strange eventful story had better set to work forthwith. Of the subsequent fate of their bodies very much that is curious might be said, but it is not a pleasant subject.

When Mr. C. A. Stothard set forth to find the royal tombs he made many startling discoveries, particularly with regard to the Plantagenets. He found in the museum at Mans the effigy of Geoffrey Plantagenet,

the first of the name, the husband of Maud, Henry the First's daughter. In a cellar at Fontevraud he came across the tombs of Henry the Second; of Eleanor of Guienne, his unworthy queen, who had to be kept a close prisoner for sixteen years; and of Isabella, of Angoulême, the queen of John. All of these were in a bad way, with the noses of the effigies knocked off. Richard was buried in detachments, his body went to Fontevraud, his brains to Poitiers, and his heart to Ronen, where it was found in a little box, in July, 1838, the monument having been destroyed. Berengaria, the beautiful wife of King Richard, was found in a barn at L'Españ, near Mans, under a pile of wheat. Her

effigy was upright against the wall, and her bones were in a heap in the corner that all might take a specimen.

John was buried at Worcester. When his tomb was opened, in 1797, the body was found just as the chronicle said, with the monk's cowl strapped under the chin. Twenty-three years before Edward the First's tomb had been opened at Westminster, and again the account of the burial was found to be correct, for the body lay in the red silk and crimson undisturbed. Close to Edward, at Westminster, lies his father, Henry the Third, and his grandson, Edward the Third, the two "Jubilee Kings," while near by is the gallant Henry the Fifth, with the saddle



and helmet he used at Agincourt fixed over his tomb. Henry the Sixth is in the south aisle at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, with his rival Edward the Fourth, "and his queen, Elizabeth Widville," in the opposite aisle. More fortunate than them, his bones have not been exposed to the light of day.

But on this subject we have for the present said enough. Our plate is too lively to be treated as the text of a burial register. In its effective grouping of costumes it is a valuable addition to the history of dress. The story of the changes that clothes have undergone during the last eight hundred years is not an uninteresting one, and without some such aid as that given by the picture, it is difficult to realise the immense variety of raiment with which man has bedecked himself. Let us therefore treat this version of our kings and queens as a panorama of fashion, and jot down a few notes as to what was "all the wear" at different periods since William "the Acquirer," or "the Conqueror," as it is more customary to call him, seated himself at the head of the English race.

In his time there was a good deal of work to be done, and we find the clothes all cut well to the figure, with no tails or wings flying about to get in the way; in fact, the costume seemed admirably adapted for its purpose. The subsequent changes have not all been for the better.

The strangest of the Norman fashions was the shaving of the back of the head, which, probably, arose out of compliment to one of the deposed Kings of France. The old kings prided themselves upon the length of their hair, and the historians record the measurement of their locks. Cutting off a king's hair was almost as bad as cutting off his head, for once he lost his ringlets he lost his throne. Like the fabulous fox that lost his tail, or the lobster that gained his colour by being boiled, it would seem as though some monarch compulsorily retired from business had assured his supporters that it was much the best thing to shave behind the ears, and thus instituted a far healthier fashion. This may seem to be a very trivial cause, but all changes in fashion are due to trivial causes, and very many of them to misfortunes. A later King of France is bald, and to make himself look young requires a wig, whereupon all men take to wearing wigs. Another King of France, Louis XIV., is short, and wears a tall wig to make himself look tall, and thereupon all men take to tall wigs. Another personage has a deformed foot, and has a long shoe made to hide it, whereupon all men in the fashion adopt long shoes, and the shoes get so long that the points have to be chained up to the knees! Another personage has a broad foot, whereupon shoes get broad, the toes, until, in Henry the Seventh's time, we have each shoe ten inches across! A queen has a wen on her throat and has a ruff made to hide it; ruffs immediately become fashionable, and get larger and larger, until they reach their maximum round the throat of Queen Elizabeth. This wonderful ruff of good Queen Bess was quite an elaborate structure. First came a layer of holland, then a layer or so of cambric starched stiff and inflexible, and forming the foundation of the upper ruff, which was kept in place by a wire "supertasse," or "underpropper." In our picture we have the Tudor Queen in all her glory, wearing one of the best of her three thousand dresses, with her underpropped ruffler, red false hair, and voluminous farthingale, an invention due to another queen, whose Hottentot figure required a cage to conceal it.

The heads were not always shaven during the Norman period, notwithstanding the efforts of the Church to keep the back hair within reasonable bounds. There is a canon dated 1096, by which all men wearing their hair long behind were excluded from public worship; and there is that strange story of

mandy his Court wore long hair, and Serlo preached a most affecting sermon against the fashion. So eloquent was the preacher that the king and his followers resolved to reform. No time like the present, thought Serlo, and descending from the pulpit he produced a pair of shears from his sleeve, and there and then cut the hair of his congregation! There is a story about the esteem in which moustaches were held, which, though it belongs to another period and refers to another nation, may fitly be quoted here. When John de Castro was governor of Goa for the Portuguese, he found it necessary to raise a loan for public purposes. Unfortunately he could offer no security, and no one would lend under such circumstances. The case was desperate; what was John to do? "Offer the most valuable thing you possess!" The most valuable thing he possessed was his moustache! And in the most generous and devoted manner he cut off half of it! The sacrifice was duly appreciated, and on this valuable security the merchants of Goa advanced the required amount!

Notwithstanding Serlo and his scissors the fashion of wearing short hair was soon abandoned, and long hair held its own with an occasional break until the coming of the Tudors. When Henry the Seventh came the hair was closely cropped at the back and parted in the middle in front; and Henry the Eighth insisted on all his courtiers having short hair. With James the First long hair came in again; with Charles the First it got longer, or rather longest, for then we got the "lovelock," a curl on the left side, worn longer than all the rest. In Charles the Second's time the lovelock was answered by the "heartbreaker" worn by the ladies, which at last drove the lovelock off the field.

The first King of England to use the curling tongs was John. He "curled his hair with irons and tied it up with ribbons." In Charles the Second's time men curled their own hair, but with the wig the curling could, so to speak, be done by deputy; and wigs soon had it all their own way. Charles's wig was big enough, but it was a pigny to his brother's, for James was the most bewigged of mortals. George the First was much more reasonable in the size of his head-gear, although he made himself venerable with powder; and with George the Second we get the wig in its decline. It was in his reign that the tail came in to take the place of the Ramillies tie and tail introduced by Bolingbroke; and when the pigtail went we got the round hair of the Regency leading on to the healthy county crop in which we now delight. Much is made in school histories of the close crops of the Roundheads, but the Roundhead officer would look aghast at the velvet heads of the soldiers of to-day.

It is a fact worth noting that our greatest rulers have been the neatest in their dress. William the Conqueror, workmanlike in everything, wore a workmanlike soldier's suit, and always looked alert and ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice. Edward the First never wore his crown after his coronation day, and was always the most quietly dressed man in a court where fashion amongst men was looked upon with contempt. Cromwell, in his black cloth or velvet, with grey hat and long boots, was, like Edward, a living protest against superfluous finery in male attire. And not one of these—the three most capable men England has had at her head—was in any way mean or shabby, like the Continental monarchs of the Louis the Eleventh type.

The high days of fashion were in the time of Edward the Third, when every year a "novelty" was introduced. In Edward the First's time the ladies were resplendent in gold embroideries and gold combs; but in his grandson's day the wealth of colour and glitter was astonishing. To check extravagance it was ordered that no one under the rank of a knight should use silk or embroidery, or gold or jewels; but the example of the

court proved too attractive, and the tailors' bills of all classes increased alarmingly. Sumptuary laws were rarely effective when they dealt with detail. Among the Normans a man could wear any colour but yellow, and that was left for the Jews—a good broad division, which lasted for years. Some of the edicts were really justifiable. In Edward the Fourth's time, owing to the preposterous shoes, it was ordered that "no man under the rank of a baron shall wear shoes more than ten inches long," which is a valuable note as to the size of the feet in those days, and, on the *ex pede Herculem* principle, as to the size of the men.

There are many men now below the rank of baron whom ten-inch shoes would not fit. And there must have been some then above that rank who would have found ten inches a tight fit. The king himself, for instance, was six feet two, one of the tallest of our kings. In his day, with the exception of the outer cloak, costume was of the skimpiest; the jackets come only an inch or so below the waist, and, like the continuations, were worn tight without creases, the sleeve being puffed and slashed at the elbow so as to look like the joint of some patent doll. This jacket was a development of the cotehardie, which was introduced in Edward the Third's time, and then extended to the thighs with sleeves to the elbows, from which dropped gigantic cuffs. With the cotehardie there also came the capuchin, a cap like a jelly-bag, four feet long. The bottom of the jelly-bag grew thin in succeeding reigns until the capuchin became a close-fitting cap, with a pipe like the air-tube of a diving-dress.

The strangest of court fashions blossomed forth under Richard the Second, when clothes were made parti-coloured, as now adopted by acrobats. A man's coat would be of black and yellow, or red and green, or any two colours, the line of division running down the centre of the body, so that he would have, say, a black leg and a yellow leg, a black arm and a yellow arm, etc., etc. A strange fashion, but Richard was always inclined to half measures. In the same reign there were introduced wide surcoats and gowns, elaborately emblazoned and jewelled, and jagged with wide sleeves—called pokys—that swept the ground. One of Richard's coats was valued at thirty thousand marks! He was almost as great a swell as Henry the Eighth, who was the delight of the court tradesmen. What with the rings on his fingers and the chains on his coat, and the jewels scattered in dozens over his broad chest and back, to say nothing of the garniture of his black velvet cap, his Tudor majesty was quite overpowering. And his splendour was, at a respectful distance, copied by his courtiers. Cardinal Wolsey, however, must have run a good second to him, for we read that one pair of his eminence's shoes cost many thousand pounds.

With the ordinary dress of the Tudor period we are familiar through the costume of the Bluecoat Boys. Christ's Hospital was one of the many Edward the Sixth's schools, and the boys wear almost the same dress now as they did when the school was founded, and there are many other schools all over the country founded at the same time which keep up the old style.

In Elizabeth's reign there was little change of fashion in men's clothes, but James the First, with his quilted dagger-proof doublet, and seams adjusted by the plumb-line, gave fancy another start. And, it might also be added, gave fancy a startle, for his utilitarian majesty, seeing no good in the wardrobe at the Tower, sold off all the old clothes of his predecessors that had accumulated there. Among the things he did not get rid of was Queen Elizabeth's armour, "as worn at Tilbury," which, although asserted to have been then in existence, has since been found to be made up of a breastplate of Henry the Eighth, a helmet of Edward the Sixth, and armpieces of Charles the First. It was in his later days,



or perhaps in the early days of his son, that "trunk-hose" made its appearance. This garment soon grew to alarming proportions; it was usually stuffed with sawdust and rags, but a prisoner was once brought before the judges who had stowed away in his trunk-hose a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, a comb, and a nightcap!—a quantity of smuggled ware never exceeded by the most capacious hoop or dress-improver.

The absurdity of all fashions was the sticking of patches on the face. This began in the days of Charles the First, and lasted well on into the Georgian era. In Charles's time the most elaborate devices were cut out of court

plaister, and stuck on, perhaps half a dozen at once. The custom was soon adopted by the men, and no fop considered his appearance complete without a few islets of black on his well-powdered face. It is this custom to which the poet alludes in the following well-known verses wherein he describes one of the then leaders of fashion:

Her patches are of every cut,  
For pimples or for scars;  
Here's all the wandering planets' signs,  
And some o' the fixed stars:  
Already gummed to make them stick,  
They need no other sky,  
Nor stars for Lilly for to view  
To tell your fortunes by.

## DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

JUNE.



**THE POULTRY RUN.**—It has been recommended by some noted fanciers to discontinue breeding now as regards birds for breeding purposes and for prize stock, and to reserve broody hens for the purpose of duck and bantam hatching. However, to get chickens for sake of flesh we may still sit hens.

We have seldom said a word about ducks or bantams, so we take this opportunity, reserving the latter for an article, when we will give you a few hints about them. Meanwhile, if you can get a canny wee silky willing to sit, put her on some well-selected eggs of bantam breed, and you shall see what you shall see. When we say well-selected we refer to purity of breed. Do not have any kind of mongrels. We object to advise breeding what are called ordinary barn-door fowls on principle. If space permitted we could prove that this heterogeneous class is neither so good in laying nor so large for table; nor do they, as a rule, make such good mothers. Game bantams are very nice; so are Scotch Greys and Japanese.

**Ducks.**—The two commonest, and probably best cottagers' breeds, are the Aylesbury and the Rouen. The first outlay, viz., price of eggs for hatching, is not a small one, but ducks undoubtedly pay well, and if you have ordinary luck you will not regret beginning the fancy, only be sure to get good eggs. Unless you have convenience for them to exercise freely they will not do so well. They must have a grass run, so that they may pick up snails, slugs, and all the grubbing things they so dearly love.

Suppose you sit an honest Dorking on ducks' eggs, in a month of weeks you ought to have a nice little lot of perhaps ten. Feed on Spratt's food—frequently, in fact the young brood should be always eating; also for the first few days give hard-boiled eggs mixed with boiled rice, and oatmeal drizzled in milk. Boiled bullock's liver and lights should also be chopped up fine and mixed with meal for them. In about three weeks' time give grain, boiled at first, and mixed with graves and house scraps. Let them have water, but not to enter and splash in when very young; it is better to have sand in it, but the water should be fresh each day. House your ducklings on a dry floor, with a bed of short straw or hay. Feed, and feed, and feed, and at two months old they will be ready to kill.

If you want to keep any for breeding, of course select the best, and let two, or at most three ducks go to one drake. It is hardly necessary to add that a pond or stream is desirable, though this might be done without.

If you have had early-hatched chickens they will now be beginning to lay. Be extra careful with their feeding. Beware of diarrhoea; it comes from letting the run and fowl-houses be damp and unwholesome, and general neglect in feeding, and letting them have dirty water to drink. Now that the summer is advancing you cannot be too careful with the hygiene of your poultry establishment.

**THE PIGEON LOFT.**—We trust your young birds are going on well, and that you are most careful with the feeding of the old ones. We told you a month or two ago of the best kind of food for them. Let all be good that you give them. Unwholesome, dusty, worm-eaten peas or grain is only fit for the pigs, and poor feeding for even them. In hot weather do not forget the bath; and, though we have said nothing for a long time about salt cat, we presume it is there. Salt cat is not, as one or two boys think, a defunct grimalkin, treated to a brine bath and hung up in the loft. No, my innocent archie; salt cat is a mixture of old mortar, sand, and rough salt moistened somewhat and put in a box, and used by pigeons as you use the cruet, by way of relish.

See to the dryness of the loft, else you may have diarrhoea break out. Use non-poisonous disinfectants, the best being Sanitas and Condy's Fluid, but do not put either on the top of mess. If you find any bad smell in your loft, find out first where it comes from and clean and clear away, for after all water and fresh air are the best of disinfectants.

Many boys own dove-cotes against walls or on poles; few ever think that these need cleaning out, but they do, and if you have not birds actually sitting therein at present, it would be a good time to overhaul them.

Continue to feed well, and let the grain and grey peas be the best you can procure.

**THE AVIARY.**—If you have more than one breeding-cage you will find it a great advantage to have small nursery cages to hook on outside these. Into them

the first broods are put while they still need attention from the parents, but are not wanted inside the main cages.

As soon as they can eat seed—and this should be bruised for them first—turn them into nice clean flight cages. Sell them as soon as you can, unless you really desire a large stock; but if you have many coming on you are apt to get overstocked, so never miss a bargain.

Feed birds that are not breeding on simply canary and summer rape. Hemp will not be needed now, if ever it is; but you may give now and then a little maw or poppy seed, of which many birds are inordinately fond.

The weather will be getting warm, so have your bird-room well ventilated. There is nothing like sunshine and fresh air for keeping canaries strong, only beware of direct draughts of air on sitting hens.

**THE RABBITRY.**—Read last month's DOINGS, and continue in the same way advised therein.

As the weather gets hotter, if your hutchers are much exposed you had better give them shade of some kind. Rabbits, especially the long-haired ones, such as Angoras, do not thrive well if exposed in a hot hutch; besides, the sun draws out bad smells.

**THE KENNEL.**—Be sure to give plenty of fresh water. It should be placed out of the sun, in such a position that the dog can get at it whenever he pleases without searching for it. Feed regularly, and give plenty of exercise.

**THE BEE WORLD.**—There is no more interesting study than that of bees; but, to be successful in honey-making, you must be like the bees, active and unflinchingly careful. There is nothing to be made by taking up a fancy and neglecting it. The feeding of swarms, attention to casting, trapping of drones, and artificial swarming, form the principal work of the month, with the raising of honey and swarms for profit. Be well prepared for everything.

**THE KITCHEN GARDEN.**—This is the best month in the year in the kitchen garden. Fancy June peas, delicious lettuces, tender and crisp, and new potatoes, to say nothing of a dozen other early vegetables now in their summer's prime. But it is also the month in which evil weeds grow apace. These act injuriously to growing crops in many ways. They rob our most cherished vegetables of their food; they occupy space; they keep away the sunshine and air; and their very growth proves that the gardener is a sluggard. Keep them down. Root them up with the Dutch hoe on sunny days; or, better still, grub them up with the fingers when the soil is moist, and carry them away in a basket to bury. Do not bury weeds that have come to ripe seed in the manure heap.

Keep everything clean and tidy; even the spinach beds and pea-rows should not be weedy. Do not let the ground get hard anywhere.

Greens may now be planted for early winter use. Marrows will be coming on, and French beans too. Keep them both from slugs, and overmuch sunshine and rain till they are well advanced. Get your trenches ready for celery, and plant out towards end of month. Sow turnips and peas once more for rotation crops.

**THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.**—Tidy walks, pick out weeds, finish planting out, rake beds carefully, and water the newly-planted flowers when need is. You may water at night or very early in the morning. Train window creepers, and see to the watering of hanging baskets every day.

## Correspondence.

**F. YOUNG.**—1. Try Engel's "Pianoforte School," published by Augener and Co. 2. Introduce the gentleman to the lady, and mention the names distinctly. 3. Warne's "Manners of Good Society," price half-a-crown.

**J. E. A.**—To make mahogany stain, boil a quarter of a pound of madder and an ounce of logwood chips in half a gallon of water. Brush it on when it is hot. When the work is dry give it a coat of pearlash solution, two drachms to the quart. Whitewash the inside of the cage with whiting or Paris white, and gold size.

**OPUSSUM.**—The skin must be rubbed until soft by some blunt instrument with a rounded edge, such as a hammer-handle. Lay the skin on a board and work it from the centre to the sides. The more it is worked the softer it will be. Smooth it with pumice-stone.

**M. H. J.**—The steam passage from Queenstown to New York is about 2,700 miles, the sailing passage is about 3,200 miles. The steam passage from New York to Queenstown is about 2,800 miles, the sailing passage is 3,500. Vessels do not go in straight lines from port to port; they take the course which they can travel quickest. Sailing vessels being dependent on the winds always take longer courses than steamers.

**ROYER.**—1. The Sheepshanks collection of pictures was given to the nation in 1857. It is now at South Kensington Museum. 2. Buckingham Palace, as we now know it, was first occupied by Queen Victoria in July, 1837. Balmoral was bought by Prince Albert; Osborne was bought by the Queen. Both are private properties.

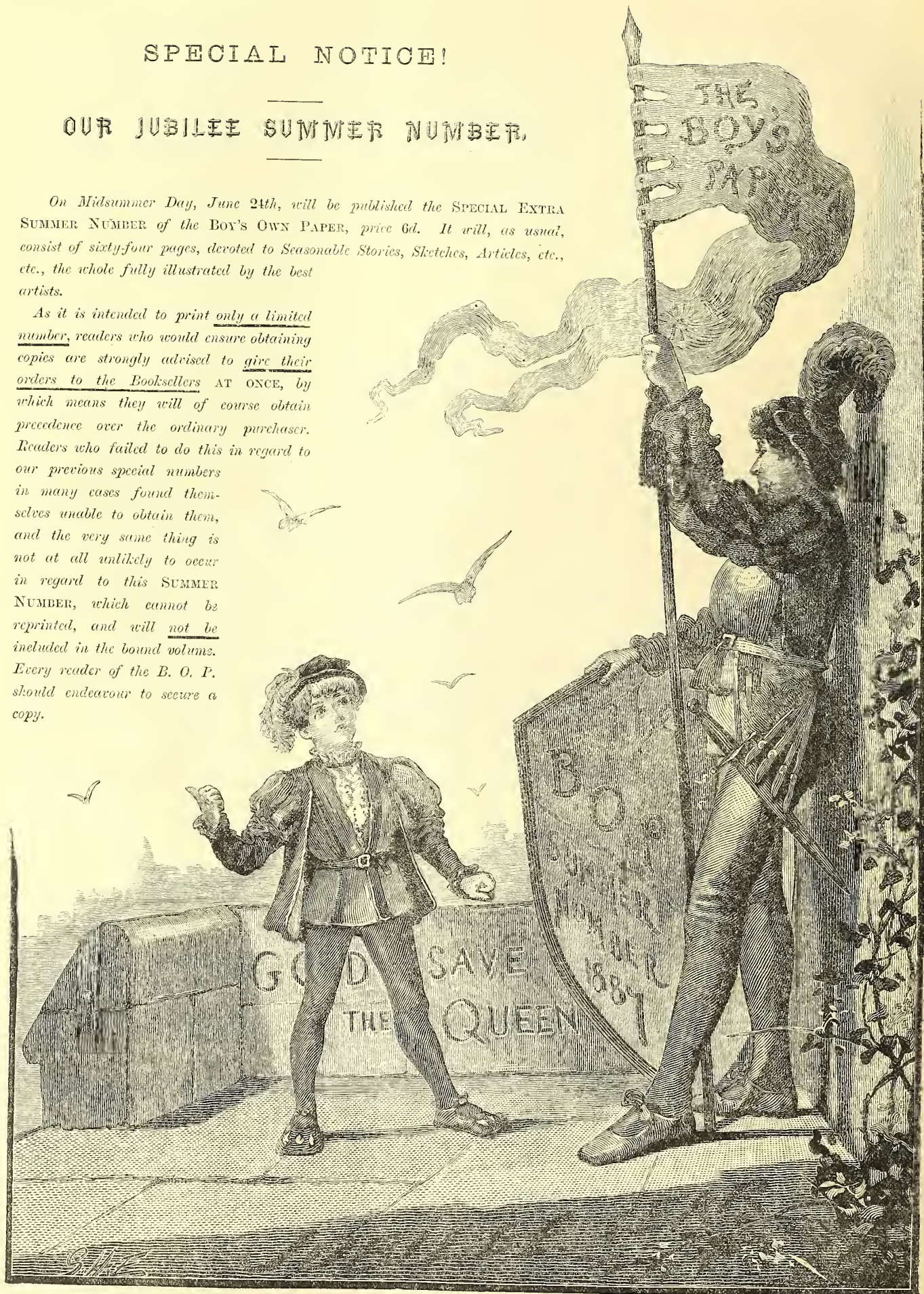


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On Midsummer Day, June 24th, will be published the SPECIAL EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, price 6d. It will, as usual, consist of sixty-four pages, devoted to Seasonable Stories, Sketches, Articles, etc., etc., the whole fully illustrated by the best artists.

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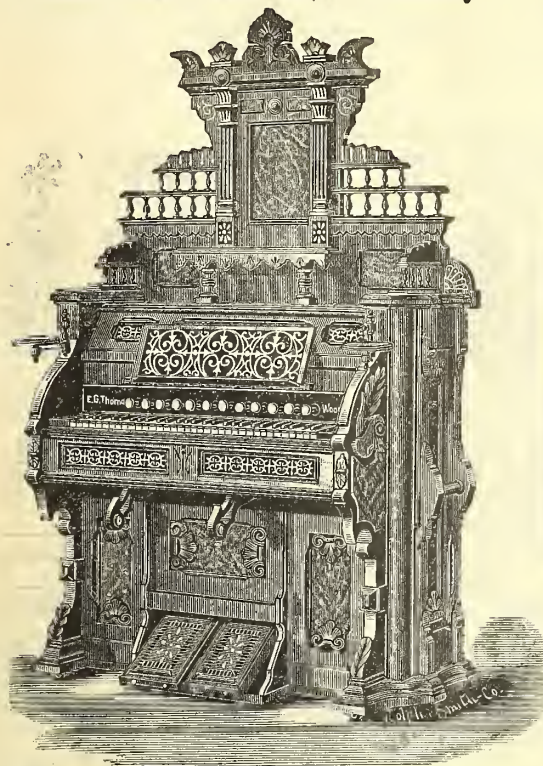
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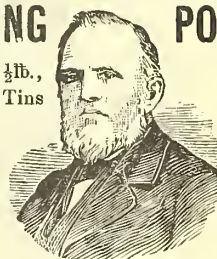
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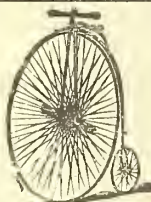
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(BREAKFAST)



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JAMES EPPS & CO.. Homœopathic Chemists.